

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by Joe Mitchell

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15 Cents



Quality Is Economy

*Do you figure the Cost of
Varnish by the Gallon, or
by the Job, or by the Year?*

The first is the stupid way.

The second is the getting-wise way.

The third is the wise way.

There's an exactly-right Murphy Varnish for every use to which varnish is put—we make a few more than 200 kinds.

For each use are varnishes at half the price; which cost more by the job; and a great deal more by the year.

By the job, it is a question of purity and fineness—covering power and ease of working.

By the year, it is a question of endurance, which depends on genuine ingredients and scientific making.

We put the money and the care into our goods which insure their reliability.

The Varnish
That Lasts
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Murphy Varnish Company

FRANKLIN MURPHY, President

Associated with Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada

NEWARK,
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What should we do without SAPOLIO

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Good housekeepers have come to depend upon Sapolio. Nothing else starts the dirt on paint, floors or pans so quickly. When you wish to be sure—use Sapolio. It Cleans, Scours, Polishes, and Works Without Waste.





THE DELEGATION

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1912

W^Affairs at WASHINGTON

by Joe Mitchell Chapple

MARCH winds at Washington suggest the oft-recurring memories of inauguration ceremonies, and the capital is all agog over the presidential line-up. Headquarters of presidential proportions have already been opened, glowing statements have been sent forth, and the song of the political prophet bursts forth triumphant with the first hyacinths of spring. Brushing elbows and suavely courteous, a score of wary leaders are furtively watching one another, for, as Senator Root has aptly stated, Washington is the most unsatisfactory place in which to gauge public opinion.

The tide of visitors ebbs and flows, eddying with contending opinions pro and con. One visitor gives it out conclusively that his state is solid for Taft; another disagrees, and still another comes along with an enthusiastic prediction that the shadow of Champ Clark is surely and steadily obscuring all other presidential paths to the White House. Another mentions Dr. Wilson as the only logical possibility of Democratic hope, and there is no presidential aspirant but has his friends at court in Washington. Some wiseacres boldly declare that in the coming campaign new alignments of party and leadership

must be forthcoming. The panorama of active public men sweeps on, and while some linger as mere memories of the past, there are others for whom the limelight of November may illumine a great triumph—or utter defeat.

* * *

ACTIVE forces have been recruited, and the "busy day" card hangs over the desk of the campaign manager. Representative William B. McKinley of Illinois has formally taken command of the Taft campaign craft. Benign, kindly, good-natured and popular in Congress, it is felt that his influence will somewhat neutralize the vitriolic spirit of former political campaigns. He is a man who can engineer big things, and who knows how to hold his temper.

The active friends of Speaker Clark believe that the best way to secure his nomination at Baltimore is to have the votes—and his congressional friends are banking upon men who already represent the Democratic majority. The Speaker continues to eat his piece of "brindle" pumpkin pie at lunch-time with the same equanimity as in the days when he was the humble leader of the minority.

No one can tell just where the spotlight will focus or what issue will be uppermost

in the coming November elections. And none can say who the presidential leaders will be. As the old-time political sage quoted, "the soothsaying March winds are sighing, and we little know who will stand on the Capitol steps the fourth of next March and take the oath of office," facing the usual frost or rain despite the Weather Bureau's prophecy of "fair and bright." For although following each inauguration a movement is made to have the ceremony later, March 4 remains the official date.



CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM B. McKINLEY
Of Illinois, chairman of the Republican Congressional committee

IF the prosperity of the country is to be gauged by the number of banquets held in every city, town, village and hamlet during the season, a German observer has concluded that "the American people are generally a little better off than they sometimes think they are already."

Banquets are the vogue today, and there is scarcely an evening that in some dining hall the toastmaster does not gravely arise, fumble his napkin, push the water glass aside, clear his throat and say: "We have with us tonight—"

After the demi-tasse comes the speech-making, and the cheering begins. Ad-

dresses are made that touch subjects as widely divergent as the launching of a presidential candidate and the appointment of a town sheriff.

One of the opening guns of the campaign of 1912 was fired at the annual banquet of the League of State Republican Clubs, held at the New Willard in Washington. There were songs as well as speeches. Capt. John G. Capers of South Carolina presided in gracious manner, accentuated by his soft Southern voice.

Congressman Carmen from Maryland, with a rollicking campaign voice and a stock of old-fashioned campaign stories, soon had his hearers convulsed with laughter.

But the speech of the evening was a masterly address by Senator Elihu Root, who with his hands outstretched and a few well-chosen gestures, and in a voice ringing with old-time fervor, cleared the decks for action. During Senator Root's address the President marched in, the guests arising to their feet as he entered.

Senator Root is a deliberate speaker. He seems to have every word carefully weighed before it is uttered, and he is not encumbered with the "hem and haw" or the repetitions of the average extemporaneous speaker.

Many of his statements struck a new note. His high-pitched voice carried over the hall with a resonant ring, and to the gathering it seemed to have the full inspiration of a keynote campaign address. He referred to Washington as an uncertain place to gauge the sentiment of the country, for the reason that it is like a boiler shop, with so much hammering, confusion and noise of this, that and the other issue.

Congressman Nicholas Longworth was at his best, and talked right out in meeting concerning his tariff views. Judge D. D. Woodmansee of Ohio, a neighbor of President Taft, delivered a stirring memorial eulogy on Abraham Lincoln. Ex-Senator W. A. Scott called to mind the days of the "Old Guard" who fought through the McKinley campaign.

The President was the last speaker, and evinced that increasing warmth and fervor which has been growing in his speeches as campaign days approach. With his expansive white vest and genial

smile, few gentlemen become the central figure of a notable banquet with greater dignity than William Howard Taft.

* * *

SPEAKING of up-to-date procedure—there was a moving picture film made when President Taft grasped the pen and in his characteristic way signed the statehood bill for Arizona, making it a valentine of national significance. Arizona

on the right pathway, and that she has complied with all the requirements of a state, to the dotting of an "i" and the crossing of a "t."

The gold pen which President Taft used was presented to Postmaster-General Hitchcock, who has an affectionate interest in Arizona. At one time it was thought that he would take up his residence in that state and aspire for senatorial honors.

The chief executive of the new state,



PRESIDENT TAFT SIGNING THE PROCLAMATION MAKING ARIZONA THE FORTY-EIGHTH STATE OF THE UNION

will be known as the Valentine State, for it was on the fourteenth of February that the documents were executed. The last of all our territories in contiguous land from coast to coast is now joined to the Union, and Arizona will remain the youngest of the sisterhood of states, lusty and vigorous in her hopes and ambitions.

The new state was given a hearty welcome in the congratulatory telegrams. No matter what provision may later be made in the recall of judges or on other matters pertaining to the state, the administration feels that it has at least started Arizona

Governor Hunt, is an interesting personality. Twenty-five years ago he was employed as a waiter in an Arizona restaurant. And at that time Arizona restaurants were not conducive to the making of fortunes. Mrs. Hunt, the first lady of the new state, is native born. She loves the ranch and the mountains and fields of Arizona and is an expert horsewoman and a crack shot with a rifle.

With simple ceremonies and the characteristic business-like methods of the times, the forty-eighth star of the Union was added to the great field of blue.

THE sensation connected with Thomas P. Gore's election to the United States Senate has worn away, but even time cannot detract from the intense interest felt in the history of a man who, handicapped by total blindness in early youth, yet persevered in obtaining an education such as qualified him to hold one of the

are open and his countenance full of intelligence. He can move about with ease in familiar places and often travels alone when his brother cannot accompany him. When it comes to stump speaking he is indefatigable. If there is no train available and he cannot find a conveyance (a wagon if need be) that he can hire, he has been known to walk to keep an appointment.

Two successive accidents deprived Senator Gore of eyesight. A blow from the stick of a playmate put out one eye when he was eight years old. Three years later he destroyed the other eye himself with the arrow from a cross bow. He was at this time serving as a page in the senate of Mississippi, his native state. The boy had already become imbued with parliamentary eloquence, and the loss of his position was a grievous trial. His father wished to place him in an asylum for the blind, but against this the boy pleaded and begged to be allowed to study at home. His mother and sister read to him constantly, and it was then that his wonderful memory was first cultivated.



MRS. THOMAS P. GORE
Wife of Senator Gore of Oklahoma, and their two children

highest positions in our country. The people assembled in the gallery of the Senate to witness that unique scene were astonished by the bearing of Hon. Thomas P. Gore as he took the oath of office. It seemed impossible that he was actually stone blind, for Senator Gore has none of the appearance of a person deprived of sight. He carries himself erect, his eyes

In the fall of 1887 a normal school was opened at Walthall, and Gore, being about sixteen years old, attended in company with a playmate. The lads were constant companions for the period of three years. They shared the same room, they were in the same grades, and Charles read the lessons aloud to Tom every night. With this assistance the blind youth was enabled

to recite next day, and he always stood at the head of his class. Another friend accompanied him to Cumberland University and acted as reader, thereby assisting him to graduate from that seminary and commence the practice of law. Strange as it may seem, Senator Gore has attained extraordinary eminence in his profession. He has tried a number of important cases, acting as the leading counsel, preparing the briefs and examining the witnesses, his persuasive eloquence going far to convince a jury.

Senator Gore has never been a wealthy man. While in the Legislature of Oklahoma he devoted himself to ameliorating the condition of the laboring classes. When he entered the contest for the senatorship, he had an appropriation of six hundred and sixty-five dollars to conduct his campaign. In the face of ridicule he drew up his platform of principles, then recast and shortened it, because the printer's bill was more than he could afford to pay. This document he left, with other campaign literature, at the little mortgaged house, in the hands of his wife and brother, who sent it far and wide throughout the state while he was traveling back and forth making speeches, two and three a day. His utterance was fearless and convincing and his enthusiasm contagious. Oftentimes his audience was composed of farmers who had come fifty miles to hear him speak. They were thrilled as they

listened to his words and went away resolved to cast their vote for the "blind youngster."

The Senator insists that all the credit is due to the sterling little woman at his



SENATOR THOMAS P. GORE

Whose unique campaign for the senatorship is recalled in these days of heavy campaign bills; a thousand dollars covered his expenses

side, who believed in him when everyone else lost hope. The first returns from the election reported Gore three thousand votes behind. His brother, who is some ten years younger than the Senator and his most devoted admirer, was at the point

of despair and ready to swear off from politics forever. But Mrs. Gore was convinced that "Tom" would win, and win he did.

Although Mrs. Gore supplies the place of eyes to the Senator, reading to him at all hours of the day, she laughingly disclaims all merit. "Why," she says naively, "he waits on me and does innumerable little things which many men neglect. People asked me when we were married if I was not very sorry for him. Such a



MISS ELIZABETH HILLES

Daughter of Charles D. Hilles, secretary to the President. She christened the revenue cutter "Unalga," which is fitted for police duty in the Alaska fisheries

thing as pity never entered my thoughts. We met first at a picnic, which was partly political. I heard him speak and he fairly wiped up the earth with his opponent. I was a girl of eighteen and was just carried away with admiration for his splendid intellect, but I never dreamed of his being my future husband."

On the evening of that eventful day, Mr. Gore wrote to his mother, "I have met the girl that is going to be my future wife if I can win her." And his mother never doubted that he would do so. Four years later the wedding took place; and it has

often been remarked that no happier family exists than that of the "Blind Orator of Oklahoma."

* * *

IN the depths of the sea are to be found the American potash supply of the near future. The giant kelps of the Pacific Ocean along our northwestern coastline have long been the wonder of scientists, and have even played some part in the economies of aboriginal life, as some of the smaller lianas of these submarine groves were long and strong enough when dried to furnish the coast tribes with fishing lines. There are two species of especial size and density of growth, averaging one hundred feet in length, and found in great groves, some of them five miles long and at least two miles wide, extending along the coast from Point Sur on the south, to north of Seattle, for the most part growing in swift tideways, and where they get the full sweep of the Pacific seas. The principal species have engaged the special attention of the Department of Agriculture and the Geological Survey, both of which have been encouraged to search for a native source of supply of those salts of potash, which Germany just now exports to this country to the value of \$15,000,000 per annum.

Without these salts of potash, our enormous deposits of phosphatic rock are insufficient to supply the ever-increasing demand for artificial fertilizers, and the Geological Survey have tested numerous deposits of silicious and alum-bearing rocks, brines and mother-liquors which to a limited extent promise sources of potash supply. Tests of the giant fuci of the Pacific coast demonstrate that these submarine growths absorb from the sea-water such enormous quantities of potash that when dried they contain from five hundred to six hundred pounds of chloride of potash to every two thousand pounds, besides furnishing iodine, gelatine, paper fibre and other by-products.

The construction of great submarine mowers to cut this harvest of the sea, and of craft to convey it to the shore where it may be dried and burned for lixiviation and reduction, are matters of detail which are being arranged, and not

likely to be long neglected, when it is realized that over a million tons of potassium chloride, valued at forty millions of dollars per year, can be extracted from the great ocean groves already located within the three miles of ocean shore which lies under the jurisdiction of the Republic.

* * *

POPULAR conception of the old-time sleuth like Allan Pinkerton or Sherlock Holmes is somewhat upset by William J. Burns, the most prominent detective of the present day. To view him at work in his early days, quietly putting his facts together and studying the acts of individuals, or following up with unerring persistence the "yellow streak" in a criminal, was quite a contrast to meeting him at the recent banquet of the Periodical Publishers' Association in Philadelphia. I see him again in my mind's eye as he stood there, clad in evening clothes, his curly hair waving as he spoke in his positive way, hurling out his words with all the force within him.

To look at him that evening among the banqueters, one found it hard to realize how many hazardous positions he had passed through while on his relentless chase of criminals. His main strength, after all, seems to be in his direct and lucid conclusions from simple and patent facts. He insists that he has no mysterious or peculiar genius, but that he tracks a criminal as a bookkeeper seeks an error in his books—by studying every particular. And the detective can depend also, he says, upon Daniel Webster's old theory that "murder will out."

Mr. Burns thinks clearly and quickly along direct lines. He has a grasp of psychology and a knowledge of human nature;

he seems to know just what an individual might do under given circumstances, and he puts himself in that man's place and follows his own trail, so to speak. He seeks the unimportant details which other people might be likely to overlook, and has studied the habits of people as students of ornithology have made a study of birds. He realizes most of all that a criminal still remains a human being.

Detective Burns inclines to the belief that the detection of a crime is more possible when one centers his mind upon a chain of natural incidents rather than a startling clue. The clues picked up in casual remarks on the train, among travelers and strangers, have led to important disclosures. Keeping both eyes and ears open at the same time and all the time counts—and the way Burns flies over the country at times would suggest the use of aerial transportation.

There may be something of Buddhism in such detective work, where a man by concentrating his mind on the belief that certain things are to occur brings about the desired results, and they do occur; but the basis of Detective Burns'

best work is first an analysis and estimate of what a human being might do under certain circumstances and a given environment. The curious and mysterious always seems to appeal to the public mind as reflected in the old-time detective stories.

* * *

ONE of the delightful things about American political reform today is that no feuds seem to reach a stage of bitterness that altogether obliterates the social conventionalities. On his Western tour, President Taft mingled with rabid progressives and all sorts of factions; and



WILLIAM J. BURNS
America's foremost detective

all united, irrespective of any personal or political feeling, to honor the President of the United States.

At a recent banquet there were present two men who are political enemies, and many noted the attention with which one listened while the other delivered his address. None were heartier than he in their applause, and a bystander could not resist the impulse to comment upon it. "Doesn't it seem," he said, "just as though modern politics had entirely obliterated

name or blazon they may choose to fight under, and the old rule of *noblesse oblige* will not lessen the strenuous and persistent nature of the struggle.

* * *

HIS pose, as he stood on the terrace before the Agricultural Department, was that of the poet, and I wondered what had brought him hither. He asked for a match, and the German accent was distinct. We fell into a leisurely comment upon the operations of the United States Department of Agriculture and talked of its expert investigation and practical recommendations. He did not talk like a poet, so I ventured to ask concerning his work, greatly elated at the tributes paid our country.

"Dear sir," he replied modestly, "I am a potato expert."

"From Aroostook County," I asked, "or Ireland?"

"No," he said with a smile, "from Germany, which raises one third of all the potatoes grown in the world; where the potato is also used in the production of spirits and yeast, and as a food for livestock, while you people use it only for the table and for starch."

Then he went on describing how the potato is utilized in Germany for the different purposes. To avert decay, lessen bulk and cost of transportation, and to furnish an improved food for man and beast, some twenty-five million bushels are annually dessicated by the drum process. The potatoes are cleaned, steamed and pared, and passed between great hollow rolls heated by steam, on which the mashed potato forms in a dry flake, which is automatically scraped off, and looks very much like our "corn flakes." It is a substitute for the raw vegetable, is ground into flour and used in breadmaking and as a cereal food.

In Germany it costs about one dollar and thirty cents per ton to reduce potatoes to one-fourth their original weight. Most of the product is stored as winter feed for all kinds of live stock, having about the same feeding value as corn. In many localities distant from favorable markets the potato grower is now able to save his more profitable cereals for family use



MISS RUTH HITCHCOCK

The daughter of Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska. Miss Hitchcock made her bow to Washington society with a most elaborate reception

all the old-fashioned rancor and personal feeling?"

And as men of decided political differences greeted one another at the banquet board, it reminded one of the days of courtly chivalry when martial foes complimented each other on their appearance and recent triumphs, although the next day might see them fighting with sharpened lances or trenchant battle-axes.

For however pleasant and courteous the leaders of today's political contests may be, there can be no doubt that this year's presidential campaign is to be a tournament *a l'outrance*, no matter what party

and for the market, and to store dried potatoes for his stock.

My poetic looking acquaintance was certainly an expert on potatoes, and his comment suggested that not all the "million dollar a day" American waste occurs on the railroads or in the wanton destruction of national resources. Much of it would seem to be right on the farms, where, he declared, "enough is lost to support the average European farmer."

* * *

A CONGRESSMAN who had spent the holiday recess near Cape Cod was asked by one of his young Western colleagues for a real "fish story." "Well," he replied seriously, "I'll tell you a story about the fishing question." He went on to say emphatically that it seemed hardly creditable to the United States that no special commission or department had done any practical work for the benefit of the United States fisheries, or the improvement of deep sea fishing along the coasts. Of scientific and statistical information much has been acquired and disseminated since the enthusiastic Spencer F. Baird of the Smithsonian Institute, with his associates, Verrill and Goode, began their work in the seventies, and inaugurated the fish-culture which has done much to replenish the supply of river, lake and sea fish.

Good fish are becoming a luxury beyond the means of the masses of the people, and the conservation of the fishing industry should claim the same attention as is given to other national resources of no greater if equal profits. The promotion of shore and sea fisheries where none are carried on, the improvement of fishing craft and fishing outfits, the dissemination of information about preserving fresh fish and improved methods of curing and packing, and the consultation

of the needs of the industry in legislation and diplomacy afford a wide field for beneficial effort.

A recent order or amendatory regulation by Secretary MacVeagh renews an ancient ruling which allows fish taken by or under the supervision of an American fishing vessel in foreign waters to be transshipped



MRS. L. PHILIP SMITH

Formerly Miss Eloise Hughes, daughter of Congressman Hughes of West Virginia. The Hughes-Smith wedding, solemnized February 8, at Morgantown, West Virginia, was of great interest in Congressional circles

by rail or water or brought in by the vessel herself free of duty. This legalizes the purchase of fresh herring in Newfoundland fishing ports, by Gloucester vessels, which could not themselves actually take the fish, and is a move in the right direction. "This," said the Congressman in conclusion, "is my fish story for the day." And he left for the Capitol restaurant to tackle terrapin.

IN the corridors of the Navy Department the visitors group about the model of the battleship "Maine," showing the vessel as raised from the murky waters of Havana Harbor. There is something about that tangled mass of iron and armor plate and the great hull which was the grave of so many brave sailors that will always remain a matter of tragic interest to three countries: the United States, Spain and Cuba. The bottom of the hull shows the dent on which the conclusion is based that the explosion came from the outside.

Ghastly scenes were revealed as the waters were pumped from within and

coral and sea flowers in the waters of the tropic ocean, and obliterate the harsh and bitter memories of the event which hastened, if it did not cause, the Spanish-American war. This impressive ceremony, it is thought, will take place during the naval maneuvers at Guantanamo.

* * *

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, all the great governmental projects for the pursuit of peace and commerce are under the direction of the Secretary of War. The report of the Board of Army Engineers contains little of war-time com-

ment, but is devoted largely to the building of the projected inland water route between Boston and the Gulf of Mexico. A waterway from Beaufort, North Carolina, to Chesapeake Bay, averaging twelve feet in depth, to cost \$5,400,000, is advocated, and the purchase and improvement of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, connecting with the Delaware River, at an estimated cost of \$12,400,000 more. Between the Delaware River and New York Bay a ship canal twenty-five feet deep is proposed, which would cost \$45,000,000. General Bixby proposes a uniform depth of twelve feet. This

makes the dream of Congressman J. Hampton Moore begin to look like a reality.

It is not necessary in the opinion of the engineers to construct the proposed canal between Long Island Sound and Narragansett Bay. The Cape Cod Canal between Buzzard's Bay and Massachusetts Bay completes a chain which leaves only sixty miles of ocean navigation between Sandwich Harbor and Boston.

This report is most gratifying to the Atlantic Deep Waterways Association, which, since 1907, under the leadership of Congressmen Small of North Carolina and Moore of Philadelphia, has labored tirelessly to promote the great enterprise.

The whole project, if carried out, will connect Boston and Jacksonville, Florida,



SCENE FROM THE WRECK OF THE BATTLESHIP "MAINE"

around the wreck, and the bones of the American sailors were gathered together to be brought home for burial. Only a few out of the three hundred were identified. One of these was a man imprisoned at the time of the explosion, another the cook in the galley; there were also six officers on duty, whose remains were found at their stations, where they evidently stood to their quarters, looking death in the face when the catastrophe occurred.

It is expected that the wreck will be towed out to sea and off soundings, where the crystal waters of the Gulf of Mexico can be let into her empty and cavernous accesses, letting the rusted and mangled hulk of the once gallant "Maine" sink into the vast deep, to lie covered with

with a steamer and towage route, which, avoiding the extra dangerous points of Cape Cod, Hatteras and Carnaveral, and a long line of often wreck-strewn coast, will shorten the distance, save life and property, reduce the cost of transportation, develop new resources and give to hundreds of obscure locations a new and long-delayed prosperity.

* * *

IT was a charming Sunday afternoon gathering at the home of Dr. Ledo Antonio Martin-Rivero, the Cuban Minister in Washington. Young people of the diplomatic circles had gathered to pay their respects to the consul and his good



MISS FANNIE VIRGINIA BURKE
Great-great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, and
one of the season's debutantes

wife and family. In the party were also many young Cubans who have found a real home welcome at the Rivero residence on Vermont Avenue. The seven Rivero children and their bright young friends helped fill the large parlor and other rooms with the merry laughter and chatter of the vivacious young people of the Latin-American republics.

Dr. Rivero is counted one of the ablest

men in the diplomatic corps. He speaks English fluently, and understands all the subtleties of the language, which are not always apparent to educated gentlemen of foreign birth. Local Americanisms or slang phrases and new words which come into general use are often so misinterpreted



MISS MARTA CALVO
The talented daughter of the Minister from Costa Rica;
she is a leader in the younger set of the
foreign diplomatic corps

as to change the entire meaning of the expression.

Dr. Rivero was about to be appointed to the Supreme Court of Cuba at the time of his selection as Minister to the United States. He is a lawyer of distinction, and served in his student days with the legation in Washington, afterwards representing his country in Mexico during troublesome times. In his office have been settled many important questions which have to do with the closer commercial relations between this country and Cuba. Few men in the diplomatic service are more influential and welcome at the State Department than the representative of the young sister republic. He is quiet and unostentatious, talks very precisely and

has a keen appreciation of American humor.

A thrill of patriotic pride lit up his face when the Major-querero entered, resplendent in his white uniform with green trimmings—the uniform of the young republic of the Antilles. The major was certainly a gallant and romantic figure. Once wounded and left for dead on the battlefield, he recovered and fought through the war, and today he bears an honorable scar as a decoration for bravery in Cuba's war for independence. Among the many foreigners in Washington none are more popular than the gallant and courtly representatives of the "Pearl of the Antilles."

* * *

WITH but little evidence of suppressed emotion, the upper house of Congress voted in the usual way on the bill for the direct election of Senators. There was no suggestion of a veto bill defiance, such as occurred in Parliament. The passing of this bill, which provides that Senators shall be elected by the direct vote of the people, effectively settles, as far as the Senate itself is concerned, the

manner and method of its future creation. It will at least eliminate much of the suspicion, real and unfounded, that is abroad today, and will tend to lessen the stories of picturesque bribery and political plunder which have been given credence when a Senator is selected under the election law provided by the Constitution. One thing is certain: the direct election of Senators by the people will encourage thrifty young men to save their money, for political campaigning and senatorships are becoming more and more a direct drain on financial resources. It costs money, and if not paid to persons, the

money for literature, postage and speaking must be "found" somewhere before a candidate can hope to make "his calling and election sure."

* * *

THE principal crops of the United States at the prices paid to farmers December 1, 1911, amounted to \$3,769,562,000 against \$3,581,884,000 in 1910, and \$3,736,780,000 in 1909. The average total production of all these crops fell 13.6 per cent or about one-seventh off from 1910, and 10.4 per cent from 1909, and the price averaged 21.8 per cent higher than 1909.

The report of the International Institute at Rome, Italy, estimates the shortages for the world as follows: wheat, 98.6; barley, 99.9; rye, 94.8; oats, 90.9; Indian corn, 89.9 compared with the crops of 1910.

Rice shows a gain of 108 per cent, and the crops nearly ready to harvest in Augustine, New Zealand and Chile will show largely increased yields. Australia's wheat has suffered, and is estimated at 79.2, nearly 20 per cent less than last year. United States

cotton shows a gain to 130.3, nearly one-third more than in 1910, but India falls to 81 per cent, and Egypt has also lost ground. Beet sugar production fell off nearly one-fourth to 75.7; wine gains over one-third or 136.4 per cent.

These figures argue a continuation or advance of existing prices, which average one-fifth over those of last year.

* * *

AN increased postal rate is strongly urged by James J. Britt, third assistant postmaster general in his annual report. While his recommendation is not



HON. OLLIE JAMES

Representative from the First Congressional district of Kentucky, elevated to the United States Senate, succeeding Senator Paynter

as drastic as that of Postmaster-General Hitchcock, yet it is sufficient to make the publishers "sit up and take notice." Mr. Britt suggests an increase of one cent per pound on all newspapers and periodicals. Should the recommendation be acted upon favorably it is almost certain that a plan for retrenchment among the large publishing houses will follow.

Mr. Britt recommends a radical change in the ranking system now enjoyed by government officials. It is his belief that the issuance of special government stamps is a much saner method of handling free mail than by the present system. Whether Mr. Britt believes in limiting an official to a certain number of stamps for a certain period is a matter for conjecture.

Another recommendation urged by the energetic third assistant postmaster general is the fixing of the minimum post office money order fee at five cents. This it is believed would have no small part in placing the post office department on a paying basis.

* * *

WHAT is more restful than to wander about the corridors of the Capitol and to look upon the paintings, decorations and memorials that tell in a mute but eloquent way the past history of the nation? The scenes of American history depicted on the walls never grow tiresome. There is always a new light struggling down through the dome that seems to give the pictures a verisimilitude of the past life and activities of the nation.

In one corner of the corridor near the Senate Chamber is a portrait of Henry Clay which I have stopped to admire again and again. There is something magnetic in the gleam of the eyes and the pallor of the face; and the sweetness of the great Kentuckian's character is reflected in the canvas. It was painted during the closing years of his life, and as I stood gazing at it the other day I was overtaken by an elderly man who hailed from the Blue Grass State, and who had known Henry Clay, in the days when this picture was painted. When I passed that way again a half hour later, the old gentleman was still looking at the canvas. Finally a messenger brought him a chair so that he

could continue to gaze in comfort upon the features of the great statesman whom he had loved in early life.

"Oh, you don't know what political leaders are in these days," he exclaimed. "Those of us who followed *him*," indicating the picture of Clay, "felt that in him was expressed the highest type of statesmanship and manhood that ever breathed."



MISS HELEN HARDY

The debutante daughter of Representative and Mrs. Rufus Hardy of Texas

Nearby hangs the portrait of Daniel Webster, and just back of this in the corridor stands the old clock ticking away the hours. On this clock is engraved a shield with seventeen stars—the only one of its kind that has been preserved.

It was made when there were seventeen states, but at the time of the Louisiana purchase it was decided that a small shield could never properly hold the constellation of states. Therefore the national



CHARLES A. CAIRNS
PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL TRAFFIC MANAGERS' ASSOCIATION AND THE GENERAL
PASSENGER AGENT OF THE CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD

shield was made to show only the thirteen original states, and today this remains as the only federal shield extant bearing the seventeen stars.

* * *

THE visit to America of General Baden-Powell was made the occasion for public rallies and reviews of the order of Boy Scouts, which astonished those who have not followed the movement. Major General R. S. S. Baden-Powell founded the Boy Scout movement in England after

has been of no small influence in promoting manly courage and unselfishness among the boys.

On the day following the elaborate banquet which was tendered General Baden-Powell by Ernest Thompson Seton and others interested in the movement, the Boy Scout councils of New York and Brooklyn joined forces in presenting a grand rally and review to the British leader. It was held in the 71st Armory, one of the best drill floors in greater New York, and nearly twenty-five hundred boys,



THE WORK OF THE BOY SCOUTS BEING REVIEWED BY
GENERAL BADEN-POWELL, PRESIDENT TAFT AND AMBASSADOR BRYCE

the pattern of Ernest Thompson Seton's "Woodcraft Indians," and has been largely responsible for its already phenomenal success. The American branch of the Boy Scouts alone numbers more than 300,000 and is organized as efficiently as an army—an army for peace rather than for war. The Boy Scouts take one important pledge—each morning a knot is tied in either handkerchief or necktie, and this must remain until some generous or thoughtful deed has been done that day. It seems like "tying a string around your finger so you won't forget it," but the plan

ranging in age from twelve to fifteen years, participated. In full scout uniform, with their wide-brimmed peaked hats and "hiking" sticks, they marched through the streets of New York, a Lilliputian army whose cheery faces seemed in strange contrast to their solemn, measured tread. On every side, as they marched along, business gave way to the parading Scouts.

Upon entering the vast floor of the Armory, the boys formed in a great spiral, marching two by two. At a given signal all turned back to back, and through this winding rank Baden-Powell made his tour

of inspection. Reaching the center of the vast circle, at the bugle's sound, all the Scouts "squatted" cross-legged upon the floor, leaving their honored guest standing in the center as the hub of a great wheel of boy life. "I came to this rally an Englishman," said General Baden-Powell, "now I feel like an American."

This remark was instantly greeted with a loud cheer and twenty-five hundred hats went up toward the rafters. Following a short address, the spiral was unwound and the program of exhibition drills by the different troops began. These drills

boys, each vying with the other for honors. To the spectators of this most interesting scene, there could be no further doubt but that the Boy Scout movement is doing great work in the broad development of our future citizens. It is a great illuminated sign that the world is growing better.

* * *

AMONG the Lenten society events announced in Washington is the production of Mrs. Larz Anderson's fairy play for the children entitled "The Little Madcap." The play is characteristic of Mrs. Ander-



GENERAL BADEN-POWELL SHOWING AMERICAN BOY SCOUTS HOW TO LIGHT FIRES WITHOUT MATCHES

were exceedingly well executed and included the following: setting up drill, signalling, relay messages, staff drill, bridge building, fire drill, tower building and signalling, lashing staffs together to form tents, ambulance corps, fire fighting, camp fire, throwing life-line, knot-tying contest, making litter with boys' coats, distance judging, tug-of-war, wall scaling, scouts at play, methods of resuscitation, first aid, locating point of compass on floor, sham battle, tent-raising contest and administration of Scout laws.

Among the troops that took part was one of blind boys, one of Japanese boys, one of Italian boys and two of colored

son's interest and study in child lore, there being a number of rare juvenile books which she has written along this line. The production of the play will be notable, because the cast includes Miss Helen Taft, the daughter of the President, and it will be a leading feature in the amateur theatricals, so popular at Washington.

The studious habits and manner of Miss Taft make the announcement of her appearance in this play a pleasant surprise to her friends. Miss Taft has won many friends by her quiet charm. She follows with deep interest all public matters and has won distinction as a student. Of slight build and rather quietly garbed, with

blonde hair and clear blue eyes, her manner is somewhat suggestive of her father, to whom she is very devoted in his work. Sincerity has no small part in the charm of Miss Taft.

She goes into everything with an earnest enthusiasm that has won for her much admiration. It is said that she has not missed a single rehearsal of "The Little Madcap." Washington society is well represented in the cast, which includes Mrs. George Von L. Meyer, the wife of the Secretary of the Navy, and her daughter Alice, Mrs. Preston Gibson and Miss Elsie Aldrich.

There was plenty of old-fashioned fun at the rehearsals, just the same as in the old days when the "Little Brown Jug," "Lost in London" and other pretentious

by Mr. Ernest Meyer some time ago. To me it was most impressive to study that strong face carved out of rock, which seemed somehow to reflect the weight of the burden, the cares and the sorrows of those trying days at the White House.



MRS. C. BASCOM SLEMP
Wife of Congressman Slemp of Virginia. She is a new
bride in Congressional circles, where her
husband is a favorite

plays were attempted by amateurs in quiet towns and amid less pretentious surroundings.

* * *

ON Lincoln's birthday I stood in the rotunda of the Capitol before the great bust of Lincoln, a masterpiece of sculpture by Borglum, presented to the government



MISS ETHEL LLOYD
The popular young daughter of Congressman and Mrs. James T. Lloyd of Missouri. Miss Lloyd has not yet been formally presented to Washington society but is receiving with her mother

There was in the graven eyes a look of that pathetic melancholy which will always be associated with the memory of Lincoln. The statue seemed to suggest Rodin's masterpieces at Luxemburg. In the features and under the eyes were those lines drawn by care and sorrow, reflecting the great, sympathetic heart of the first martyred President; even the poise of the head seemed to suggest a human soul bending under its burdens, and I thought to myself what more loving and more richly deserved tribute was ever given a

public man than that bestowed upon Abraham Lincoln.

Everywhere in the country his birthday was observed with speeches and with exercises in the schools, while every word that he wrote or uttered during that brief span of years when he was in the White House seems to glow with prophetic and mature wisdom as the years pass.



MRS. RALPH CAMERON
The charming wife of Delegate Cameron of Arizona

At the foot of the pedestal was a simple wreath, just as Lincoln would have wished it. But about this statue were boys and girls, men and women from various states, with bowed heads and whispering voices, who were paying their silent but tender tribute to the great Lincoln, whose life will ever remain an inspiration to future generations.

* * *

STREET-CAR steps are the latest object of attack for the ladies of Washington. With an auspicious beginning they have launched into a crusade against the offensive car steps or rather step, which they claim is placed so far above the street level that it is inconvenient for

young ladies, and often dangerous for the old and infirm to climb.

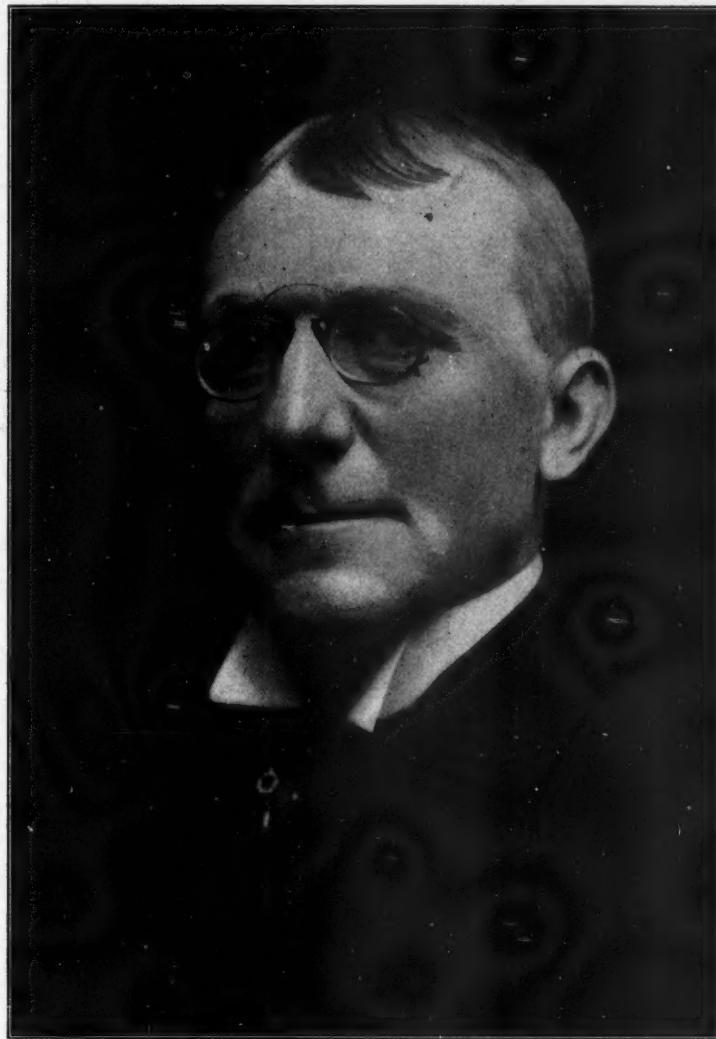
A mammoth petition is planned, and an appeal to the railroad officials will be first tried, after which "if insensible to kindness," legal investigation and action will be invoked. Many prominent gentlemen will aid the ladies, and a pretty contest is looked for if the street railway magnates are "balky." A congressman who attempted to convince a fair constituent that the present style of costume was responsible for the difficulty connected with the car-



MRS. R. D. WHITE
Wife of Lieutenant-commander Richard Drace White of the United States Navy. Mrs. White is prominent in naval social circles

step found himself involved in a serious entanglement. "Sir," said his visitor decisively, "our skirts have absolutely nothing to do with this matter. You say the women of other days were satisfied with this outrageous car-step. Sir, I admit that the women of other days were satisfied to be *slaves*. They were satisfied without their rights and without the ballot. But, sir, other days have passed."

When the congressman recovered his



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY
THE BELOVED HOOSIER POET, NOW CONVALESCENT FROM A SHOCK
WHICH GRAVELY THREATENED HIS LIFE

breath he found himself meekly affirming his signature to the formidable list prepared for the railroad officials by the ladies.

* * *

FIFTY years before Chicago was founded the town of Beaver, Pennsylvania, was laid out, with streets one hundred feet wide, intervening alleys, and public parks on the four corners of the site which occu-



MISS BARNES RICHARDSON
Daughter of Congressman Richardson of Alabama: she
recently christened the revenue cutter "Miami"
at Newport News, Virginia

pied the bluffs overlooking the junction of the Ohio and Beaver rivers. There the pioneers of early days dreamed of establishing a great city.

Beaver has been the home of a number of prominent men. Here lived Chief Justice Agnew of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, whose opinions are still frequently quoted.

Here a son of the Presbyterian minister was elected as clerk of the court, and

although he had been admitted to the bar he practiced but little, making a study of politics. He served in the Civil War, and when he returned he again took up his study of politics. This was Matthew Stanley Quay, and to the last of his days he lived in the little red house on the corner of the broad street, not far from the river cliff. In this home he had assembled one of the greatest private libraries in the world.

Many public men have been said to have dual natures. For years while in Washington, Quay was the astute, resourceful, masterful politician, but at home in Beaver, Pennsylvania, he was a student, litterateur and critic. It was Rudyard Kipling who first discovered and made known to the world the literary life of Senator Quay, busy in his great library at home in Beaver. The *London Times* had wired him to interview "America's most distinguished politician at his home." He wrote back that he had not found the most distinguished politician in America, but he had found the best private library and one of the most fertile literary minds in the country in Matthew Stanley Quay.

The house where he lived is now vacant, but the library is just as it was during his life. There are the curious chandeliers, made of deer's antlers, and thousands and thousands of books stowed away—books on every subject that can aid and fascinate the student. There was an especially alluring group of books on history and philosophy, and in these rooms, for there are several, he built addition on addition as his books accumulated. It is said that Senator Quay enjoyed the happiest days of his life in this little red house. In visiting his library one would instantly agree that here must have lived a master mind, and few men in public life understood human subtleties and weaknesses better than the Senator from Pennsylvania, who for many years held firm and undisputed control of his great commonwealth.

In the same town of Beaver is located Fort McIntosh, an historic spot from which a flag proudly floats, located right in the center of the manufacturing district. The splendid new home of the Beaver Trust Company and many splendid mansions along the river bank, and throughout the residential districts, make Beaver a

solid, substantial residential town of present wealth and ancient historical associations among the hills of Pennsylvania.

* * *

AND now the indomitable Colonel has declared in favor of a referendum to the popular vote of judicial decisions.

Prefacing his article with strong expressions of his regard, admiration and respect for the judiciary, he refers to instances in which the power to deny to the legislatures the power to make needed reforms has resulted in decisions that were "a blow to decent citizenship; a blow to the effort to achieve genuine reform, genuine betterment of social conditions of so severe a nature that its mischievous effects can hardly be overestimated."

He declares that "These good judges, these upright and well-meaning men who champion an outworn philosophy, do not realize that the changed conditions mean changed needs, and that the tremendous social problem of today cannot be solved by methods adequate to meet the infinitely simple problems offered by industrial and social life a century ago."

He believes that the next New York constitutional convention will propose amendments to enable the people to decide finally for themselves what decisions shall be allowed to stand in contravention of the state laws and the popular sense of justice and equity.

* * *

IN the large committee room of the House building the steel investigation is still in session. The wrinkles have not yet been smoothed out of the large carpet; and, although there are celebrities on the witness stand nearly every day, there is but a small attendance, and most of those present are personally interested in the proceedings.

The witness sits before a table below the raised platform where the committee has sat for many weary months, hearing testimony that will represent a veritable tonnage of printed reports. The lack of chairs may account for the sparse audience, for the group of chairs around the reporters' table are always occupied and those provided for spectators are few in number.

When I quietly slipped in the other morning, Mr. James J. Hill, chairman of the Great Northern Railway, was on the stand. Chairman Stanley of the Investigating Committee, sharply looking over his spectacles and puffing at his cigar betimes, was driving the interrogations home. Mr. Hill would cock his ear to catch the question, and it was a royal match of wits. One could have heard a pin drop as the railroad magnate told the committee the story of the fabulous ore finds of the Mesabi Range, and how the great profits



HON. ROBERT J. THOMPSON

The American Consul at Hanover and the originator of the World's Trade Directory

of his investment were distributed among stockholders and railroads.

The committee about the table were immersed in the report of Herbert Knox Smith of the Bureau of Corporations, which covered in detail the development of the great iron range. But the chief interest centered about the vigorous witness. For although James J. Hill is past threescore and ten, he seemed to pound the table with the same force as in the days when he dreamed of the transcontinental railroad which was to be built without a land agent.

THE PLEA



Some Hours with President Taft

by William S. Nortenheim

Illustrations by the Author



WE had advanced through successive rooms and were now in the office of the Secretary to the President, Mr. Charles Dewey Hilles, who, after introductions, led us into the office of the Chief Executive. "The President will see you in a few minutes," said Mr. Hilles as he left us, and we took seats.

The few minutes passed and a cathedral chime intoned eleven o'clock. "I wish he would come in," chafed my friend, the press correspondent. He had often interviewed Presidents, and now wanted to get over to the Capitol to cover a great controversy that was imminent in the House of Representatives.

We remained seated, however. It was a place in which an artist's mind eagerly observed, and caught impressions. Glancing through a door that led to the President's cabinet room, I noted a man sitting bolt-upright in one of the large, leather-cushioned chairs. My eyes swept back to his clean-shaven face, a most remarkable one, full, puffed and florid. The head was thick and round and rested stiffly on a thicker, bull neck. The hair was red, the eyebrows pale, and the eyes, blue and small. He had a most powerful physique, which together with his heavy chin, suggested the fighter. He gazed stolidly at me, while he was hearing the President's conversation, and I surmised

that he must be one of those presidential bodyguards that one hears about. In a few minutes he rose and came through the office, following a Senator, and my friend mentioned that he probably was some local politician who had come to Washington seeking privileges or favors.

Suddenly, from the same room, we heard a peal of pleasant laughter, followed in a few moments by another. It was a mellow laugh, in a high tenor pitch. "That," said my companion, "is the famous Taft laugh." The laughing continued in short intervals.

* * *

The President's office is an ellipse in plan. A triple bay window forms one end, and at the other end is an open fireplace. Four doors, opening inward, are equally disposed, two on each side, and are curved to conform with the curve of the wall. The tall windows are hung with stately, heavy curtains, and are flanked by book-cases set into the wall. The fireplace is encased in fine marble, and fluted Ionic columns support the mantel on which stands a bell-glass covered clock, flanked by candelabra. In the fireplace are complete preparations for a wood fire. Even the paper is placed under the logs, ready to ignite. The style of the room is classic colonial, and the woodwork is painted a creamy white with blue-white embellishment. Each of the four large, ornate door-frames is surmounted by a rich pediment. The wall is covered by a warm olive green burlap, which extends up from a panelled wainscot to a wide,

elaborate molding or entablature of plain plaster. A flat dome of this virgin plaster surmounts the room and gathers in its shallow, inverted basin the light from the bay window, and gives play to every tint and shade of gray. Pendant from the middle is a chandelier of electric candles, and triple groups of the same adorn the wall between the doors and windows. The only picture on the wall is a bust photograph of Theodore Roosevelt, framed in gold rococo. The furniture is of mahogany, cushioned with green leather. Capacious settees and armchairs line the wall, and several chairs are disposed about the room at random. The floor is of polished hardwood. A large, soft, gray rug, in form also an ellipse, flows up to the feet of the chairs. Resting on its broad surface, over near the window, is the feature of the room—the President's desk, also his massive revolving chair, made to replace one that was broken down by the executive weight when Mr. Taft first entered office. The desk is very simple in its appointments; desk lamp, desk pad, ink, pens, stationery rack, a row of books, including the Bible, a small framed portrait, and several vases of cut flowers. Official documents are usually disposed upon it. The President sits at his desk with his back to the window. The pale ochre shades are drawn partly down on sunny days and diffuse a golden atmosphere over the room. A few palms and broad-leaved plants near the low window sills are bathed by the unshaded, bright sunshine.

* * *

Secretaries were coming and going with letters and papers. A group, consisting of a lady and some gentlemen, was ushered in and they took seats near the fireplace.

The President's voice was now heard again, conversing in a pleasant mood. It was a high-pitched voice, sibilant, and at the same time mellow.

Smiling, he now entered with two Senators. They were enjoying some joke, the older Senator was laughing with a certain restrained dignity, the younger, a tall, thin man with apathetic features, though laughing, seemed overconscious of

the other persons in the room. The President, however, was hearty in his humor. He quietly placed his arms about the waist of his elder companion and lifted him from the floor, laughing, over his shoulder.

When Mr. Taft, still smiling, came over to us, he greeted me very cordially, and warmly holding my hand, told me to make myself at home and comfortable. Unlike meetings with other notables, this one was intimate and friendly. For the while, we seemed to be alone together, with no thought of ending the pleasant relations. After a time, in which Mr. Taft was told of my work, the meeting was at an end. My companion took his leave, and I forthwith prepared to sketch.

Mr. Taft now walked over to the people near the door, and they immediately rose to be presented. They seemed very careful to infer their prominence and distinction as their names were given and as each greeted the President with a handclasp. They soon came to the business of their call. The cornerstone of a college was to be laid and they were a committee to extend to the President a most cordial invitation to be present. Mr. Taft, in kindly mood, replied by what seemed to be a refusal. The countenance and hope of the delegation seemed to fall on hearing his reply, but seeing the President's smiling face, the humor of his remarks burst upon them and they joined in a hearty laugh. They became perfectly at ease, and the President went into the matter of their call. They spoke of their great desire for his acceptance and, finally, Mr. Taft made answer. He was receiving invitations from all over the country to attend just such ceremonies. It was impossible for him to attend them all. He would consult his calendar, and if he possibly could accept, he would. They would hear from him that very afternoon. After expressing their thanks and hopes, they took leave.

* * *

Arrangements were now made for a hearing. The room having been cleared, the doors were closed and Mr. Taft seated himself in his chair. The pleader took a small chair and sat at the right side of

the desk, and after a hasty introduction of his line of argument, plunged at once into his discourse.

The scene will never be forgotten—the pleader, a man about fifty-three years of age, in the full maturity of applied experience and intellect. His individual, definite face was of strong and decisive mold. The clearcut features, suffused by a nervous dominance, were at present restrained and suppliant. His gray hair, showing traces of brown, was crisp and close cropped. His modulated voice was that of the New Yorker and at times there seemed to be an impediment in his enunciation.

The listener, on the other hand, leaned back in his swivel chair, with the balance nicely adjusted. His clothes were made with the freedom and looseness that a large, heavy man should assume. He loomed up before the artist, in partial silhouette against the window light, a big man in every proportion. His arm lay along the slant arm of the chair, his hand disposed at pocket. His eyes, not open wide, were speculative and extremely attentive to the speaker. His complexion was clear and healthy and his hair was long and tinted with gray. His large, flowing moustache did not quite conceal his mouth.

In the Supreme Court, the judges assume various attitudes while hearing. Some lean forward, some, with heads thrown back on soft chairs, appear asleep, though at times they quickly become active with a pointed question to counsel. With all this, however, one feels that there is a gamut of legal judgment, an impersonal system of precedent and application.

The impression one receives at the White House is entirely different. There is an extremely personal quality, it seems, ever present. Rather than being calmly judicial, a decision is merciful or broadly humanitarian.

Now came the answer. The President had gone over the case very thoroughly before. He was conversant with and remembered the details. He would go over it again and let them hear from him. Then followed a friendly parting, and the doors were again opened.

The President now retired for a few moments, and when he entered again, a number of callers were there. A tall and very heavy-framed man, a governor of one of the Western States, was standing at my elbow, looking at my work. I called his attention to the empty chair which I was drawing, the one lately occupied by the pleader, and I told him that I would draw the man on it later. The Governor began to comment on the beauty of the room and its details, the perfect accord and harmony of everything. Then his eye rested on the portrait of Theodore Roosevelt. "Such a horrible frame!" he declared; "it jumps out from the wall and hits one. They ought to take it down." He then strode over to meet the President.

There was next ushered in a delegation of men who lined themselves up in front of the fireplace, and the President went over to meet them. They were presented with care as to their prominence: One was president of a law school, one a state attorney, one was a mayor; several were editors of newspapers—all were prominent men. They had come from a Southern state to recommend an appointment to a judgeship. Mr. Taft was told by one that his father was a judge who once had considerable correspondence with him. Yes, Mr. Taft remembered this well. Influenced by the President's rare tact, they were soon in a mood of general comradeship. Mr. Taft placed his arm over the shoulder of one who was a personal acquaintance. The whole discourse that followed had evidently been rehearsed, for after a few general remarks, one started out on a general eulogy of their candidate. Then followed another interlude, after which the second delegate seemingly took his cue and said his little speech. So it progressed, this one, and that one, until they all had spoken. One man was so nervous that his talk was like a forced and jerky talking-machine record.

They told how the appointment would affect the state; how the politicians would regard it; the attitude of the press; how it would create respect for the court, and how it stood among citizens. All threw on light from every favorable angle.

Mr. Taft told a short anecdote at which they all laughed. Then straightening up to his full height, and with definite, nicely chosen words, the President gave his answer. Judiciary appointments, he found, were the most difficult to make. He wanted a judiciary that not only had the confidence of the people, but also created great respect for the court. His appointments were made without regard to party inclination or belief. He would remember what they said, when the time for appointment arrived. Then with the usual cordial handclasps the interview ended.

* * *

It is a signal honor to be chosen as a Delegate to the White House. The opportunity comes but once in a lifetime and to but few people. They come from various parts of the United States and its possessions, and the observer is impressed with the instant, sympathetic adaptation of Mr. Taft, and the delicate precision and nicety of his conversation. At times he repeats a statement with a new shade that designates his meaning and makes it concise. Also, one feels Mr. Taft's friendliness.

Mr. Taft went to his desk and nodded pleasantly to a caller who had, for some time, waited on a settee where he had been looking over some official papers. As he rose, Mr. Taft asked him, "Well, what are they doing over at the House?" The caller sat down and after a few words, unfolded his errand. It concerned a self-appointed missionary, untrammelled by denomination, a former football player, a big, aggressive personality full of red blood. Several instances were here told to show how highly he was regarded by prominent men. This man was now interested in the lepers of India. The dread disease was described, its pain and its incurability. Mr. Taft here said that he too had seen its ravages. This man was endeavoring to provide for the segregation of the disease and prevent its spread. He was going to make an address in Washington, and many big men would be there. The rich people were to be interested in the support of the great work. Would the President attend and give it his sanction, thus assuring success?

"But," suggested Mr. Taft, half smiling,

yet with a wearisome intake of breath, "just see how the work is piled up on me!" The Congressman then appealed for a letter to be read to the audience, and after arrangements were made, he departed.

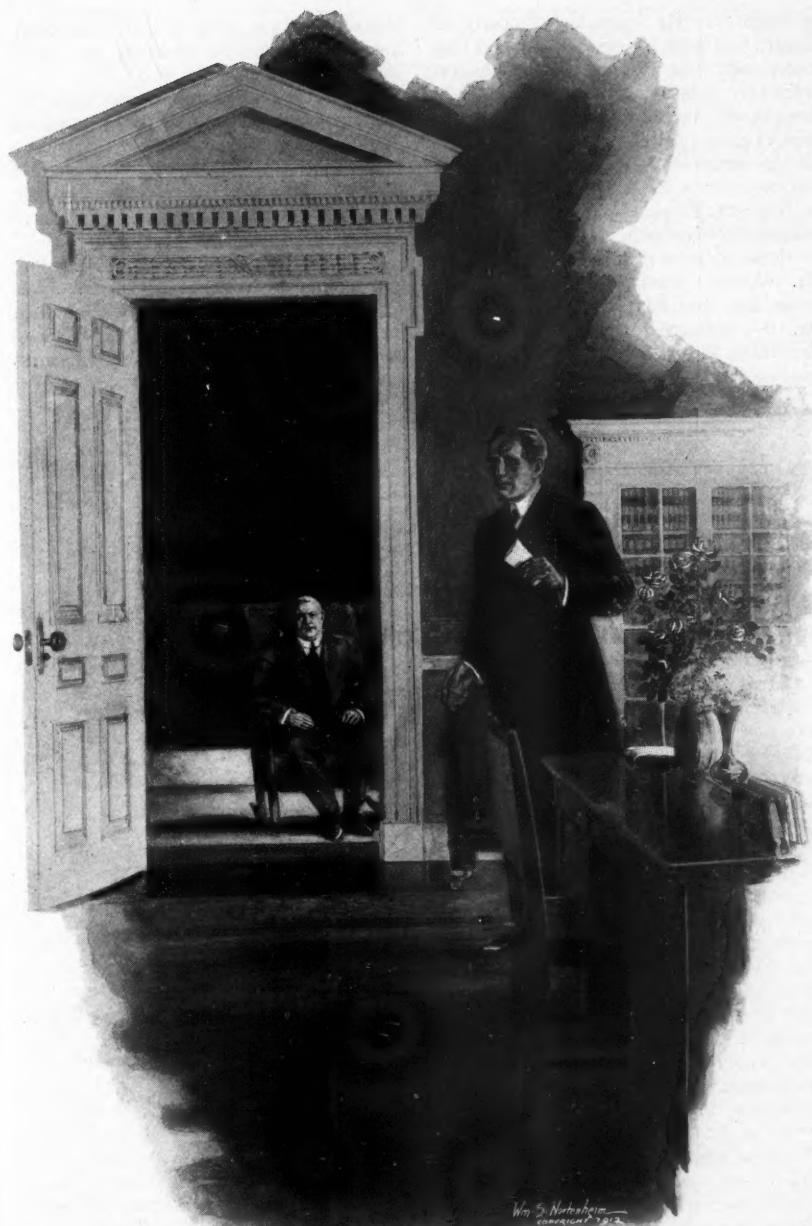
Another delegation was now waiting, and Mr. Taft went over to greet them. They too were descriptive in their presentations. They were New York politicians, and one gave a glowing eulogy concerning another of the party, whom they wished Mr. Taft to appoint to a judgeship. After a thoughtful pause the President replied that the position in question was most difficult to fill. Great discretionary powers were vested in it. Decisions were made, more according to the spirit, than the letter of the law. The present judge, he felt, was capable and had been there for a number of years; he would see no reason why any change should be made, but he would keep the matter in mind. Then followed a rather elaborate leave-taking, and with some pleasantries this interview ended.

Here again one was made to notice the great tact and kindness of Mr. Taft's answers. Even a refusal lost its abruptness.

* * *

A caller had been waiting for some time, one who was entirely different from all the others. Instead of the common business suit, he wore fastidiously conventional afternoon clothes, spruce in every detail. He was Japanese and sat in a small chair, almost in the middle of the room, facing the President's desk, stiff and erect, awaiting his audience. When the President was seated after the greeting his visitor proceeded in an eager, impetuous, solicitous manner. In broken but definite English, he voiced his concern at the publication of a statement attributed to a Congressman that there was bound to be trouble between the two countries. The Japanese people had great respect and love for the United States, and he was sorry that such things were printed and read.

The contrast between the two men was striking. The President, in quiet, almost languid tones, assured him in a most definite way that a class of men, who, for personal gain, wished to bring on hostilities between two nations were to



THE POLITICIAN

be despised. He knew the Emperor of Japan; had been his guest; they had held conferences, and no suggestion of possible unfriendly relations was ever made or thought of. It was unfortunate that such things were printed, but they had no official source whatsoever. The Japanese had come for a letter from the President to the San Francisco Exposition and a secretary now came in and it was dictated. In definite, brief terms, he stated that Mr. William Jennings Bryan had been to see him and had warmly commended Mr. — who would present this letter. The little foreigner was profuse in expressing his thanks and later I saw him

stoically sitting upright in a room opening into the corridor awaiting the signed letter.

A secretary now entered and asked me to retire from the room for a few minutes. After a short wait in the corridor where I saw the military aide who is constantly near the President, the secretary returned and took me again into the President's office.

A lady was there, sitting at the desk and looking over some papers. She was conversing with Mr. Hilles. Later, when she and the President departed, it being far past one o'clock, the morning's business was ended.

THE BUSY MAN

IF you want to get a favor done
By some obliging friend,
And want a promise, safe and sure,
On which you may depend,
Don't go to him who always has
Much leisure time to plan,
But if you want your favor done,
Just ask the busy man.

The man with leisure never has
A moment he can spare;
He's busy "putting off" until
His friends are in despair.
But he whose every waking hour
Is crowded full of work,
Forgets the art of wasting time—
He cannot stop to shirk.

So, when you want a favor done,
And want it right away,
Go to the man who constantly
Works sixteen hours a day.
He'll find a moment, sure, somewhere,
That has no other use.
And fix you while the idle man
Is framing an excuse.

—*Heart Throbs, Vol. II.*

The Romantic History of a Remarkable Woman—Josephine C. McCrackin

by George Wharton James



DOUBT whether any other woman in the United States today, save Josephine Clifford McCrackin, can write in the first person of her actual experiences of army life on the western frontier immediately after the close of the Civil War. A few days ago I visited Mrs. McCrackin at her home. A short time before she had celebrated her seventy-third birthday, and yet today she is as active and doing as much arduous work on a seaside town newspaper as the busiest sub-reporter on a metropolitan daily.

Her history in some phases is far more romantic and incredible than the wildest fiction. Indeed some of it was published by her some years ago as fiction, and though it did not deviate in the slightest from the rigid truth, it was regarded as too improbable to be called good fiction. Then she had a very fascinating and interesting life of intimate association with Bret Harte, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ina D. Cool-

brith, Joaquin Miller, Ambrose Bierce, Noah Brooks, Mark Twain and the other intellectual giants of the days of the old Overland, when Harte sat in the editorial chair and had these others as his contributors. Then for a while she lived a happy pastoral life with her second husband on the glorious heights of the Santa Cruz mountains, to be suddenly rendered homeless by a forest fire that swept the whole mountain side and caused great devastation, loss and distress.

As a child she was a happy, prattling, high-spirited youngster, the petted child of a German of noble estate, Ernst Wompner, younger son of an old patrician family of Hanover. She came into this world November 25, 1838, and her birthplace was in the ancient castle, here with reproduced, at Petershagen on the Weser River, in Prussia. Her father fought at



MRS. JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCRAKIN

the battle of Waterloo, not under Blucher, who commanded the German troops of the allied forces, but directly under Wellington. This fact shows us what pawns we are on

life's chessboard. In those days the king of England was also the king of Hanover, and therefore Hanoverian soldiers were English soldiers at the mere word of their king. Though but eighteen years of age, he was created a lieutenant on the field of Waterloo for conspicuous bravery, and when later he married Josephine's mother, he wore the scarlet uniform of the English army. The child was born, therefore, in an army atmosphere, and as a little one was often regaled with stories of army life, of thrilling conflicts, of personal adventures on the field of battle, and used to thrill with delight when a grizzled old warrior would come to the castle to visit her father, take her on his knee and tell her a story of some gallant charge, some forlorn hope, some brave and heroic deed which turned defeat into victory.

Josephine's mother was a daughter of the younger branch of the Hessian family of Von Ende (Ende von Wolfsprung). More correctly speaking, the title was Freiherr Von Wolfsprung, Count von Ende, for one of her far-off ancestors had been created baron by Emperor Karl the Fourth.

Her mother was educated with the view of becoming maid of honor to Princess Maria of Hesse-Kassel, and her grandfather died while he was commandant of the old fortress of Ziegenhain, after having been, during King Jerome's reign, while Napoleon occupied Germany, commandant at Brunswick. It was during this time that the rightful prince—the Duke of Brunswick and Ols—endeavored to regain possession of the city, and the Count Von Ende, therefore, by the fortunes of war, was compelled to defend his charge against the prince to whom in his inner heart he rendered allegiance. Hence he was glad to re-enter the Hessian service when the French conqueror was overthrown.

Her nearest blood-relation—her cousin Reinier—was a cadet at the military school of Hesse-Kassel at the same time that the present Emperor of Germany, William II, was there, and he was as recently as the early 90's the commandant of the capital city of Berlin, his father having been the minister of war of Hesse.

I have been thus somewhat explicit in

detail about Mrs. McCrackin's European relationship and ancestry, for they reveal the heredity that belongs to her and the influences that environed and controlled her younger days. She was of noble family and lived with nobles, was taught to look at everything from their aristocratic standpoint, and whatever culture comes with high birth and haughty breeding belongs naturally to her. All this is clearly revealed in her life today. She has no ignoble views of things, of people, of life. Her survey is from an elevated mental and spiritual plane, and though pressed upon by the weight of an arduous life, many cares, and her seventy-three years, she yet bears herself with the noble dignity of her ancestors, and *unconsciously* demands by that natural pride of bearing, the respect and deference of all with whom she comes in contact. Such is the nobility of her soul that it is stamped upon her face and exhibited in her every movement, so that were she a charwoman or a washerwoman every gentleman would instinctively raise his hat to her in real honor and veneration.

Yet there is a strong strain of sterling democracy in her blood. At the close of the Napoleonic wars her father tired of the demoralizing life of the army and entered the Prussian civil service. He was made chief of the district surveying corps, and the castle of Petershagen, then in partial ruins, as the result of the constant battlings for its possession, was assigned to him as his residence and office. Here with his large staff of assistants he retransferred the whole country from the French system of measurement back to the German, and here in due time, Josephine, the subject of my sketch, was born.

But the spirit of discontent was rife among the upper classes of people, and it culminated in the year gold was discovered in California (1848) in the revolution. Josephine's father felt this unrest keenly, so much so, that two years before the open revolt he decided to remove to a new land with more democratic tendencies, greater opportunities and possibilities. Accordingly he came to the United States, settled in St. Louis, became a fully naturalized citizen, and thus Josephine came under the broadening influences of

this democratic land when she was a child of eight years.

Here educated privately and then in a convent school, she received that groundwork of knowledge upon which she has so faithfully built in her later years. In 1854 her father died; an older brother, George, had left for California in the days of the gold excitement, and she, her mother and sister, were alone. In due time Lieutenant James A. Clifford, of the Third Cavalry, United States Army, wooed and won her, and at the close of the Civil War, which found them at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, they were ordered to Fort Union, New Mexico, there to meet General Carleton, who was to

and I remember thinking that it had taken since yesterday for the 'tail end' of the train of wagons, mules, and horses to leave the corrals and get into camp.

. . . Fancy the tramp of eight hundred men, the keen, light-turning wheels of a dozen or two of carriages, and the heavy, crunching weight of two hundred army-wagons, drawn each by six stout mules! No wonder the grass never grew again where General Sykes' command had passed!"

Before they went away from Fort Leavenworth, however, Lieutenant Clifford had purchased from the government stables a beautiful white horse, which he gave to his wife, intending it to be for



THE OLD CASTLE AT PETERSHAGEN ON THE WESER, BIRTHPLACE OF MRS. McCRAKIN

meet the different troops sent there and assign them to the different forts, camps, and stations in his department.

From her own vivid writings one can gain a most interesting series of pictures of her journeyings over the wild and desolate portions of New Mexico and Arizona to the appointed rendezvous. Reaching Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, the Third Cavalry joined General Sykes' command, and then started across the plains. She says in "Marching with a Command": "Besides the twelve hundred mules in the wagons, there were some two hundred head extra, and a number of horses for the officers. All of these animals had been drawn from the government corrals at Fort Leavenworth. . . . It was not till the second day, when we made camp, that I saw how large the command was;

her own personal use when she reached her new desert home. As this horse figures largely in one of the most thrilling episodes ever a woman passed through, I shall quote Mrs. Clifford's description of how it came to her. "The door of our quarters stood open; the captain had gone out, and I was startled by a knock on the door-post. Looking up, I saw the head of an orderly appearing at the door; but, poking over his head, I saw that of a horse evidently taking a strict inventory of everything in the room. Of course, I was at the door, and on the horse's neck, in a very few seconds, for, from the orderly I soon understood that the captain had sent the horse for me to look at. Colonel L——, with his two little girls, came up just then, and, as we were all going in the same command, the acquisition of a horse for

the march had an interest for all parties. Together, we surrounded and admired the beautiful white animal; and the two little girls and myself were soon braiding clover blossoms into Toby's tail, and trimming his head and neck with garlands of buttercups—operations which did not in the least interfere with his good humor, or his appetite for the juicy grass he was cropping. The captain, it seems, had already tried his speed and mettle; he was not appraised at any unreasonable figure, and so Toby was mine before we took up the line of march for the plains.

"From the wagon-master I heard later that Toby had been captured in Texas during the war. He had been raised and trained by a woman who had followed him around the country for some time, trying to get her pet back again; but Uncle Sam, for reasons of his own, had placed him in the stables of the Fitting-Out Depot. One thing certainly spoke for the truth of the story: whenever Toby had been let loose and refused to be tied up again, he would always allow me to come up to him, when he would turn and throw up his heels at the approach of a man."

Captain Clifford rode him daily as the march progressed, turning him loose at halting times, for they soon discovered that he would not stray away. He was a cunning thief, however, was Toby, and Mrs. McCrackin tells several amusing stories of his thefts, as, for instance, on one occasion when he stole a lunch-basket deliberately from the lap of the Colonel's wife while she was pre-occupied, deposited it on the grass, opened the lid and began to help himself to the contents. "Unfortunately for Toby, Mrs. L—— had spread mustard on her ham-sandwiches, and the sneezing and coughing of the erring horse first called her attention to her loss."

Another time after the major and his family had visited the Clifffords and enjoyed a tea-drinking, the latter were invited to repay the visit. The major's cook prepared a fairly elaborate spread and had just stepped out of the tent to call the family and guests to the meal, when Toby, who was loose as usual, "gravely walked up, swallowed the butter with one gulp, upset the sugar bowl, gob-

bled up the contents, and proceeded leisurely to investigate the inside of a tin jelly-can. The soldiers, who had watched his maneuvers from a distance, had been too much charmed with the performance to give warning to the cook; but when he made his appearance, meat-dish and teapot in hand, they gave such a shout as set the whole camp in an uproar, and Toby was fairly worshipped by the soldiers from that day out."

On one occasion he led the whole of the mules out of the corral, one of the herders having left the entrance unguarded, and they having been accustomed to follow the lead of a white bell mare—Toby himself being white. His destination that time was his mistress' tent, but the way there was through the camp. The rumpus can well be imagined when the soldiers awakened to find an overflow of mules floundering among their tent ropes and upsetting their outfits. They belabored them with clubs, ropes, and picket pins, and this made the mules squeal and bellow to such an extent that the whole camp was soon in an uproar, and the wagon-master in a towering rage threatened to shoot him if he ever caused such trouble again.

But it was only a few days later when his mistress found a grinning orderly at her tent, who held the mules of her ambulance and Toby on a chain and said: "The general sent his compliments, and said he'd shoot the mules and the white horse, too, the next time they pulled the tent-fly down over him."

The story was too good to be kept and the general himself afterwards told how, "lying asleep on his cot, under the tent-fly, where it was cool, he had been waked up by Toby's nose brushing his face. Raising himself, and hurling one boot and an invective at the horse, he was surprised at seeing the two mules trying to stare him out of countenance at the open end of the fly. The other boot was shied at them, but there was no time to send anything else. The chain fastening the mules together had become twisted around the pole holding up the fly, and the precipitate retreat of the long-eared pair brought down the heavy canvas upon the general's face."

Another time Toby came to the tent-door with a strangely bright polish on his fore-hoofs and a suspicious greasiness about his nose and face. During the night he had got to the baggage wagon belonging to the officer in the next tent—the habit being to put the wagons to the rear of each tent of the officer to whom it belonged—and had got at two jars of butter and pulled out six or eight sacks of grain with his teeth.

But, as Mrs. Clifford afterwards wrote: "The faithfulness and patience of the horse in time of need made me forgive him all these tricks. Months later—when still

But there are many other fascinating passages in her books, descriptive of events on this memorable trip across the plains.

Here is a pathetic and eloquent picture drawn as only a sympathetic woman of fine perception and feeling could draw it, of the death and burial of one of the soldiers on the march: "We lost but one man out of the eight hundred, and he died the day we struck the Arkansas River again—died in the road about—and we carried him with us to camp; and at night, when the stars had come out and tear-drops hung in the eyes of the flowers by the river-



Photo by A. P. Hill

MONTE PARAISO COTTAGE BEFORE THE FIRE

on the march, in the most desolate wilderness, in the midst of the pathless mountains, when other horses 'gave up the ghost,' and were shot at the rate of a dozen a day—Toby held out, carrying me on his back, day after day, night after night, till his knees trembled with fatigue and faintness, and he turned his head and took my foot between his teeth at last, to tell me he could carry me no farther! Not once, but a dozen times he repeated this maneuver; once, too, when we were coming down a very steep hill, he planted his forefeet down firmly, turned his head, and softly bit the foot I held in the stirrup, to tell me I must dismount."

Is there any wonder that Mrs. McCrackin loved Toby with an affection not often given to horses?

bank, they carried him to his lonely grave. I went to the tent door when I heard the muffled drums and stood outside, in the dark, where I could see the short procession passing. Lanterns were carried in the train that moved ghostly away from the camp-fires and the white looming tents. The grave was not far, and when they had lowered the coffin I saw the form of a man bowing over it, as though in prayer, and then the earth was shovelled back. The soldiers returned with measured tread, and left their comrade on the wide, lone prairie, with only the Arkansas to sing his dirge."

Equally beautiful and eloquent is her description of Nature at sunrise: "Sunrise on the plains! Is there anything in music, in painting, in poetry, that can

bring before eyes that have never beheld it, the passing beauty of such a scene? There are strains in music which bring a faint shadow of the picture back to me; but no art can ever reproduce it. How balmy the faint breath of wind that seems to lift upward the light, gray clouds, to make way for the rosy tints creeping athwart the horizon! Watch the clouds as they rise higher in the heavens; see how the sun-god has kissed them into blushes as bright as the damask rose, sending a flood of yellow light to cover them with greater confusion. Now they float gently upward till they reach the clear, blue sky, from where the yellow light has faded; and, watching bevies of other clouds, still dancing in the light above the first rays of the rising sun, the color fades from them, and they waft hither and thither—white clouds on deep blue ground—till the morning breeze bears them away from our sight. But words are weak and tame; and the yellow-breasted prairie lark alone, rising high in the sea-bright air as the day begins, gives fit expression to her thanks for the glories of creation in the wordless song she sings forever."

On this trip she met, a few miles above the present thriving and bustling city of Trinidad, Colorado, and near the Raton Tunnel on the Sante Fe transcontinental line, the old pioneer Dick Wooten, and at Albuquerque, now the commercial metropolis of New Mexico, she shook hands and conversed with the renowned and famous scout of Fremont, Kit Carson, and the less renowned but equally brave Colonel Pfeiffer.

After her arrival at Fort Union the "Mounted Rifles" came marching into camp. Here is her vivid picture of the scene: "Nearer rolled the dust—slowly, slowly, a snail might have moved faster, I thought, than this regiment, famed once as the Rifles, and blessed with the reputation of being very unlike a snail in general character. . . . The slow, heavy tramp of the approaching troops shook the earth like far-off thunder; but the dust was so thick that it was hard to tell where the soldiers left off and the wagons commenced, while the train moved. At last there came the sudden clanging of trum-

pets, so shrill and discordant that I put my hands up to my ears, and then the command halted near our camp.

"Let no one dream of a band of gay cavaliers riding grandly into the garrison on prancing steeds, and with flying banners! Alas, for romance and poetry! Gaunt, ragged-looking men, on bony, rough-coated horses, sun-burned, dust-covered, travel-worn, man and beast. Was there nothing left of the old material of the dashing, death-dealing Rifles? Ah, well! These men had seen nothing for long weeks but the red, sun-heated soil of the Red River country; had drank nothing but the thick, blood-red water of the river; had eaten nothing but the one hard, dry cracker dealt out to them each day, for they had been led wrong by their guide, had been lost, so that they reached Fort Union long after, instead of long before, the Fifth Infantry."

Several times on this trip they came upon mutilated corpses of civilians and soldiers who had been caught unawares by the vindictive and merciless Apaches. She tells of one pathetic incident as follows: "Just at the foot of the rough, endless mountain, the men who had come under the protection of our train from Fort Cummings pointed out where the two mail-riders coming from Camp Bayard—our destination—had been ambushed and killed by the Apaches only the week before. I had heard of these two men while at the Fort, one of whom, a young man hardly twenty, seemed to have an unusually large number of friends among men of all classes and grades. When smoking his farewell pipe before mounting his mule for the trip to Camp Bayard, he said: 'Boys, this is my last trip. Mother writes that she is getting old and feeble; she wants me to come home; so I've thrown up my contract with Uncle Sam, and I'm going back to Booneville just as straight as God will let me, when I get back from Bayard. It's hard work and small pay, anyhow—sixty dollars a month, and your scalp at the mercy of the red devils every time you come out.' His mother's letter was found in the boy's pocket when the mutilated body was brought in.

"It was no idle fancy when I thought I could see the ground torn up in one

place as from the sudden striking out of horses' hoofs. One of the men confirmed the idea that it was not far from the place where the body had been found. The mule had probably taken the first fright just there, where the rider had evidently received the first arrow, aimed with such deadly skill that he fell in less than two minutes after it struck him."

On an earlier occasion, after they had left Fort Craig behind them, she saw

down to the river to fill their canteens, but were attacked and chased for miles by the Indians; one man escaped to Fort Selden, but the other fell into the red devils' hands, to be tortured to death. The soldiers dug his grave, wrapped him in a gray blanket, and laid him to rest on the silent and lonely desert. Many such scenes as this I have witnessed since; but there, by the stranger's grave, I knelt to say a short prayer, while the soldiers,



JACKSON McCRAKIN, AMBROSE BIERCE, MRS. McCRAKIN AT MONTE PARAISO RANCH

ahead what proved to be a party of soldiers. "They drew up in line as they saw the captain approaching; perhaps they had not discovered my presence in time, for before the sergeant could throw a blanket over the cold, stark form lying on a pile of rocks by the roadside, I had already seen the ghastly face and mutilated limbs of the wretched man who had found a cruel death here only the day before. It was the usual story of two men (civilians), mounted, were crossing the desert together, when, driven almost crazy with thirst, they had attempted to turn

with uncovered heads, threw the last earth on the low mound."

Constantly hampered by the Indians; sweltering on the *Jornada del Muerto*—journey of death across the waterless desert; floundering in the slush and mud of the *acequias*, or irrigating ditches of the Mexicans and Indians; once nearly swallowed up, Toby and rider, in a New Mexico morass; several times threatened with horrible death as they slid on dangerous shelves of roads hewn out of the face of frightful precipices; once swept away, bag, baggage, mules and ambulance, by

the fierce flood of the Rio Grande; several times nearly swallowed up in treacherous quicksands; once left alone on the desert owing to the escape of their mules; reduced to living upon the scantiest of canned rations, the portion of the command sent on to Camp Bayard gladly hailed their arrival at the destined spot, solitary and lonely though it was, in the heart of the wild Apache country, and far, far away from the nearest city of safe civilization. Here is how she describes it: "The second day after leaving Fort Cummings we came in sight of a lovely valley, enclosed on all sides by low, wooded hills, with bold, picturesque mountains rising to the sky beyond. A clear brook—so clear that it was rightly baptized Minne-ha-ha—gambolled and leaped and flashed among the green trees and the white tents they overhung; and in their midst a flagstaff, at whose head the stars and stripes were flying, told me that we had reached our journey's end." Elsewhere she says: "Fort Bayard had been garrisoned by a company of colored troops, who were now under marching orders, and our soldiers were to build the fort, which, as yet, existed only in the general's active brain. The Pinos Altos gold mines were only twelve miles distant from here, and all the other mines—copper and gold—lying within a range of fifteen miles, had been prosperously and profitably worked by Mexicans and Americans; but after the breaking out of the War, when the troops had been withdrawn from the territory, bands of roving, hostile Indians had visited one mine after another, leaving in their wake mutilated corpses and blackened ruins. The news of the soldiery coming to this rich mining country was drawing miners and adventurers from far and near, and Pinos Altos promised to become a mining district once more."

Let us see what kind of a home this cultured and refined descendant of a noble German family found in the wilds of Arizona: "Our tent looked cozy enough, when finished and furnished. A piece of brilliant red carpeting was spread on the ground; the bedding was laid on planks, resting on trestles; the coverlet was a red blanket; the camp-chairs were covered with bright cloth, and the supper, served

on the lid of the mess-chest, looked clean and inviting. The kitchen, just back of the tent, was rather a primitive institution: a hole dug into the ground, two feet long, a foot wide, with two flat, iron bars laid over it, was all there was to be seen. Two or three mess-pans, a spider, and a Dutch oven constituted our kitchen furniture; and with these limited means an old soldier will accomplish wonders in the way of cooking. Before enlisting, one of our servants had been a baker; the other, a waiter at a hotel; and, between them, they managed the task of waiting on us very creditably. To be sure, my husband's rank entitled him to but one servant from the company; but then I was the only lady with the command, and our company commander was considerate of my comfort."

And now began that phase of Mrs. Clifford's life that seems more incredible than the wildest romance. Lieutenant Clifford had killed a man—in self-defense, he claimed—but the civil officers of the state where the tragedy had occurred had vowed to follow him to the ends of the earth and capture him, bring him back, try him and finally hang him. In some way, either by changing his name or his personality, he had thrown them completely off his track, was now an officer of the United States army, and one might have thought perfectly safe from pursuit and danger. But in a sudden mood of confidence he had told his young wife of the fate that was pursuing him and of what would surely happen should he be discovered. Then, either his brain became disordered by the pressure of his unseen terror, or he became possessed of a devil, for he suddenly developed a belief, a dread, a fear that his wife was determined and anxious to betray him and hand him over to the officers of the law that he might be hanged, and he began a series of midnight terrorizings that would have driven any weak-minded or less courageous woman insane in a week. Is there any wonder that she became nervous—not nervous in that she would scold, or fret, or worry and lay it to the state of her nerves; not that she was fidgety, or cross, or irritable. But she would grow pale at an unexpected knock at the door, or flush

painfully red if she heard a quick footstep behind her for years after. Friends have told me that they have seen her grasp the banister for support, if, looking down the stairs into the hallway, she discovered a form not familiar to her eye; and at night she has begged earnestly of her women friends that they would let her sleep in a room directly and openly adjoining theirs, so that they could rouse her quickly when her cries for help told she was living her awful experiences over again in her dreams.

Later, in one of her stories that was regarded as *romance*, she told the strictest truth as follows: "They tell me that Silver City has been established within ten miles of the very spot that once looked so hopelessly deathlike and so deserted to me in my despair. For I *was* in despair. Beautiful as was the country, pleasant as seemed my surroundings, in spite of the devotion shown me by the soldiers who composed the garrison, the respect and attention of the officers, and last, but not least, the undivided affection of my white horse, Toby, I was not only in despair—that is too mild a term—I was living, day and night, in sunlight or darkness, in a state of terror, fear, and suspense, such as cannot be described. In the midst of apparent safety and protection, death stared me constantly in the face—not the swift, sudden death that the Indian's arrow or the ball of an assassin grants, but the slow tortures with which the cunning of the maniac puts its victim to the rack; for my husband was a madman and a murderer, and I was given, helpless and without defense, into his hands. I think the discovery must have paralyzed me, for I cannot now explain to myself the dazed, unresisting state in which I remained for months after I knew the whole truth. Partly, perhaps, the consciousness that I was thousands of miles away from where help could reach me from my own people, the natural reluctance of a wife to disclose her misery and wretchedness to strangers, and the knowledge of the power which to a certain degree my husband possessed, at least, over his immediate subordinates—all these considerations, a mixture of fear and pride, held me in thrall for long, long days.

"I would tie a strip of flannel around my throat and complain of a bad cold, in order to hide the marks that his fingers had left, where he had strangled me just one degree short of suffocation. With what feeling of gratitude I used to step to the tent door in the morning—when my liege lord gave permission—to take one more look at the sky above me, after a night passed waking, in momentary expectation of a blow from a hatchet he had concealed about the tent during the day, or with the silent horror of the situation growing on me till I was ready to shriek out, 'Be merciful! Kill me at one blow, or pull the trigger the next time you hold the death-cold muzzle of your pistol to my head'—for you must know it was a favorite way he had of amusing himself. He would hold the revolver pressed close against my temple and let that horrid "click, click" sound in my ears till I was fairly numb with terror. Then he would explain to me in a low voice how utterly impossible it would be for any help to reach me in time if I screamed for help; would dilate upon the numerous strings and loops he himself had added to the fastenings of the tent, and would describe how he could cut me into small bits and roast the bits in the fire, before being discovered, if I ever so much as dared to breathe what passed in those quiet, peaceful-looking quarters of ours. For our tent had really a cheerful home-look about it. Strictly speaking, there were two tents set up close together in one, and the soldiers, in their solicitude for my comfort, had built a wall some four feet high about it, and the canvas had been partly removed at either end to make room for a fireplace they had built of mud and stones, the chimney reaching high above the tent. So that in reality we had two rooms, a fireplace in each; and altogether our quarters were looked upon as exceedingly fine and comfortable, exciting surprise and envy in the minds of the few stray visitors that passed through the camp. That these visitors were few and far between was a great blessing, as I soon found, for after my husband had once admitted to me that he was a murderer and had fled from justice, he was seized with an insane idea, whenever an arrival

was announced in camp, that the officers of the law had tracked him here from Texas, where the crime had been committed years ago, and that *I* had communicated to them where he could be found. He had cut a round opening in the top of the tent and through the fly—as if the space had been intended for the passage of a stove-pipe—and from this point of observation he could see the dust flying up in the road when anyone approached the camp. Then he would make a spring at me—as a tiger springs upon his prey—grasp my throat with both his murderous hands, and urge me to confess for whom I had sent, and by whom I had sent the message, swearing direst vengeance on all concerned did he but discover them. If, however, the orderly came to the door the next moment to announce that Mr. So-and-so, or Such-a-one had arrived and desired to see the lieutenant, this gentleman was all good nature and condescension, sending an immediate invitation to the visitor to come to our tent, or going in person to meet him. I had to smooth my ruffled feathers as best I could, for I knew that the least failure to appear happy and cheerful in the presence of the guest would be rigorously punished as soon as the stranger's back was turned."

"You must remember there was nothing in the country then save military posts at long intervals and a very few poverty-stricken Mexican towns and settlements, separated by hundreds of miles of waterless sand deserts and barren rocks, with Indians of different tribes, but all alike hostile, sprinkled over the whole *ad libitum*. And yet I was often on the point of braving all those horrors to escape the terrors of my captivity and torture. Often when Toby came whinnying around our quarters, I was sorely tempted to cut the fastenings of the tent and make a bold dash for liberty or death; for you must understand that during the lieutenant's absence from the tent I was never permitted to go to the entrance under any excuse. I might have taken an opportunity of that kind to appeal for help, or send word of my wretched condition to the commanding officer by a passing soldier—don't you see? And this he was determined to prevent. Poor Toby,

never corralled or hobbled as other horses were, would clatter around the tent for hours, pawing the ground, tugging at the ropes, and scratching at the entrance; but never till the lieutenant made his appearance was I permitted to give him the lump of sugar or other tidbit I had ready for him. Day by day my life grew more intolerable, and I don't know how soon it might have been ended, either by that man's hand or my own, had he not finally bethought him of a way in which I could perhaps benefit him. He had been placed under arrest for some trifling neglect of duty soon after we reached camp, and though this might have been all the more pleasant under ordinary circumstances as giving him more time to pursue his own pleasure, he began to chafe under this inactivity, and at last concluded that it was a deep, underhanded plot of his superior officers to injure and annoy him. If the conception of this idea strongly suggested one of the common fancies of the insane, the remedy he concluded to adopt certainly afforded proof conclusive that his brain was turned. As, however, I saw in it a possible means of escape, I grasped at it as a drowning man grasps at a straw. His plan was this: I was to apply to the commanding officer for an ambulance and escort as far as Santa Fe, and there I was to lay his grievances personally before General Carleton, and ask at his hand redress and protection for my husband. Redress and protection for him! The bitter irony and humor of the thing was not lost upon me even in the abject state of mind I was then in; but I took good care to allow no trace of my real feelings to appear upon my face. The purpose was quickly carried out. Next day the orderly bore a note from me to the captain, written, I need hardly say, under the eyes of my tormentor; and in a little while after, a polite note from him assured me that my train would be ready at the hour mentioned the following morning. Very gladly had this kind-hearted man consented to my request, for, as I learned later, something of the true condition of affairs at our quarters had become known to him through our orderly and the cook, and the captain felt but too happy to grant me safe escort on my

way back to my friends, which he thought I was now taking. Women, however, are the most foolish, unaccountable, soft-hearted idiots in creation. The night preceding my departure was spent in great part by the lieutenant on his knees, imploring my forgiveness, vowing reform, and explaining how it was only his great love for me that had made him at times a little tyrannical."

Yet when she begged her husband to allow her to take her horse Toby, he positively refused, and the captain confirmed his refusal, stating that the danger from

at leaving my dear, devoted friend. Pinkow, the orderly, for whom the lieutenant had obtained the captain's permission to accompany me all the way to Santa Fe and back, sat beside the driver of the ambulance, as I said, while the lieutenant and I sat in the seat behind.

"Hardly had the lieutenant left the ambulance and vanished from sight when Pinkow turned in his seat and faced me with an eager, questioning look in his eyes. I was startled by the man's sudden movement and asked in some alarm, 'What is it, Pinkow?'



RUINS OF MONTE PARAISO COTTAGE

Photograph taken by Herman Scheffauer for Ambrose Bierce; military cape Mrs. McCrackin wears belonged to Mr. Bierce

Indians would be enhanced if she attempted to ride horseback through so dangerous a country.

"Toby, poor fellow, had been confined in the corral, and his whinneys grew first rebellious and then heart-breaking, as dragging at his chain and wildly pawing the ground, he saw the train moving out and leaving him behind. My heart smote me at the horse's cries, if it was only a horse; but the lieutenant had got into the ambulance with me, to go as far as the limits of the post, and was giving me his parting instructions and making his parting promises of repentance and reform, and I did not even dare to express my grief

" 'Thank God!' he cried, with a great sigh of relief, 'You are free, madam. I have counted the moments since the lieutenant came into the ambulance with you, dreading that he would change his mind at the last minute and drag you back to that horrid tent to murder you at his leisure.'

" 'Why—Pinkow,' I protested, 'the lieutenant—'

" '—is my commanding officer and has detailed me to wait on you, with secret instructions to bring you back from Santa Fe, dead or alive. Alive if possible; dead, should you refuse of your own free will to the prison he has prepared for you. Do you think, madam, that because your

silent, uncomplaining endurance of the lieutenant's tyranny was honored by the captain and the other officers, it is not known at headquarters? And in the company there is not a man who has forgotten your courage and kindness on the long march out here. All these men here will go into Santa Fe with you if you but say the word; and once under the general's protection, the lieutenant can never more approach or harm you. The captain, though not advised of your intention, feels convinced that you will never return to our camp or the lieutenant again. I have his orders to see that everything you may need on your journey in, whether undertaken with a military escort or on the overland stage, be furnished you, though, indeed, the general himself will see to that, and the captain also thinks that some of the other officers' wives are at Fort Marcy (Santa Fe) at present.'

"But, Pinkow," I remonstrated tremblingly, "I promised to come back; he will come after me if I break my promise; I know he will, and kill me, wherever he finds me."

"Do you suppose the captain will give him permission to leave camp and follow you? Not while he thinks you will seize upon this opportunity to make your escape. He is under the firm impression that you are anxious to get out of that madman's clutches, and would be surprised if he heard that you had conscientious scruples about breaking your word with him. Do you know," he continued in a lowered voice, "that he is a condemned criminal, that he escaped the gallows only by flight, and lives in hourly dread of being recognized and handed over to the civil authorities by his brother officers? And to such a man's power you would return?"

"It will break his heart if I go and leave him in his trouble," I cried, thinking of his parting appeals and promises. "He is not bad, Pinkow; he was young and hot-headed when that man in Texas enraged him, and he shot him in a fit of passion. It has been kept secret so long; why raise up that dread ghost now? And think of Toby; I should never see Toby again, and you heard how he cried. I must go back, Pinkow; oh, I must go back!" And I burst into tears."

Is it possible for words to tell the horror of that drive? Not only did she have the desert to cross, but there was the constant terror that her husband would surely escape, follow, torture and ultimately murder her. "A scorching sun above, a barren waste beneath; a chain of dull brown mountains on the right, a ridge of low hills far to the left. Thus the road winds, drearily, silently, changelessly along. Hour after hour you gaze upon this blank, vast monotone, never daring to hope that one bright spot may greet the eye, but dreading even that the brooding stillness of the heavy air be rent in sudden horror by the Indian's savage cry. Oh, the long, slow hours that dragged their leaden wings across this waste! To me, there were twin demons lurking in every isolated clump of lance-weed that we passed. Where the men looked for only one enemy, I feared two—the Indian's painted visage was not more dreaded by me than the diabolical smile I had seen on that madman's face. And I could not shake off the feeling that he was pursuing me—that he was even now on the road I had just passed over."

Day after day the dread of pursuit grew more intense and vivid. One morning when they were delayed by a broken wheel, she cried out to her orderly: "Pinkow, we *must* go on. All last night I dreamed of the lieutenant; he had overtaken us, and everywhere around me was blood—blood. I am going on; if there is no ambulance to be had, they can give me a horse, or I will ride one of the ambulance mules. Somehow, I feel that the lieutenant knows by this time that I mean to escape, and if he catches up with us now he will kill me sure."

On, on, the frantic woman urged her escort. Her nerves racked with the torture to which she had been so long subjected, she was now under the fearful pressure of appalling dread, of intolerable terror. She *felt* the unspeakable horror of pursuit. She *knew* her husband was following her, and just the very day after she had crossed the Rio Grande, as the ambulance was about to start, her direst fears were justified by an exclamation which came from Pinkow. Turning her eyes in the direction they all pointed, she

saw a horseman, the sight of whom seemed to turn her heart to stone.

"The lieutenant!" said Pinkow faintly, and involuntarily Sergeant McBeth urged his horse closer up to my ambulance.

"I did not faint, but there was a blank of several minutes in my memory, and then I heard a hissing whisper close to my ear.

"So you tried to get away from me, did you? But you see I have overtaken you, and alive you will never get away from me again. Don't scream or call on those men for help—I have two revolvers with me. I would kill them all, and then tie you to Toby's tail and let him drag you to death. Do you hear me?"

"There must have been something death-like in my wide-open eyes, for he bent over me with sudden apprehension; but I had heard him. Every word of his had burned itself into my brain as with a searing-iron. The words are there to this day—the Lord help me—and I answered, hardly above a breath:

"I hear you!"

"Not that I wanted to whisper or speak in a low tone. I could not have spoken a loud word if my life had depended on it, as perhaps it might.

"Come back into the house with me," he said in a louder tone; "I am hungry and tired; neither Toby nor I have had rest or food since leaving camp, except what we could get at a Mexican ranch back there. I knew that they would keep me back at the posts, in order to give you a good start." He lowered his voice again, and his strong yellow teeth gleamed viciously behind his drawn lips. His hollow eyes were burning with the fire of madness, and strands of long, uncut hair were hanging wildly about his face. He laid his talon-like hand on my arm.

"Come," he continued aloud, "we shall not be able to go from here today; the ambulance will need an overhauling. Come into the house with me!"

"Never!" I said, speaking low, and trying to speak firmly. "Kill me right here, if you want to—I shall not go into the house with you."

"Then you insist upon bloodshed and open disgrace." He spoke close to my ear again. "Remember that I promised to reform, and that you promised to be pa-

tient with me and aid me. Is this what your promise is worth? You want to deliver me into the hands of my enemies—to see me wronged and murdered. Come with me and I will forgive you."

"*He to forgive me!*

"But refuse and I will kill *you* and the rest here on this spot."

"And he raised me from my reclining posture and lifted me from the ambulance to the ground.

Pinkow stood by, pale and motionless with suspense, but Sergeant McBeth had dismounted and stepped up to me.

"Madam," he said, touching his cap, "the damage to the ambulance can be repaired in half an hour's time; you need not even alight, for we shall not take the mules out at all."

"Have the mules taken out, Sergeant," the lieutenant interposed sharply, "and let your men dismount. My wife will not continue her journey today."

"But the sergeant approached still nearer, and with an inclination of the head replied as sharply:

"My instructions are to obey madam's orders, and I see none of my superior officers here who could countermand the order. As soon as madam signifies her wishes, I shall hold my men in readiness to carry out her commands."

Every man of the escort had dismounted, and they stood clustered about me as if ready and eager to carry out any order I might give. I saw an appealing look in Pinkow's eye, and noted the gleam of hate and fury that flashed on him from the lieutenant's bloodshot orbs, while with a quick movement he threw back the old soldier overcoat he had on and displayed the shoulder-straps on the cavalry jacket he wore under it. But even now the gallant sergeant would not submit.

"Your orders, madam?" he asked, with eager eyes and glowing cheeks.

"I have none to give, sergeant," I replied sadly, "except that you take the best care of the outfit in your command. I thank you and your men for their attention and obedience, and I want them all to have a rest after their long journey."

"Stand aside, sergeant," the lieutenant said harshly, "I will now take charge of the command, and herewith relieve you

of all further responsibility. You will consider yourself under orders to me.'

"He gave me his arm and led me back into the courtyard, where, somehow, all the escort had collected, and again I was reminded of a military funeral as I passed through the file of sober-faced, heavily armed men.

"Entering the low door which I had left but an hour ago forever, as I thought, I turned my head wistfully back, and there, at the foot of the courtyard, near the gate, stood Sergeant McBeth, the wind blowing about the folds of his short soldier's cape, his hand resting on the hilt of his cavalry sabre, and his eyes following me with a questioning, pitying look. Sergeant Brown stood gravely holding the door open for us, offering the lieutenant a military salute; but I vainly sought Pinkow with a last, despairing look.

"Suddenly his voice came, rough and broken, from the open gate of the courtyard.

"'Madam,' he cried in evident distress, 'Madam—oh! it is too late. Toby is here, but—'

"Toby! True, had I not seen him totter under the lieutenant's cruel spurring when he was urging him up to the ambulance a while ago? Swiftly and with sudden strength I snatched my hand out of the lieutenant's encircling fingers and was flying back across the yard and outside, where I saw Pinkow leaning, sobbing against Toby's neck. The animal was trembling in every limb, but when he spied me a low whinny struck my ear, and he moved forward a step to reach my side. I rushed toward him, but before I could reach him he had tottered and fallen at my very feet, with a deep, almost human groan.

"I cried out with grief and knelt by his side, stroking his white, silky mane and trying to bed his shapely head in my lap. But his eyes broke even while I was caressing him, and I bent over the faithful, long-suffering animal, and my tears fell hot and fast—tears as honest and sincere as any I ever shed for a human being.

"... I cannot remember for the life of me how I got back to Sergeant Brown's adobe house. The first thing I remember was the lieutenant's haggard

face bending over me, and most unexpectedly his protestations of affection, repentance and reform were as profuse as they had been on the night preceding my departure from Fort Bayard. He needed my sympathy, he said, and my aid, for we *must* now proceed to Santa Fe; it was almost a matter of life and death with him, an officer under arrest, to escape from camp and venture directly into the lion's den—the commanding general's headquarters."

On his arrival, however, at Santa Fe, the presence of his wife availed him nothing. The general ordered him under arrest at once, and commanded him to return to Fort Bayard, there to await trial. Friends sought to intervene between the crafty madman and his yielding wife, in whom a variety of conflicting and strange emotions were contending. To her dismay she found herself at last in the ambulance returning to Fort Bayard in the company of the mentally disordered wretch who still claimed her obedience and fealty as a wife. That return journey was enough to have killed her. A pet dog that had been allowed to ride in the ambulance part of the way was cruelly thrown out, and, when in a state of indecision it made as if it would return to Santa Fe, the lieutenant called a halt, whistled to the dog, and after beating its brains out with the butt of his revolver, shouted in mad fury: "I'll teach you to try and get away from me," and pointing to the quivering body of the poor brute, he called to his wife, "That's the way I serve all runaways."

At all the posts on their return those who had hoped the wife was escaping from her husband when she went north alone, were puzzled at her apparently abject subjection to her husband, and as she says of the commander at Fort Bayard: "Perhaps he was the most puzzled of all. All circumstances considered, it was only proper that he should not call to greet me on our arrival, but he immediately sent his servant to me with supper and compliments. My husband had reported to him at once, had been ordered not to leave his quarters without special permission, and late at night the captain sent an orderly to demand his side-arms. The lieutenant was furious, but I knew what

it meant, though the future proved that all the captain's efforts to ensure safety to me were futile."

For a few days he seemed cowed, then unfortunately one of his men was persuaded to obtain him a two-gallon keg of whiskey from Pinos Altos. This naturally added fuel to the fire of hate and rage that were consuming the madman's bosom, and he vented it all upon his long-suffering but proud-hearted wife. Though his side-arms had been removed, the lieutenant had no difficulty in gaining access to the tool-chest of the company-carpenter, and

against him. He called attention to the fact, and that night his poor wife was made to bear the burden of his anger, his spite and his bitter hatred against the man who had circumvented him.

Another day he returned home earlier than usual from the trial, closed the tent and drew a hatchet from under the mattress. He commanded his wife to kneel down and fold her hands, for he was "going to cut her head open." As she did so—for she knew it was useless to resist, and that if she cried out he would murder her before help could come—he spanned



MRS. McCACKIN'S AMBULANCE, WITH HER ESCORT, WHEN FLEEING FROM HER MAD HUSBAND, SHE CROSSED THE DESERTS OF ARIZONA TO NEW MEXICO

his wife soon learned that a hatchet was as formidable a weapon in the hands of a madman as a pistol or revolver.

When the court-martial convened the excitement of the lieutenant increased, and his threats and actual violence to his wife grew more intolerable. "I knew," said she, "that the sitting of the court-martial would be as much, and more, of a trial for me than for him, for at the very worst his judges could not and would not take his life, while the preservation of mine would be highly problematical."

One day one of the officers discovered a slight error in the proceedings, which uncorrected would have given the lieutenant a loophole of escape had the verdict gone

her throat with one hand and with the other held the hatchet above her. Fortunately something distracted his attention, and soon he stumbled upon the whiskey which his wife had hid, and, taking a tumbler full of it, was speedily lulled to sleep. But as he stretched himself out on his bed, he bid her lie where he could touch her with his hand, lest she should open the tent during his sleep and let the soldiers in to murder him.

Though anguished almost to the breaking point, merciful Nature came to the tortured woman's aid, and at length she herself fell asleep. Can anyone conceive her situation when she was awakened as follows. Here are her own words:

"What woke me up I never knew, but as I opened my eyes they fell directly on the sharp edge of the hatchet, and the maniac face of my husband grinning fiendishly behind it. In a moment it flashed on me that he was taking deliberate aim so as to kill me at the first blow, fearing, doubtless, that in my death agony I should scream for help if the blow were not planted full in my brain. Before I could move my head, his other hand was grasping my throat and pressing my head back on the pillow; but the struggle, faint as it had been, had changed the position of the weapon in his hand. Then I saw that not only was he trying to get in the most telling blow, but he was also calculating the exact position in which the shadow was thrown on the roof and the wall of the tent. He had evidently replenished the fire, as the night was cool, to convince Pinkow and the guard that serenity and harmony prevailed in our tent; and the glitter of the drunken fiend's eye was hardly less cruel than the glint of the cold steel of the hatchet. I raised my hand imploringly and tried to speak.

"'Not a word out of you,' he hissed into my ear with an oath. 'I can cut you into little pieces before the guard can get into the tent, and I'm going to do it. So much you get for asking for a guard to protect you. Then I am going to roast you alive for telling the judge-advocate all about me.'

"And he pressed my head back, and again took aim. Presently he laughed, shifted his position and declared he didn't want my brains spattered all over his hands, like the dog's, and putting his heavy hand on my forehead, he brought the hatchet within an inch of my throat, making the motion of drawing it across and across.

"'Steady,' I heard him mutter, 'steady.'

"Whether he meant this admonition for himself or for me, I never knew, but after a moment's balancing he rolled over, the hatchet fell from his nerveless hand on my breast, and in a moment more he slept the heavy, sottish sleep of the drunkard. Hardly daring to breathe, I lay with my eyes wide open, praying for daylight to come, and for some helpful hand to lead me from this dark, dreadful tent and out

of the dreary, desolate graveyard of a country.

"At last the day dawned; Pinkow called to the lieutenant what hour it was, and when he saw from the lieutenant's looks that this gentleman had slept all night with his clothes on, he knew that the remnant of whiskey had been found. Coming in to light the fire, he started back when his eyes fell upon me, and well he might, for when I approached the little mirror over the chimney-board, I saw that there were white hairs among the brown on my head."

This damnable assault was the last straw. The obedient wife died then and the militant woman arose in her might and declared that let the hazards be what they would, she must escape from this living death. Her devoted orderly was informed; he and others plotted how it was to be done; the commandant and other officers heartily co-operated, and at length the long-suffering woman succeeded in getting away. This time it was open, avowed flight. She was sent back, with the most kindly letters to the various post commanders, over the road she had so recently traveled twice, to Santa Fe. The captain himself came and assured her that he had placed a man with a drawn revolver in the lieutenant's tent, a sentinel back and front of the tent, and a full company as a cordon around it to prevent any possibility of escape.

Could that long journey have been any other than one long, drawn-out agony? The wonder is that human beings do not utterly succumb under such frightful mental torture. But at last she reached Santa Fe. There General Carleton placed her under the kind protection of General Alexander and his wife who, under full and watchful escort, took her back to civilization.

Yet, strange to say, when they reached Fort Lyons, an express rider who had followed them brought the startling information that the lieutenant had escaped again. Fortunately he was rearrested, and subsequently, though he gained technical liberty, he was placed in such a position by the army proceedings that he made no effort to follow his wife. The last she knew of him he was dismissed from the

service, but from that day to this she has never learned of his whereabouts, alive or dead.

Almost immediately after she made her escape from Fort Bayard other misfortunes befall her which compelled her, for the first time in her life, to gain her own living. Her brother, sister and mother were already in California, and it was natural that she should come there, and for a while she taught German in the South Cosmopolitan School in San Francisco. Then, while she was paying a short visit to Arizona, which always has had a great allurement for her, she heard of the founding of the new magazine of the Pacific Coast, the *Overland Monthly*, by Bret Harte, and she decided to try writing for it. Her first article was entitled "Down among the Dead Letters," and it appears in the December number, 1869. Harte liked it so well he urged her to write more, and especially some of her army experiences, and stories based upon them. She did so, and in the Volume IV four of her army and desert sketches appear, with an equally prominent scattering in later volumes. Before her first sketch appeared, however, she had been enabled by the influence of the Bancrofts to visit the Harper Brothers in New York, and they accepted one of her sketches and paid her on the spot for it—\$45 in ragged greenbacks, the first money she had ever earned by writing.

Now began what may be called the literary epoch of her life. She wrote for many magazines and papers both East and West, until the name Josephine Clifford was one of the well-known names of current literature.

Then, in 1881, Arizona again attracted her. Her army friends were always begging her to come to visit them, and in spite of the horrors she had endured at Fort Bayard, the country itself never ceased to call her, so she yielded to the importunity of friends and—met her fate! For while visiting around she was introduced to many prominent people, among others Jackson McCrackin, a South Carolinian by birth, but now a thorough-going Westerner. He was the discoverer of a well-known and productive gold mine, the speaker of the first legislature ever convened in Arizona,

and an attractive gentleman. He fell in love with Mrs. Clifford, wooed and won her, and in 1882 they were married.

Now began the pastoral epoch of her life as Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin. She and her husband moved to a ranch they had purchased in the Santa Cruz mountains, which she named the Monte Paraiso (Mountain Paradise), and there for seventeen happy years she lived with the man she loved, surrounded by all that sincere and devoted affection could give her. During this period she wrote much for a variety of publications, both Californian and Eastern, and many of her sketches were translated and published in German. She had already issued, in 1877, a volume of her collected stories from the *Overland*, so they were called "Overland Tales," and in 1893 a second volume, entitled "Another Juanita," was published.

In a letter written to me but a short time ago, Mrs. McCrackin thus speaks of the ranch and her life there: "So many happy years I spent on Monte Paraiso Ranch, and I had counted on spending the remaining years of my rather stormy life there; but fate had decreed otherwise, and the forest fire of October, 1899, which swept away every building on the ranch, with contents, was really the beginning of the end, though Mr. McCrackin did not die till December 14, 1904, and I soon after left the mountains and put the land up for sale.

"We had built up such a beautiful place; it was rightly named, before the fire had swept it. And always we had delightful people with us, and in the neighborhood. Old army friends looked in upon us, and Major-General Barry, with his charming wife, knew the ranch before the desolation. Mr. McCrackin had elected this distinguished officer to the Presidential chair while he was still captain in the First Infantry. A younger officer, Lieutenant W. Onry Smith of the Seventh Infantry, was also a great favorite with Mr. McCrackin, for 'Billy' Smith's grandfather, William Onry, the Arizona pioneer, had been his friend and 'pardner,' as Mr. McCrackin was the first white man to set foot on the ground where Prescott now stands.

"A very pleasant summer was that of

1899, though it went out with the pall of smoke hanging over it. Ambrose Bierce came up into the Santa Cruz Mountains early in the year, with the avowed intention of remaining through the season. Ambrose Bierce, the best-hated and the best-loved man in California, whose renown followed wherever the fear his name scattered had penetrated first. Yet he could be so good and kind and companionable. Though he could have been Mr. McCrackin's son in years, he chose to act as if they were old cronies together, greatly to Mac's delight, for Bierce, too, claimed to be country-bred, and he would turn to Mac for corroboration when he said, 'We used to do so and so on the farm, didn't we, Mac?' But he could be merciless in his sarcasm; he hated hypocrisy and was utterly without fear.

"He made his home at the Cotton's resort, though he rented a cottage farther up the hill, where he wrote his manuscripts. To my mind he never wrote more beautiful things than those he wrote here, especially a piece of retrospection, a memory, embodying his army days, the most touching, pathetic strain from the depths of a heart that so many thought calloused. For Bierce had been an army officer, and though no one was ever permitted to say 'Major Bierce,' I have always maintained that the army lost a brilliant officer where the world of letters gained a brilliant writer.

"Herman Scheffauer, the young writer, now of London, was a protege of Bierce's, was with him when the forest fire devastated our land and the surrounding country. The fire did not burn below the line of our redwood timber, so the cottages on lower Loma Prieta Avenue, where Bierce lived, were safe. As soon as they could, our friends made their way through the fire, for the destroying element raged in the mountains for nearly a week; and when we together reached the ruins of the Monte Paraiso cottage, I was utterly exhausted, and crying, too, and I leaned against the only chimney that was left standing of the whole house. Mr. Bierce, always sympathetic, had thrown his cape, a remnant of his soldier-days, around me, for my clothes were in tatters; and Scheffauer took the accompanying picture,

which Bierce said reminded him of the ruined homes in the South in war time. In every way did this much-dreaded, much-maligned man show his sympathy; and of the writing material he brought to me, after the fire, I still keep envelopes and paper to remember him by."

Of the fire itself, Mrs. McCrackin has written a most graphic account, which appeared in the *Wide World Magazine* for May, 1902. Expecting to sell the ranch, she and her husband had removed to a cottage which they built, intending to spend their last years in quietude and comfort. But the sale was halted in some way, hence they had personally to see after the harvesting of the grapes, apples and other crops. Mrs. McCrackin had been to the fruit house to see how the Chinamen were getting along, and as she returned home she noticed smoke rolling and wavering in the wind on the north ridge of a nearby mountain chain, though several miles away. Her husband poo-hooed the idea of there being any danger, so she retired to rest as usual, but not to sleep. It was not until after three in the morning that she dropped into an uneasy slumber, only to be awakened before dawn to a sense of coming danger. Above the uproar of the storm she at last heard the voice of a neighbor: "For heaven's sake, wake up! You've lost everything. The whole country's on fire! Quick, for heaven's sake, or you'll burn in your beds!"

Opening the door, "Heavens! The sight! The terror of it"—she wrote—"seemed to freeze the blood in my veins; but I did not faint—I knew I must not lose my senses. The blinding, flashing, glaring flames shooting up into the sky, higher than my eyes could follow; the cloud of smoke, muddy, turbulent waves rolling above sudden leaps of fire; the hideous roar and crackle—it was all simply awful. There was nothing but fire and glare and smoke as far as my eyes could see, and I could think of nothing—my mind was a blank. . . . Monte Paraiso fire-swept—the buildings in ashes! I watched a lot of men, looking like demons in the glare of the fire—brandishing axes, swinging brush hooks, wielding long shovels, whipping the flames and beating the ground with boughs and branches in their desperate

efforts to beat back and subdue the fast-encroaching enemy. But I was stunned. I felt no interest in their proceedings. I seemed perfectly indifferent.

... Then I saw the chain of fire-fighters slowly retreating; it was daylight now, and one after the other they came nearer to the house. It was safe, they still told me; but I must be calm. Would not some of them have a cup of coffee,

from its interior, burst asunder with the sound and force of an explosion. . . .

"I gave up everything for lost! In a moment I had untied our horse from the tree, in the branches of which the fire-fiend was already making havoc, and rushed round to the front of the house in order to make my escape down the road. The fire, however, had reached the road before me, setting ablaze everything on



THE SEMPERVIRENS CLUB IN THE STATE REDWOOD PARK, CALIFORNIA

The standing figure in the center, looking to the right, is the eminent Dutch botanist, Hugo de Vries, and at his feet on the right is Mrs. McCrackin

I asked. But they all said, 'Not now, pretty soon.'"

The cause of their delay was soon apparent. They had assured Mrs. McCrackin too soon. The men scrambled on the roof of the porch at the back of the house. A little later she saw them jump to the ground, and at the same moment she heard a hissing sound behind her. "I turned in terror, only to see flames leaping up into the crown of the very tree against which I was standing, while at the same moment, the stable, belching flames

either side and cutting off this natural avenue of retreat.

"Where should we go—which way turn? North, east and west were all barred by fire, and our only chance was to get through on the south, though the tall firs on the land of our neighbor were already on fire. Some of the men, being strangers to the locality, grew bewildered, and I could not make myself heard in the wild uproar of the destroying flames. Making a dash for some bars in the fence that could be let down, I motioned to the men which

way I wanted to go. We had plunged through the vineyard only a short distance when the wind, with a sudden swirl, brought up flames and smoke from the very direction in which I was heading. A little to the west lay the only avenue now open, but this was barred by a stout line fence, on which the men at once got to work. The fire was now crackling in the trees above us, and I was half stifled with smoke and flying ashes. Huddled together here, I suddenly missed Sancho, [her pet dog] from our crowd, and though I shouted myself hoarse, it was of no avail; perhaps he was already dead.

"When I saw the fence give way I put Billy's bridle into the hands of the men while I rushed through the opening first of all. My false courage had left me, and I ran screaming, but always straight on, away from the fire, through orchards and vineyards, scaling or breaking down fences as I came to them. What I saw when I turned my head only drove me on the faster—the same blinding, glaring ocean of fire, the waves of flame rolling high as the tree-tops, in which fiery serpents seemed to be hissing in rage and fury, and clouds of suffocating black smoke. Every now and then pieces of burning wood came hurtling through the air, murky with smoke, and made still hotter by the rays of the sun.

"Presently I came to a fence which I could neither climb nor break down, and I ran back to the highway, where, in the few houses that stood here, the women had all their possessions bundled up, ready to move, while the men folk were away fighting the fire. None of these women succeeded in stopping me, but when I reached the bottom of the next hill I sank exhausted on the steps of a veranda, where friendly arms were laid around me."

Soon she saw the men who had been so unselfishly working to quell the fire at her house. "We could save nothing. We tried hard to save the piano, and Mr. Burrell badly burned his hands trying to roll it out, but it burned up under the trees outside. We can do no more, and the Meyers have sent an urgent message for help, so we must go on there."

At last she was able to reach the spot on

the road from which cries of admiration had always sprung from visitors and travelers as they passed by. "I gave but one look toward the scene of desolation and ruin, where only an hour before had stood our tree-sheltered, flower-decked 'Forest Nook.' Nothing was left but the pitiful stumps and blackened bodies of the great spreading madrones; the tall firs lay dead among smouldering ash heaps; the fire-crisped leaves on the charred, half-burned branches of the oaks were falling, one by one, to the heat-baked ground.

"'All go,' the old Chinaman had sobbed a little while ago. 'All go,' I repeated after him, but I did not sob—I could not."

And when later they were able to go to the larger ranch house of Monte Paraiso, it "was not easy to find the road, for the whole stretch of country was now one blackened region, with rills of fire still running through it. We found, however, that we had only to follow the trail made by the half-burnt bodies of rabbits, foxes, skunks and wild-cats, who had evidently made for the open road when driven from their lairs by the fire. Birds, partly consumed by the flames, had dropped in their flight and lay thick strewn along the land. Every now and then I had to stoop hastily to crush out the flames that came lapping up the shreds of my skirt as I picked my way along. Sancho, poor beast, would howl dismally when his foot accidentally stirred up a bed of hot coals, and he limped worse than ever.

"Alas for Monte Paraiso and its groves and gardens! The melted glass from the tall windows lay in lumps where the frames had dropped from their settings; there were a few melted door-knobs and nails by the thousand, but no vestige of the building they had come out of. Only the one big chimney, all-sufficient for the sunny clime we lived in, marked the place where the house had stood. The ramshackle building called the fruit house, the oldest on the ranch, had been left by the fire in mocking irony. As for the rest, barn, stable, Chinaman's house, wagons, ploughs, harness, hay—all go.'"

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and this great forest fire and the consequent destruction of scores of acres of giant redwoods called attention to the

fact that these monarchs of the forest were fast disappearing. Having had her heart wrenched at seeing her own glorious trees laid low, Mrs. McCrackin wrote a rousing article in the *Santa Cruz Sentinel* of March 7, 1900, calling upon the people of the state to awake and save the redwoods. Her letter was copied everywhere. It was made the text of addresses and harangues here, there, and everywhere, nearly all of which highly favored her suggestion. Andrew P. Hill, a tree enthusiast, a fine photographer and an artist in oils, had found near the coast in Santa Cruz country a "Big Basin" filled with these giant redwoods, and he and Mrs. McCrackin began to work together to see if this "basin" of majestic trees could not be saved for the people forever. Hugo de Vries, the eminent Holland scientist, in his "To California," published in 1905, in Haarlem, Holland, thus speaks of Mrs. McCrackin's endeavors and their results:

"Up to March, 1900, the world was threatened with the loss of the *Sempervirens* forest. It was almost too late. The Big Basin, up to that time, was the only forest which had not yet been touched by lumbermen, but the cost of lumber then was so high that lumber companies already were considering the value of these wonderful giants.

"For several years past the forest had been owned by a lumber company, and when all the surrounding country had been stripped of its growth, this company did not hesitate to move their saw mill to the oldest, the most beautiful, the richest part of this basin. All was in readiness, and the only thing they waited for was the order to commence.

"It was at that time that the danger bell began to ring. The Californians commenced to realize that they were bordering the loss of one of Nature's greatest wonders, which has become the fame of the state of California, and which has added so greatly in the state's wonderful development.

"It was Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin who called our attention to this danger mark, by writing an article in the *Santa Cruz Sentinel*, pointing to that calamity. Everyone at once realized what would be the outcome unless effective

steps were immediately taken. Mrs. McCrackin received assistance and co-operation from all sides, and by circulating photographs, etc., the wide-awake citizens soon had a thorough understanding of the true state of affairs, and the trees were saved."

Largely under Mrs. McCrackin's influence the *Sempervirens* Club was formed, *Sempervirens* being the specific scientific name of the giant redwood—*sequoia sempervirens*—the everlasting redwood. The object of the club was to save the redwoods of the Big Basin, containing a greater number of giant redwoods on a given space than any other spot in California or in the known world. The object of the club appealed to the local pride of every organization in the state—the Native Sons, the Native Daughters, the Pioneers, etc.,—and in due time 3,800 out of 14,000 acres were purchased by the state, named the California Redwood Park, put under the administration of a non-political commission and a warden appointed to give it adequate care, attention and protection.

Every year since its acquisition the Club has officially visited the park. On its first visit it was honored with the presence of Dr. Hugo de Vries, who in European scientific circles has long occupied the same position that Luther Burbank here holds in the estimation of the scientists and the general public.

Let me quote a little from Mrs. McCrackin's description of their trip: "In swinging trot the horses passed through miles of this picturesque country; then the ascent grew steeper, to the right a solid wall moved up, and to the left the view grew and expanded. An abyss, it seemed to me, opened up below us; but the enthusiasts said it was wonderful, grand, for the chasm was a wide broken valley bounded by a chain of mountains, bold, green-clad and topped with redwood trees, single and in masses, though some of the mountain peaks seemed high enough to be snow-covered. Where these receded and left an opening toward the sea, the sunny haze made filmy veils to wave and weave in the uncertain distance.

"Then we reached the summit; and if the dizzy heights and green depths of the past mile or two had been greeted with

cheers and exclamations, the level stretch before us now was no less fervidly admired; for the outposts of the forest body stood guard on either side the road, giant sentinels, preparing the eye for the better measurements of their brethren within the lines. And these sentinels in turn were sheltered and guarded by trees of lower order, madrones, laurels, oaks of a hundred years' growth, firs and chestnut oak, and growing in among these ferns, as tall in proportion, and the wortleberry, with its stiff yet graceful foliage and its dark-blue berries.

"And now we have come to the line of the park. I recognize Camp Semper-virens of the past, and the stream named in its honor. Here, at last, I feel an impulse to cheer—three cheers for the park commissioners and the new road they have built. It is three miles long, reaching now to Governor's Camp, but ultimately to be carried on further. The redwoods stand thicker here, the lower growth and underbrush is heavier, and where the road comes nearer to the winding stream we see enormous shrubs of white-blooming azaleas, clusters of fiery tiger lilies, and still closer in the densest shade of rock and bush, great clumps of the five-finger fern.

"At last we are in the heart of the Big Basin. The horses' feet fall noiseless on the turf; the tinkle of the swift-running stream washing the white pebbles, the subdued rush of the water where it falls over rocks and ledges; the song of the breeze in the tall trees above us, cadences forever swelling and forever falling, the endless lullaby that Nature sings to weary heart and fretted spirit—how like a breath from heaven all this falls upon us, the peace-be-still that is spoken to all who come to rest beneath the canopy of these everlasting trees.

"Unlike the giant waterfall, Niagara, which, it is said, does not impress the beholder with its immensity at once, the very first sight of the giant redwoods is awe-inspiring and overwhelming. Like the merest atoms we feel and look beside them; even Professor Hugo de Vries, with all his knowledge and his great attainments, appeared a dwarf as he stood where Hill could fix him with his camera. There was a tree near this, however, which the

professor still more admired; not quite so large round as the one by which he stood, but 'superbly tall,' straight as an arrow, and the embodiment of power and majesty. It proved sixty-three feet in circumference upon measurement; and how much larger around a few of the others are, I am afraid to say without a notary's seal attached to the statement. Even when fallen, with their length more than two hundred feet upon the ground, the idea of majesty is still embodied in these trees."

As one result of her work for the redwoods, Herman Scheffauer wrote the following exquisite tribute which he dedicated to her:

SAVIOR OF THE SEQUOIAS

The Titans of the forest, to the east winds sprung forth from the sea,
Give them, O worthy 'mongst women, their thanks and their greetings for thee!
When, under their ancient, o'erarching arms,
your feet shall bestir the grass,
Bright dews from their boughs shall be shaken
on your reverent head as you pass.
From their roots, clutching deep in the earth,
to each patriarch's head in the skies,
The race of these giants had vanished, as the race of mortals dies;
Coeval with Earth and defying Time, they had perished by the blade,
If never your pitying heart and hand the hand of the vandal had stayed.
Therefore, in the forest silences, in the tongue
of the noblest trees,
A name is whispered with love to the winds
in their twilight symphonies.
They that are older than Egypt or Ind and shall outlive the Ultimate Man—
The deathless sequoias immortal shall hold
that name like the spirit of Pan.
'Tis for this that the bearded Titans to the east wind have sprung forth from the sea,
Give them, O worthy 'mongst women, their thanks and their greetings for thee!

Nor was her work for the redwoods the limit of her beneficial endeavor. Filled with that love that only great natures feel for the smaller brothers and sisters of the forest and the air, and appalled by the reckless slaughter of songbirds on all sides, she sent forth, in 1901, a number of clarion notes of warning and then organized the first bird-protector society of California, entitled "The Ladies' Forest and Song Birds Protective Association," of which she is the honored president. With pen and voice, everywhere in the state, when the way is opened for her, this whole-

souled lover of the birds is found working in their interest, and thousands of people in California owe their first introduction to humanitarian principles, as far as birds and animals are concerned, to what Mrs. McCrackin has said or written.

In 1904 Mr. McCrackin died, and this woman of noble, generous impulses, of dignified family, of varied fortunes, was suddenly thrown upon her own resources. For there was a heavy mortgage on Monte Paraíso, and she was incapable of running the ranch and making it pay. But with that unquenchable spirit of freedom and independence that had always led her to triumph over the worst of obstacles, she

But it is a great source of grief to me that this high-spirited German noblewoman, one of the advanced guard of California's higher literature, the personal friend of Bret Harte, Ambrose Bierce, Noah Brooks, Ina Coolbrith, Charles Warren Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, W. C. Morrow, Prentice Mulford, Mark Twain, and hosts of other of the world's famous literati, a true philanthropist, a woman whose foresight saved to the United States the great redwood forest, and whose loving heart has led to the salvation of millions of song birds, a woman whose silvery hair, benign face, gentle spirit, native dignity, unchangeable



Photo by
R. H. Appleby "GEDENKHEIM," MRS. McCRAICKIN'S HOME IN SANTA CRUZ

moved to Santa Cruz and took up the burden of gaining her own livelihood. The editor of one of the daily papers offered her work, but felt he could afford only to pay her *per month* no more than a raw stenographer gets *per week* when she first enters an office. Having nothing else in view, this brave woman, nearly seventy years of age, was compelled to accept the offer. Her work has grown until now she is called upon for one, two, or more columns almost daily. She reports concerts, shows, dances, fetes, balls and all kind of evening entertainments, which keep her out at night so late that she seldom reaches home save by the midnight car. Yet, in fair weather or foul, she is always to be relied upon, for she has that spirit that made her ancestors "faithful unto death."

loyalty to California make her the object of reverence and affection wherever she goes—I say it is a source of great grief to me that that reverence and affection do not manifest themselves in practical benevolence and place her beyond the necessity of working at labor that is far too arduous for her, for the securing of her daily bread. Hence the plan that I now desire to unfold to the generous readers of this great NATIONAL MAGAZINE in the hope that they will feel as I do, and be willing to put their sympathetic feeling into active and practical exercise. It is this:

From the brief extracts I have given from Mrs. McCrackin's writings the realistic vividness and natural eloquence of her style will be manifest. She is an excellent story-teller, both by voice and pen. Yet such is Fate that she has found it impossible

to find a publisher for her last volume of stories of army life, the "Frontier and Pioneer Days in California." Hence I have decided to ask the readers of this great NATIONAL MAGAZINE family, which must reach above the million mark, whether or not they will not help me, that I may myself publish this noble and worthy woman's book. If I can receive within the next thirty days five to seven hundred letters promising to send me a post-office order of one dollar and a half on receipt of the book, I will undertake in a very short time to print and publish it, sending to each subscriber a doubly auto-graphed copy, with both Mrs. McCrackin's

and my own good wishes, the whole of the proceeds to be placed in her hands. I make this offer with the hope that it will be responded to speedily and gladly, in order that she may be able to give up her newspaper work which brings her in so paltry and inadequate a remuneration. To thousands of us a dollar and a half means little; to her, if but one thousand would respond, such an impetus would be given to the publication of the book that it would assure its success, and a greater measure of rest and comfort in her declining days to my dear and honored friend. Letters should be addressed to me, 1098 N. Raymond Avenue, Pasadena, California.

TAKE COURAGE

By J. ANDREW BOYD

THREE is gain for each loss,
And a crown for each cross,
And rest for the weary and faint;
And though heavy the load,
And rough be the road,
Travel on, and make no complaint.

With trouble you'll meet
At each turn of the street,
But ever press on to the right;
At the end of the goal
There is rest for the soul,
And worth while it is that you fight.

Do your friends turn away
In adversity's day
And withhold a word of good cheer?
It but proves them untrue,
So take courage anew,
Be brave, you will win, never fear.

Should sorrows sore press,
And the strain and the stress
Weigh heavy on heart and on mind;
Look ahead! There is light,
And though dark be the night,
On the morrow relief you will find.

Though dark be the cloud
That hangs o'er like a shroud,
Behind it the sun is still shining;
Be patient awhile,
And soon it will smile
And show its rich silvery lining.

SPANISH EYES

69

ISABEL ANDERSON

CHAPTER I

John Holmes Emerson Browning



SARAH FRANCIS was dead. The funeral, country fashion, was held at home. The small parlor was filled with women sitting in rows of camp chairs—women whose gray hair was drawn tightly back from their tired faces and twisted in close knots beneath sedate little hats. Most of them wore eye-glasses, their waists were large, and from beneath their short, ill-fitting dresses projected huge feet with heelless, square-toed shoes. A bust of Socrates stood on a pedestal by the door, an etching of Westminster Abbey on the mantelpiece, and above the coffin, more prominent than either, its glittering handle making a brave show against the dingy brown wall paper, hung that cherished relic, great-grandfather's sword.

Jack Browning, a nephew of the deceased, stood by the door. He was a tall, big-boned fellow with a fine head and a good firm face. His expression was grave as befitted the occasion, but his eyelids puckered humorously as he surveyed the gathering.

A severely majestic spinster entered. "How d'ye do?" she nodded, then paused to introduce herself: "I am your aunt's old friend—you have surely heard of me, Miss Thackeray Andrews? You may have read my last pamphlet on the Single Tax." Jack was forced to confess that he had

not. The good lady's mouth became pinched and set, while the wrinkles in her forehead deepened. She sat down with a thud in the nearest chair. "You are Sarah's nephew, aren't you?" she demanded in a loud whisper.

"Yes, I'm Jack Browning," the young man assured her.

"I was at your baptism, boy," Miss Andrews whispered with emphasis, "and you were christened John Holmes Emerson Browning."

Jack could not deny it, and tried to place her among his aunt's friends. At last he succeeded; it was she who managed the Anne Sprague chapter of the Colonial Daughters, to which Mrs. Francis had belonged, and they had worked together, too, for equal suffrage and for village improvement. When he saw her eyes turn to gaze upon the sword poised above the coffin he knew what was coming next.

"To whom was that left, Mr. John Holmes Emerson Browning? To you—or the girls? Or did Sarah leave it to the Chapter?" she demanded.

The young man could not satisfy her curiosity on this subject, and they turned to a discussion of the career of the brave little woman who had struggled so faithfully to rear and educate her six daughters since their father's death years before.

At this point the girls themselves entered the room. Since their ideas were too modern and advanced to approve of wearing mourning, they were all dressed in colors, except Kitty, the youngest.

She wore a plain little gray frock, relieved only by a soft white collar. Kitty was less "advanced" than the others; she had stayed at home with her mother, and had always gone with her to the little Unitarian chapel on the green. Her sisters were given over to atheism, New Thought and Christian Science.

When the silence which had greeted their arrival had been broken by a flutter of whispering, Miss Thackeray Andrews continued the conversation.

"I can't help wondering what's to become of Kitty," she said under her breath; "Martha is a kindergartner; Peace is a settlement worker; Prudence is studying medicine, and the other two are wrapped up in that school for idiot black babies they've just started. But Kitty isn't like them. She's too pretty, and she doesn't know anything of the world, always keeping house for her mother the way she has. Somebody ought to look after Kitty." Miss Andrews' voice quivered ever so little, and Jack felt a sudden liking for her. He too was wondering what was to become of Kitty, but before he could reply the old white-haired Unitarian minister got up and began to read passages from the Bible. Jack did not listen to the reading. He was looking at Kitty, who had always been his chum, and following anxiously every expression of her face.

In the silence which succeeded the reading, the tick-tock of the tall clock in the hall and the moaning of the feeble-minded old grandmother upstairs could be distinctly heard. Then came a crash and a clang from the direction of the coffin, followed by screams from the women. People sprang to their feet, overturning chairs and rushing for the doors.

"Sarah's alive!" someone cried hysterically.

In an instant Jack Browning's tall figure towered above everyone in the room; he lifted his hand commanding silence, and the noise subsided. In that moment of panic the young, undeveloped boy seemed to all a man to be obeyed.

"It's all right," he said simply; "the old sword fell on the coffin, but no one is hurt. Let us go on with the service." The ceremony, so rudely interrupted,

was carried to its proper conclusion by a prayer. Then Prudence, the eldest of the sisters, drew Jack aside, and they held a brief consultation. At its close Jack again rose to speak. "Friends," he said, "Mrs. Francis left no will, so all her belongings will go to her children, except the sword. We feel that the sword has chosen for itself. A brave man fought with it in time of war, and a woman no less brave has kept it by her all these years. You all know the beautiful life of heroic sacrifice which Mrs. Francis led among us. It seems most fitting that the sword should be laid away with her."

As he spoke he saw but one face, that of Kitty—his Kitty of the Spanish Eyes, as he had always called her. The eyes were full of gratitude now as they met his, and marvellously soft and beautiful. In a flash Jack knew that Kitty was the one woman in all the world for him.

CHAPTER II

The Black Veil

"What is to become of Kitty of the Spanish eyes?" John Holmes Emerson Browning asked himself as he sat in the museum where he was employed the day after the funeral. He was making a catalogue of the priceless illuminated missals, but he could not keep his mind upon his work. His eyes wandered idly here and there, then fixed themselves upon an icon and studied the face of the Madonna and Child surrounded by a halo of gold and studded with jewels from the Urals. The eyes of the mother were like *hers!* The delicately carved Greek crosses and old Russian enamel of many colors and fine workmanship that he had lived among day after day with such pleasure, had lost their charm for him. Presently he found himself scribbling these lines in his notebook:

"Dear Spanish Eyes: I am sitting here in the midst of many treasures, but my thoughts are of you, my own treasure, my Kitty! I am homesick for the little brown house covered with vines where you and I have spent so many happy hours! Soon I shall be leaving college, and my work in the museum will be finished. Then I shall go out into the world to make our fortune. Don't forget me. Let me come back some day, and then tell me that you love me as

I love you. The separation will be hard, for even a few days' absence, Kitty dear, makes me realize how much I miss you. I have never wanted anything in all my life as I want you. Surely I must succeed, and it won't be long before I can give you a pretty home. Only say that you will wait till I come back for you. Jack."

As he passed out of the museum the young man did not linger as usual in the room of rare porcelains. He did not stop to look at the old man of Chinese crackle ware with his real black hair, nor did he even glance at the branch of priceless red coral and the grotesque figures of jade, nor the golden tree with the crystal flowers. Jack made for the nearest pillar box and posted his letter. No sooner had he done so than he felt that he could not wait for the answer. He must see Kitty once more in the little brown house before it was sold; it might be the last time he would meet her in the old cottage which had been like home for him all through his college days. Almost before he knew it, he found himself there.

A great hubbub seemed to be going on inside. Trunks were being carried out, Martha was giving orders to everybody, all the other sisters were packing up "last things." As Jack entered, Abigail sat up rigidly in a straight-backed chair—she never sat in any other sort of chair—and brushed back a wisp of grayish hair.

"John Ho'mes Emerson Browning," she accosted him, "something terrible has happened."

"What on earth—" began the startled young man.

"I don't know 'what on earth' it is," replied Abigail equably, "but I feel it in my bones that something has. Maybe it has something to do with Kitty. I have just discovered that she directed the expressman to take her trunks to the station, instead of to the apartment we have hired. They went in the first load, over an hour ago."

Jack glared at her. "And do you mean to say," he demanded, "that you haven't done anything about it? Where is she? When does the next train go? Why in thunder—"

Miss Abigail wrung her hands. "Oh, do you think anything has happened?" she moaned; "Kitty's gone—I don't

know where, and the train leaves at 11.05. Oh, Jack, try to find her!"

Jack did not need any urging. Like his cousin Abigail he too "felt it in his bones" that something was wrong. Without waiting to hear more he dashed down the street. The train had drawn in to the station when he arrived. On the platform stood a tall, slight woman shrouded in a black veil which almost completely covered her. It must be Kitty—she was of the same height. The veil might be a tardy sign of mourning for her mother, or a disguise. Before he could reach her the woman had stepped on to the train, which was already slowly moving out of the station. At the same time Jerry Wainwright, one of his college friends, tore across the platform and leaped onto the lower step of the same car. Jack rushed to catch the train, crying, "Kitty, you can't go away like this!" As the train moved out of reach the woman in black raised her veil, showing the sharp features of Miss Thackeray Andrews. She waved her black gloved hand to Jack and called out to him, "Jerry and I are on Kitty's trail, and we will bring her home tomorrow."

Forced to be content with this meager comfort—since this was the last train out till evening—Jack retraced his steps. What was the meaning of it all? Probably Kitty couldn't stand that household any longer—small wonder! She was so unlike her sisters he certainly couldn't blame her. They had always nagged her, and frowned upon her pranks. If he had only sent his letter before—perhaps it would have made a difference, and prevented this mad flight. If only he might at once marry his Kitty of the Spanish eyes and the scent of heliotrope!

CHAPTER III

An Unexpected Meeting

The morrow brought only Miss Andrews and Jerry Wainwright, baffled, distressed, and no Kitty. The afternoon mail, however, contained a momentous letter.

"Dear sisters," it began; "It was of no use. I only bother and worry you, so I think I may as well take myself out of your well-ordered lives. I could not make a suffrage speech; idiot black babies do not

interest me, nor 'Mayflower' ancestors; but Joseph French does, so we have gone away together. We were married this afternoon, and now we're on the train bound for the West—eventually. We shall doubtless stop over on the way once or twice.

"Tell Jack I send him a kiss and tell him I have a warm place for him in my heart. I ought to beg him to forget me, but I can't help it—I just don't want him to!

"Try to forgive me, sisters dear, for all the trouble I've been to you, and believe me very truly and humbly grateful. Your naughty little sister, Kitty."

"Thankless, graceless girl!" Abigail cried angrily.

"It's that wild Swan blood!" exclaimed Peace; "mother spoilt her, too!" The others said nothing. They did not know whether to be angry or relieved at the behavior of their youngest sister. In the end they continued their work quite in the same lines as before, only a bit more peacefully, perhaps.

Not long after this Jack Browning finished his college course and was graduated with honors. He immediately went to New York to look for work, staying meanwhile with his friend Jerry Wainwright, also just graduated, but without honors. Jerry was the spoiled son of a rich banker who gave him everything except what he needed—a little care.

Soon after Jack's arrival the two young men went to the opera to see the first performance of "Quo Vadis." Good-natured Mrs. Wainwright lent them her box. It was a novel experience for the hard-working, serious Jack, but he felt little interest. He was all at sea. His beloved aunt had died; he could get no work; worst of all, Kitty was married. When one is young and burning to do things, what with affairs of the heart and lack of opportunity, life seems very, very hard; when one is older neither love nor life seems quite as tragic or as beautiful.

"Cheer up, old fellow," said Jerry as they were driving to the opera; "you're knocked higher than a kite by Kitty's marriage. No use crying over spilt milk. When you see her with that bone head Joe French, you'll get over it! There are just as good fish in the sea—I'll show you one at the opera tonight; awfully pretty girl—Mademoiselle Orchid. I do 'admire' to hear her sing. She sure is

going some when she strikes that top note of hers!" Jerry evidently believed in counter-irritants, and he had also prepared what he thought would be a salutary surprise for his friend. They had scarcely taken their seats in the red-and-gold box when the door at the back opened and the Frenches were ushered in—Kitty of the Spanish eyes, and her husband. The meeting was rather strained, but fortunately nothing could be said, for Mademoiselle Orchid was already singing one of her exquisite songs and every ear was bent to catch the faintest sound.

Jack tried not to think of the woman so near him, even though he felt himself intoxicated with the faint aroma of heliotrope that always hung about her. He examined the opera house, which he had never been in before. It reminded him of a great seven-decked steamer he had once seen, with its tiers of balconies. His indifferent glance took in the well-dressed men and stylish women with their sparkling jewels.

"Some pretty fine wine-fed cocks about here," whispered Jerry after the song had ended; "and some milk-fed chicks, too, with not a few old peacocks in distress. Corking girl, the Orchid. I'll introduce you later, if you like. She's well named, all right. Even off the stage her skin is like the soft white petals of an orchid, and her mouth crimson as its lip. Isn't she lovely in that soft veil of purple wound about her?"

"I suppose she lives on air, and clings to her family tree, like her namesake," returned Jack absently. He was wishing he had not come. It hurt to have Kitty so near, and yet to know that she never was to be his. Jerry should have told him that she was to be there. He glanced at her covertly when the lights came on to see if she looked happy. She was laughing and putting a brave face on the matter, but he couldn't be sure. He was torn between a desire to find out whether all was well with his Spanish Eyes, and an equally strong one to run away as far as ever his legs would carry him.

The opera was a succession of superb stage pictures of Roman splendor. In the first act a celebration in honor of Venus was taking place in the gardens of

Nero's palace. Eunice, the beautiful slave girl, danced and then embraced the marble statue of her master, Petrone. When the curtain was raised for the second time Rome was seen in the moonlight, Rome beside the Tiber. In the third act, when the climax was supposed to come, it came indeed, but in quite a different manner than was planned by the management.

Christian martyrs were wailing in the

She had set her heart on winning Jerry Wainwright, and had grown tired of watching him night after night, sitting in his red-and-gold box with his eyes fixed on Mademoiselle Orchid. So, half in fun, and half in downright earnest, at the very climax of the play, when Orchid was singing her best and the silence of the house could be felt, Doris opened a tiny jeweled case and loosed a cloud of red pepper. It scattered over the house and



It hurt to have Kitty so near, and yet to know that she never was to be his

arena of the Colosseum, while soldiers were dragging out by their feet men who had fallen in battling with wild beasts, as the mules draw out the dead bulls in a Spanish bull fight today. In the imperial loge sat Nero and Poppea surrounded by their courtiers, while at a respectful distance sat the populace. A well-known basso took the part of Nero, and Orchid as Poppea looked imperial in her magnificent robes.

In the front seat in the pit sat Doris Morgan, a young and pretty society "bud" and a great success that season.

on to the stage. The audience began to sneeze, cough and giggle. The musicians blew their noses, the leader sneezed so hard he lost his glasses. The confused noises grew louder and louder; Orchid's notes became harsh, she choked, and finally the tones refused to come. An irate manager rang down the curtain and the opera was over.

The two young men had observed and understood the little scene, and Jack was amazed to hear his friend's chuckle of amusement. "That ends Orchid's career in New York," Jerry predicted

cheerfully; "wasn't it clever of the little Doris girl to think of it? I'll have to hurry up and introduce you before the mademoiselle departs for other climes."

"Whither away now?" asked Jack as they rose to go.

"To supper at Sherry's," answered Jerry promptly.

"Oh, what fun!" cried Kitty, with what seemed to her cousin a forced gaiety; "I haven't been there yet, and I've heard so much about it!" She turned to Jack. "You're coming, too?" she asked appealingly. For a moment she dropped the bright mask she had worn all evening, and looking deep into her liquid Spanish eyes Jack read the answer to his silent question. Kitty was not happy. Knowing well his own helplessness to serve her, his one desire was to get away as far as ever he might.

"I'm sorry," he answered, "but I can't go. I must be off."

"Off where?" demanded Kitty. Jack tried not to see the hurt look in her eyes.

"To the land of peppers with Mademoiselle Orchid," he answered lightly; "where the double-tailed gold-fish swim over jade reefs under amber clouds, and the odor of the sandalwood floats in the air—the Far East, in other words."

Kitty held out her hand to him bravely. "I wanted you to know that I got your letter," she said, "but—"

"I know—it was too late, of course. I hope you will be very happy." The phrase was a mockery, but what else could he say?

Two days later Jack left for California, and on the same train was the exiled Mademoiselle Orchid.

CHAPTER IV

Mademoiselle Orchid's Intrigue

Jack and Mademoiselle Orchid sat at the same table in the dining car, and indeed spent most of their time together during their journey to the Pacific coast. To Jack the young opera singer was a fascinating study. He could not make her out. When they spoke of Jerry she said that now she would get no more rare orchids from him.

"He called you a grind, but said you

were a good sort for all that," she laughed, privately much entertained by her new companion. To amuse herself, and perhaps to stagger Jack a bit also, Mademoiselle Orchid told him a little of her life. "My parents were farmers in New York State," she said; "when I was very young I married the village minister to better myself. He was the 'catch' of the place and although he was poor as a church mouse he was more or less educated. I had a good voice and sang in the choir, so when my husband was promoted to a larger parish I educated myself and continued to sing in the choir. One day a man in the congregation offered to send me to the city and pay all my expenses to have my voice trained by the best teachers. Against my husband's judgment and advice, I accepted, left home, and went to New York to study—devitrly as well as music, too, I suppose. Finally I went on the comic opera stage." Orchid shrugged her pretty shoulders. "A minister could not have a wife on the stage. There was a great commotion in the parish, and the congregation took sides. It almost ruined my husband's career; I was sorry for that, but I never went back. Before long I 'arrived' on the grand opera stage, by hard work and good looks. Now—I'm off to California to find a gold nugget!" she ended gaily. Jack noticed that she did not refer to the red pepper episode.

"She is still very young, and she cannot be as bad as she makes herself out to be," thought Jack. Her soft voice and charming manners reminded him a little of Kitty. He wished he could reform her.

"Gold nugget?" he repeated aloud; "I suppose that is your expression for a gold bug. I wish you could catch a gold nugget I know who lives in San Francisco. His name is Joseph French. We were at college together, though I didn't know him, and he ran away right under my very nose with the girl I—well, I cared a lot for her, you know—I do still for that matter. I am sure she isn't happy with him, I believe that she regrets her marriage already. How I long to get her out of his clutches! But of course I'm powerless to help her." He stared moodily out of the window at the

flying landscape. Orchid watched him with an odd little gleam in her eyes.

"You're a queer boy," she said at last; "men don't often ask me to help them—with other women. You've never made love to me in all these days; I like you for that—in a way. I met the man you speak of, in New York. He's rich, and my bank account is getting low," she added thoughtfully. Jack did not hear her; his thoughts were far away, with Kitty of the Spanish eyes. When they reached 'Frisco and said good-bye to each other in the station Orchid's last words were, "I shall help you!" Jack wondered what she meant. He had already forgotten their conversation on the train. The world which lay before him was a man's world; he did not need a woman's help. If only he might have done something to help poor Kitty before he left!

CHAPTER V

At the Poodle Dog

John Holmes Emerson Browning was off to Dai Nippon, the Great Japan. Past Hawaii with its big green slopes and ravines he sailed, past the peaks in the sunset that seemed to support a burning cloud city in the sky. Below, the ocean seethed with animal life, and rainbow-colored fish swam in a diamond sea. A verse of Wordsworth's came into his mind:

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old
Or let me die!"

On and on he sailed over the calm seas until he reached the harbor of Yokohama. Here the water was alive with sampans, and over the side of the big steamer came diminutive officials in uniform, who stood in rows and bowed to the ground with their little caps in their tiny hands. After the landing Jack took a jinrikisha to the station, where, in the midst of a deafening clatter of travelers' clogs on the platform, he finally got into a tiny car. Past wet green paddy fields he traveled through a mountain-rimmed valley,

above which pretty tea houses peeped from among the quaint and oddly-shaped trees that clothed the slopes.

Here in this land of enchantment Jack lived for two long years. He became very fond of the Japanese people and taught their children, learning also many things from them. Little home news reached him. A letter from Jerry Wainwright announced



"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man"

his engagement to Doris Morgan, whom he fondly described as "a corker." Jack remembered that he had applied the same term to Orchid that night at "Quo Vadis," and wondered if his friend had forgotten the singer. Some time later the mail brought Jack the news of the death of an uncle who had left him some money, but as he was not obliged to return home the young man decided to remain in Japan and continue his work there. He heard from Orchid only once; she wrote that she had seen Joseph French, and liked him, but that she had never met his wife. Jack winced at even this allusion to his Kitty of the Spanish eyes, and burned the letter without rereading it. He completely missed the significance of the sentence—never even asked himself why Orchid had thought it necessary to write him, or what her statement of knowing the husband and not the wife implied. Simple, straightforward soul! Life had never taught him the sinister knowledge *how to read between the lines!*

At the end of two years full of interest and of honest work Jack took his first vacation, which he had decided to spend in traveling through his adopted country. He set out by train for the so-called Sankei, the three finest views in Japan, spending the night at a hospitable inn belonging to Osame Komori near "The Brook of the Pine Needles" and not distant from a gorgeous golden temple standing proudly among the cryptomeria.

The evening passed pleasantly enough, for curio dealers arrived with quaint treasures from their godowns to sell. As the little brown men knelt upon the soft mats, unwound their silken handkerchiefs, taking out pieces of golden lacquer, or lace-work ivory for his inspection, Jack was on his guard, for he was a true connoisseur and knew the difference between the cheap Muki made for the delectation of travelers and rare specimens such as he used to study in the museum at home.

After the dealers had gone the Mico and Geishas came, with their pretty little manners and whitened faces. Jack had learned to appreciate the charm, to feel the fascination of their dances, that to European eyes must always seem strange and unnatural. He watched the

dainty figures as they struck the curious poses; their bodies were twisted and contorted as in a series of vivid postures they gave in pantomime the dance of the peach blossom and the spider-web.

Before going to sleep that night Jack opened a newspaper which had come that morning before he left. It was a marked copy, the following item being heavily blue-penciled:

"Suicide at the Poodle Dog," so read the headline: the article which followed was dated San Francisco: "The most sensational and dramatic suicide for years occurred at the famous 'Poodle Dog' restaurant last evening. The place was thronged with the usual gay theater-supper crowd when the tragedy took place. Joseph French, a wealthy young clubman of this city, was seated at one of the tables dining with a strikingly handsome woman who carried a bunch of rare orchids. So far as could be learned afterward both seemed to be in good spirits. A young woman entered and took the next table. She would have passed unnoticed save for her large, Spanish-looking eyes, and for the fact that she had no companion or escort. When she had ordered supper she began to play a game of solitaire. A sudden laugh from French caused this woman to look up; she evidently recognized him, for she started to rise, then sank back into her chair. French, too (as a bystander noticed at the time) appeared disturbed by the encounter, for he said something in a hurried whisper to his companion, then took a long drink, holding his glass with an unsteady hand. The couple stared as though fascinated by the dark-eyed woman opposite, who was slowly shuffling her cards. By this time others sitting near had come under the spell also, and a hush fell upon that corner of the room. Then the woman with the cards spoke in an ordinary, conversational tone:

"'A red card means yes, a black card, no,' she said evenly. Everyone sat breathless, waiting. 'Am I going to divorce you?' she asked, looking intently at French as she cut the cards for an answer. A black queen was turned. The man opposite never moved a muscle, but stared, bewitched. 'Shall I go to that table where

you are sitting so quietly, and tell you what I think of you, before the whole restaurant, before the whole world?" Again the cards gave her the same answer. She turned a black ace. The man started, and took another long drink, as though to steady himself for what was coming. The young woman's eyes shone with excitement as she hissed: 'Shall I kill you?' The four of spades was turned—'The death card!' she cried, and as she said the words she fell back fainting in her chair. French started to his feet, crying: 'No, no, not by your hand!' and before anyone could prevent him he had drawn his revolver and ended his life."

There was half a column more, but Jack had read enough. He could imagine what Kitty must have suffered both before and after this dreadful tragedy, and it hurt him beyond endurance to think of it. When he finally fell asleep long after midnight it was to dream of the little brown vine-covered house; of Kitty pouring tea for him into a Japanese porcelain cup; then he seemed to be sleeping in a cup himself, instead of in his comforter spread on soft mats. He started up once, but the song of the pine-needle brook lulled him to sleep again, aided by the murmur of the sharp-pointed maple leaves as they danced like fairies in the moonlight. When he dreamed again it was a strange dream. The angel of death stood before him looking at him with the beautiful Spanish eyes he loved so well. She was dressed all in black and carried in her hand a dagger; as she pushed aside the screen and entered softly, very softly, and bent above him, she raised her dagger. There was a halo of moonlight about her head, and her long hair swept across his face. Her dagger flashed, descending, and the young man woke with a loud cry: "Kitty, come to me!"

Who wouldn't awake if a comb with a silver back had suddenly shot through the paper screen of the shoji at him, and given him a hard rap? Jack sat up and rubbed his eyes. At first he saw only the sun slowly rising through the pine trees, then he discovered the dainty little comb which had caused the mischief, and the tell-tale hole in the shoji. Was it through that hole that the sudden per-



"She was dressed all in black, and carried in her hand a dagger"

fume of heliotrope came, or was it from the garden outside?

Well, at any rate, the owner of the comb, whoever she was, was *not* Japanese. That much was certain. For a joke he wrote on a scrap of paper the following words, and dropped it through the hole: "The emperor of Japan desires an interview with the owner of the honorable comb,

who, he sees, has fine black hair and uses the scent of heliotrope."

Very soon a little answering note fell on his side of the screen. Jack opened it and read:

"You have made a mistake. I am not the sort of person you suppose. Please return my comb at once. I am an old maid with a black wig."

"Don't tell fibs," he retorted in pencil, "you are young and pretty, and I'll wager you have Spanish eyes. At any rate, not until I see the owner will I return the comb."

"You robber, I'll make you walk Spanish," came the threatening answer.

Jack chuckled as he replied through the shoji,

"I'll give you just five minutes to put the wig on and meet me on the balcony. If you don't I shall complain to the proprietor."

He waited double the time, pacing back and forth with beating heart and high hopes. When a slender black-robed figure appeared at the farther end of the balcony he started forward, only to find himself face to face with Miss Thackeray Andrews. After the first disappointment, it was not an unhappy meeting; sitting there in the little balcony they exchanged stories and drank green tea from small porcelain cups. Jack confided to her his love for Kitty and his desire to be of use to her now.

"I thought as much," the good spinster nodded; "and that's why I brought her out with me."

"Then she *is* here!" cried Jack, springing to his feet; "I *feel* her!" Miss Andrews laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Yes, Kitty is here, but she's still asleep," she cautioned. "I found her on the verge of collapse after the tragedy, and prevailed on her to come out here with me—to do some literary work, I told her. She needs taking care of, and I expect you're the one to do it. Sarah always wanted you two to marry."

At that moment Kitty came out from her room, her eyes filled with tears of joy at the sight of Jack.

"Kitty!" he cried in a loud voice, then opening his big arms, he commanded: "Come to me!"

Putting both her little hands on his shoulders, Kitty looked deep into his hungry eyes. "My dear far-away cousin!" she murmured, and hid her face on his shoulder.

Miss Andrews turned to leave them, but the old sprightly Kitty of the Spanish eyes called her back imperiously. "I want to know what you did with my silver comb!" she cried laughing; "I lent it to you last evening, and from the conversation this morning—"

Jack produced the comb and presented it to her with a flourish, telling her of the dream it had so rudely interrupted. "It must have been the angel of life," he decided, "for I find myself in heaven today! And we'll stay on here, till I've shown you this wonderful land of crystals and jades, and her mountains of jewels, but in the end we'll go home to the little brown house in New England. Isn't it so, Young One?"

Young One, Alias Spanish Eyes, made a very satisfactory answer, and Miss Andrews beamed a benediction upon them.

BEING CONTENT

AS God leads, I am content,
He will take care,
All things by His will are sent,
That I must bear,
To Him I take my fear,
My wishes, while I'm here,
The way will all seem clear,
When I am "There."

—*Heart Throbs, II.*

A Modern Wooing

69

Harold Strong Latham

WHY, man, that isn't as much as my daughter spends now on candy! Marry a man with an eighteen-dollar-a-week position! I couldn't think of allowing her to do it." Mr. Steadman angrily glared at Burton Holmes.

"But consider the prospects. They really are very good. I'm in a direct line for the management of this office, and Johnson, Johnson and Company is one of the foremost music houses in the country."

"Prospects! It's not prospects I care for, but realities." Mr. Steadman's face was livid. "Get more money and then come back and I'll talk to you."

"But that may be years, and Alice and I don't want to wait. We can live on what I earn."

"Enough said! You couldn't convince me if you talked from now until doomsday." Mr. Steadman, with a final fiery glance from his piercing eyes, dismissed the subject, picking up some papers on the desk before him with an appearance of absorption. Burton sat at his side undecided what to do, until he was told, very pointedly, that perhaps if he got back to that wonderful music company, his management would come sooner than he had anticipated.

Mr. Steadman's attitude was none other than what Burton had expected, and Alice, too, for that matter. Both fully appreciated how dear to the heart of the elder man was the success which he had hardly won. But if Burton was not surprised at Mr. Steadman's attitude, he was nonplussed at the later developments, for when he called the next evening and asked to see Alice, it was not she who

came into the library, but her father. In a few curt words Mr. Steadman made it quite clear that from then on his daughter would not be at home whenever Burton called. And more than that, he absolutely forbade any communication between the two.

"No letters," he roared, "positively none, and no flowers. Get to be manager and then—"

It was all very fine, and Burton knew it as well as Mr. Steadman, to talk of waiting until success was an assured thing, but to wait was very different.

Many beautiful stories have been written of men, who, inspired by love, have wrought miracles to fulfill an over-zealous parent's conditions. Burton thought of some of the tales which he himself had read, and he understood as never before the difference between fact and fiction. It was a simple matter for an author to make his hero accomplish wonders on paper, but Burton wondered how many of the authors themselves, placed in their heroes' positions, would work everything out with such captivating ease. To him it seemed that a simpler procedure would be to win over the maker of the conditions. He never remembered having read a story like that. He wondered why.

It is to be doubted if Alice took her father's treatment of her chosen one as philosophically as the chosen one himself did. She knew that her heart was broken—but she did not look for the glue pot, or for any remedy. She just cried in secret until her eyes were sore and her face burned and her head ached. For three weeks she barely ate, and day by day she grew thinner and whiter.

Mr. Steadman withstood his daughter's very evident agony with a manner that was nothing short of stoic, until one day Alice was taken sick—so sick that she was confined to her room. Then he did show a large amount of tender concern.

"My dear child," he said to her on the day when she once again took her place in the household, "what you need is something to interest you, to brighten you up. Why not go to the matinee oftener, or better still, motor?"

"I'd rather not, thank you, papa, dear," was Alice's reply.

most approved style of talking machine carried by that well-equipped house.

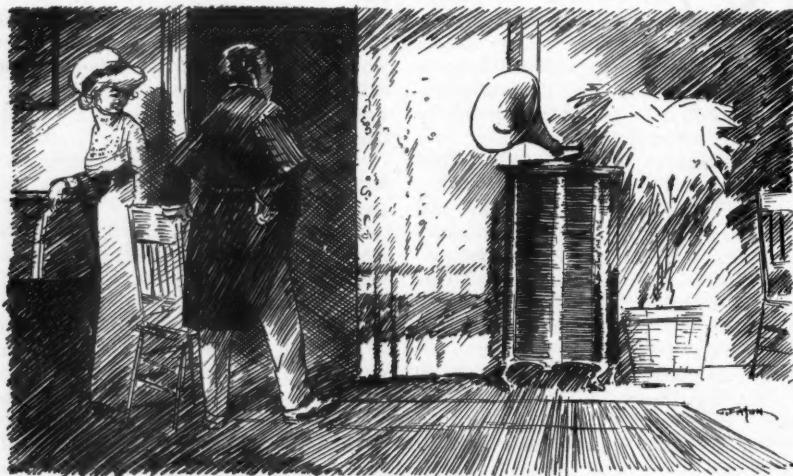
The first thing that greeted his eyes as he came into the library on the second evening following, for Johnson and Johnson had been unable to make delivery on the day of purchase, was a shiny mahogany cabinet.

"Ah, I see it has come. Have you played it, Alice?"

"No, papa."

"Humph!" disgustedly. "After dinner we'll try it."

And so, an hour or so later, Alice meekly



"An excellent machine," ejaculated Mr. Steadman

Mr. Steadman frowned. He did not like to be balked. Moreover he did not intend to be by his own daughter. The moments that he could snatch that day from his absorbing business as head of a soap manufactory he devoted to a study of the means by which Alice could be aroused from her lethargy.

It was a newspaper advertisement that ultimately gave him a clue.

"The very thing!" he ejaculated as his eyes fell upon a page setting forth the variety of entertainment to be had from a phonograph.

Without a moment's delay he hurried over to Johnson, Johnson and Company, where he purchased the very nicest and

followed her father into the library. After a few unsuccessful attempts he finally adjusted the instrument properly, and an air from a popular comic opera sounded forth with marvelous clearness.

"An excellent machine," ejaculated Mr. Steadman.

"Yes, papa," agreed his daughter disinterestedly.

One by one the records were all tried and approved—heartily by the one and mildly by the other.

"Here's the only remaining one. 'A Plea,' it's marked. I don't remember ordering it." Mr. Steadman wound the phonograph up and released the spring.

"In days of old," the machine grated

forth, "Miles Standish sent John Alden to woo Priscilla—with disastrous results. I in this twentieth century send a phonograph record to woo my Priscilla's father, with what results we shall see."

There was a grinding sound for a second as the voice paused, and Alice gasped, "Papa, it's Burton!"

Mr. Steadman's face was a study. Several emotions were depicted there, but the most predominant one was surprise.

"Well, I never!" he ejaculated, but already the voice was continuing.

"O Mr. Steadman—are you there—are you there? If you are not, rest assured my words will sooner or later find you out. They are in storage, not cold storage either, just waiting for your summons, your hand to release them. I shall not grow tired, but I shall wait—wait—wait—and sometime you will chance to hear me."

Again the phonograph rasped and the voice stopped. Mr. Steadman looked at his daughter. She sat rigid and white, her hands clasped in her lap.

"I love her—my modern Priscilla. I love her, why must we wait—why—why—

I want her now—now! Life is short at best—my Priscilla. I—" the record came to an abrupt end.

Mr. Steadman looked at his daughter cautiously, but when he found that she was looking at him, he sharply turned away.

"And to think that I was responsible for his getting that word in," he muttered to himself. He hesitated a minute and then went out into the hall and the telephone.

"Hello, Burton Holmes, please," he said when Central had given him his number. "Hello, Holmes, you young scamp—come right up here this minute. Alice doesn't know what to make of the way you've deserted her the last few weeks. Hurry up at once, I say. And by the way, when do you get time to read Longfellow, you blooming manager?" Without waiting for a reply, he banged the receiver up and turned to meet the raptured gaze of Alice.

"Well, daughter," he said somewhat gruffly, "any man with that initiative is bound to get along."

PERSIA TO EUROPE

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

YOU scorn us? You dream we are ready to yield
Our realm at the threat of your armies a-field?
You, race of wild rovers or forests your home
When *we* towered resplendent ere Athens or Rome?—
Our grandeurs of old we can never forget,
And the Mede and the Persian abide with us yet.

From the gulfs of the South to Tehran and Tabriz
We are rousing from sleep and submission and ease:
Is it just to assail us, yet hardly awake,
When we need all our valor and vigor to break
The bonds that have held us in weakness and wrong?—
Away with your dirges and cheer us with song!

For by our Avesta, that gospel of God
Leading upward the soul to His crystal abode;
By thy columns, Persepolis, crowning the plain
Where age after age saw thy glorious reign;
By the snows of Elburz; by the Sun in the sky;
By Ormuzd and Allah—our rule shall not die!

From the (N.Y.) Independent

Sam Slick's Horse Trade

6

Judge Haliburton



AIS I, "When I had my tea store in Boston, I owned the fastest trotting horse in the United States; he was a sneezer, I tell you. I called him 'Mandarin'—a very appropriate name, you see, for my business. It was very important for me to attract attention. Indeed, you must do it, you know, in our great cities, or you are run right over, and crushed by engines of more power. Whose horse is that? Mr. Slick's, the great tea merchant. That's the great 'Mandarin,' the fastest beast in all creation—refused five thousand dollars for him, and so on. Every wrapper I had for my tea had a print of him on it. It was action and reaction, you see. Well, this horse had a very serious fault that diminished his value in my eyes down to a hundred dollars, as far as use and comfort went. Nothing in the world could ever induce him to cross a bridge. He had fallen through one when he was a colt, and got so all-fired frightened he never forgot it afterwards. He would stop, rear, run back, plunge and finally kick, if you pushed him too hard, and smash your wagon to pieces, but cross, he never would. Nobody knew this but me, and of course I warn't such a fool as to blow upon my own beast. At last I grew tired of him and determined to sell him; but as I am a man that always adheres to the truth in my horse-trades, the difficulty was, how to sell him and not lose by him. Well, I had to go to Charleston, South Carolina, on business, and I took the chance to get rid of Mr. Mandarin and advertised him for sale. I worded the notice this way:

"A gentleman being desirous of quitting Boston on urgent business for a time, will dispose of a first-rate horse, that he is obliged to leave behind him. None need apply but those willing to give a long price. The animal may be seen at Deacon Seth's livery stable."

"Well, it was soon known that Mandarin was for sale, and several persons came to know the lowest figure. 'Four thousand dollars,' said I, 'and if I didn't want to leave Boston in a hurry, six would be the price.'

"At last young Mr. Parker, the banker's son from Bethany, called and said he wouldn't stand for the price, seeing that a hundred dollars was no more than a cord of wood in his pocket—(Good gracious, how the Deacon laughed at that phrase!) but would like to inquire a little about the critter, confidential like.

"I will answer any questions you ask," I said candidly.

"Is he sound?"

"Sound as a new hackmetack trenail. Drive it all day and you can't broom it one mite or morsel."

"Good in harness?"

"Excellent. Can do his mile in two fifteen. He has done it."

"Now between man and man," sais he, "what is your reason for selling the horse, Slick? For you are not so soft as to be tempted by price out of a first chop article like that."

"Well, candidly," sais I, for I am like a cow's tail, straight up and down in my dealin's, and ambition the clean thing.

"Well, as I was a-sayin'," sais I to Mr. Parker, "candidly now my only reason for

partin' with that 'ere horse is that I want to go away in a hurry out of Boston, clear down to Charleston, South Carolina, and as I can't take him with me, I prefer to sell him.'

"Well," sais he, "the beast is mine, and here is your check for your money."

"Well," sais I, "Parker, take care of him, for you have got a first-rate critter. He is all sorts of a horse, and one that is all I have told you, and more, too, and no mistake."

"Every man that buys a new horse in a general way is in a great hurry to try him. There is sumthin' very takin' in a new thing. A new watch, a new coat; no, I reckon it's best to except a new spick and span coat (for it's too glossy and it don't set easy till it's worn awhile, and perhaps I might say a new saddle, for it looks like it as if you warn't used to ridin' except when you went to meetin' of a Sabbaday, and kept it covered all the week, as a gal does her bonnet, to save it from the flies); but a new wagon, a new sleigh, a new house, and above all, a new wife, has great attractions. Still, you get tired of them all in a short while; you soon guess the hour, instead of pullin' out the watch for everlastin'. The wagon loses its novelty and so does the sleigh, and the house is surpassed next month by a larger and finer one, and as you can't carry it about to show folks, you soon find it is too expensive to invite them to come and admire it. But the wife, Oh Lord! In a general way, there ain't more difference between a grub and a butterfly than between a sweetheart and a wife. Yet the grub and the butterfly is the same thing only differently rigged out, and so is the sweetheart and the wife. Both critters crawl about the house, and ain't very attractive to look at, and both turn out so fine and so painted when they go abroad, you don't scarcely know them ag'in. Both, too, when they get out of doors, seem to have no other airthly object but to show themselves. They don't go straight there and back ag'in, as if there was an end in view, but they first flaunt to the right and then to the left, and then everywhere in general and yet nowhere in particular. To be seen and admired is the object of both. They are all finery and that is so

in their way they can neither sit, walk, nor stand conveniently in it. They are never happy but when on the wing.

"Now a horse is different; you never get tired of a good one. He don't fizzle out like the rest. You like him better and better every day. He seems a part of yourself; he is your better half, your 'halter hego,' as I heard a cockney once call his fancy gal.

"This bein' the case, as I was a sayin', as soon as a man gits a new one, he wants to try him. So Parker puts Mandarin into harness and drives away like a wink for Salem, but when he came to the bridge, the old coon stopt, put forward his ears, snorted, champed his bit and stamped his fore feet. First Parker coaxed him, but that did no good, and then he gave him the whip and he reared straight up on end, and nearly fell over into the wagon. A man that was crossing over at the time took him by the head to lead him, when he suddenly wheeled half round, threw him in the mud and dragged him in the gutter as he backed up ag'in the sidewalk all standin'. Parker then laid on the whip, hot and heavy; he gave him a most righteous lickin'. Mandarin returned blow for blow, until he kicked the wagon all to flinders.

"Well, I must say that for his new owner, he was a plucky fellow, as well as Mandarin, and warn't a-goin' to cave in that way. So he takes him back to the livery stables, and puts him into another carriage, and off he starts ag'in, thinkin' that the horse had seen or smelt sumthin' at that bridge to scare him, he tries another, when the same scene is acted all over ag'in, only he was throwed out and had his clothes nearly all torn off. Well, that afternoon, up comes Parker to me, choking with rage.

"'Slick,' said he, 'that is the greatest devil of a horse I ever see. He has dashed two carriages all to shivereens, and nearly tuckard the innards out of me and another man. I don't think you have acted honestly by me.'

"'Parker,' sais I, 'don't you use words that you don't know the meanin' of, and for goodness, gracious sake don't come to me to teach you manners, I beseech you, for I am a rough schoolmaster, I tell you.'

I answered every question you asked me, candidly, fair and square, and above board.'

" 'Didn't you know,' said he, 'that no livin' man could git that horse across a bridge, let him do his darndest?'

" 'I did,' said I, 'know it to my cost, for he nearly killed me in a fight we had at the Salem Pike.'

" 'How could you, then, tell me, sir, your sole reason for parting with him was that you wanted to leave Boston and go to Charleston?'

" 'Because, sir,' I replied, 'it was the literal truth. Boston, you know as well as I do, is almost an island, and go which way you will, you must cross a bridge to get out of it. I said I wanted to quit the city and was compelled to leave my horse behind me. How could I ever quit the place with that tormented beast? And

warn't I compelled to leave him behind when old Scratch himself couldn't make him obey orders? If I had waited to leave town till he would cross a bridge, I should have waited till doomsday.'

"He scratched his head and looked foolish. 'What a devil of a sell,' said he. 'That will be a standing joke ag'in me as long as I live.'

" 'I don't see that,' said I; 'if you had been deceived you might have called it a sell, but you bought him with your eyes and ears open, and a full knowledge of the truth. And where will you go to better yourself? For the most that can be said is, you have got a *critter with a thousand virtues and but one vice*.'

" 'Oh, get out and let me alone.' And he walked off, and looked as sheepish as you please."

VIA CRUCIS

By EDWARD WILBUR MASON

THERE is joy for every sorrow
On the cross.

There is bright and sure tomorrow
On the cross.

There is balm for every ill,
There is hope no frost can chill,
And a whisper: Peace, be still,
On the cross.

There is ecstasy and vision
On the cross.

There is glimpse of things elysian
On the cross.

There are wings that lift the soul,
There is healing that makes whole,
And a victory and a goal
On the cross.

There is brightness out of shadow
On the cross.

There is song from Eldorado
On the cross.

There is rapture won of pain,
There are lilies without stain,
And a life from death again
On the cross!

“GERTIE”

A Yachting Story

by

Harry A. Earnshaw

MY house on the hillside has one feature that may not be classified according to any of the known standards of architecture. It consists of a large room which I caused to be built on top of the long front porch. Entrance is had from my bedroom on the second floor. Three sides of this room are of glass. In the winter-time storm-sash is put on, and the radiators easily keep it comfortably heated. In the summer, some of the glass is removed and screens are substituted.

I do not know by what name I should call this room. It is a library, den, study, growlery and look-out box, combined; and a lot more besides. Here I keep my best-loved books, my favorite pipes, and my little buffet, from which on occasion John will serve you a good Perfecto, and, if you like, what I consider a very special brand of Scotch.

I do not say that this retreat of mine is an orderly place. Quite the contrary. Nor would I have it put in order for the world. If there are ashes upon the rugs, let them lie; if my little writing table is littered with manuscript, do not disturb it. For this is the place where I may turn vagabond, and smoke and loaf and dream and write to my heart's content.

And I know of no place where tobacco tastes so good or smells so fragrant; no place where loafing is easier; no place where sweeter day-dreams may come; nor where the tranquil thought of my better self flows so readily with the ink from my pen.

For me, the chief charm of this room is in the enchanting view that may be had. You may look out from here upon old Lake Superior, stretching away to

the left as far as you can see. From a boat those rolling waters are opalescent green, but from this height they are a wondrous blue. Fifteen miles across, on the Wisconsin shore, the low hills of the South Range rise in purple haze. On the right, up to their base, curves the narrow, pine-covered, sand-beached crescent of Minnesota Point. Sometimes in the dancing morning sunlight I try to imagine that that sloping sand is coral, and those odorous pine-trees, waving palms, sighing to the kiss of a soft ocean breeze.

Sheltered by the Point, the shallower waters of the Bay curl and glisten. At the Minnesota end, just beyond the Aerial bridge, is the Yacht Club. A few rods out from the clubhouse, with its cluster of launch-houses, floats and piers, is the anchorage, where the fleet rides serenely, bobbing in platoons to the gentle swells from distant tugs and ferryboats.

Two miles further down the Point, the flags of the O-at-ka Branch of the Club flutter among the trees on the Bay shore. Between the main house and the branch is the Life-Saving Station.

You will observe that from the first my story seems to lead itself straight to the Yacht Club. Somehow or other, that is typical of everything, almost, in my life. The Club has been in my thought, waking or sleeping, for many years; and everything in my life seems to have centered more or less about that one institution.

Perhaps one reason for this fact is that for many years I was an official of the Club. I don't know why they elected me secretary. Possibly they thought I wrote a good hand. At any rate, I accepted the job, because it looked like a cinch to me. I was holding down the

secretaryship for possibly half a dozen corporations up town, at the time, and this new position seemed to me like a vacation. I pictured myself wearing a beautiful yachting cap, with a quill embroidered in gold on its front, sitting around on the Club-house piazza, smoking and giving orders to the lay members of the Club. I even got one of those small ready-made clothing catalogs, and practiced a few attitudes from the pictures. My favorite one was where the tall, beefy young men, with small heads and mammoth shoulders, are sprawled about in positions of easy nonchalance, against a background of porches, houseboats, etc. I think this one was called, "Boating Scene at Henley," or something of that sort. I was sure that I could produce a very striking effect.

Vain and transitory illusion! I had to work. I found that I had to do all the work that no one else would do. To make the story short, my real, serious business in life became the Club, and my other jobs were side issues.

The reason I dwell so much upon the Club in this introductory part of my story is that it was here that I first met "Gertie." That was many years ago. All the things that happened took place so long ago that there is no harm now in telling you about them. Many changes have taken place since then. The Yacht Club has been merged into the Boat Club. "Gertie" has made good so emphatically, and is so different in many ways from what he was in the old days, that you could never possibly recognize him from this story. Furthermore, the other chap went away, quite properly, and was never heard of again.

It is difficult to describe the feeling amongst us when the aura of "Gertie" obtruded itself into the general scheme of things. I think it was chiefly one of pained incredulity. "Surely," we said, "such things cannot be; we are suffering from some horrid disorder of the visual sense." But "Gertie" refused to disappear into the thin air.

Of course you will understand that "Gertie" wasn't his real name. We just tacked that onto him as a conveniently descriptive cognomen. The name on the

entrance door to his luxurious suite of law offices in the Majestic building read, "Mr. Charles Reginald de Coursey."

The business world did not seem to be greatly shaken by "Gertie's" advent, but socially he made rapid progress. His letters of introduction were unquestionable. Mrs. Porterfield Chesterton Brocklehurst took him up, and pronounced him possible. She was arbiter of our social destinies, and her word was law. Choleric old Major Spangler of the United States Army Engineers, said that the chap might be a bit foppish, but that would wear off; "and as for family, suh!—he had known the chap's father since the Hahvahd days, and—damme, suh—he has three hundred years of good breeding back of him, suh!"

But that didn't keep everyone from talking, especially when he tripped mincingly out upon the lawn one afternoon to play tennis, with a cunning little watch attached to his wrist by a gold chain. "Oh, there's Gladys!" was a favorite with many; but the majority stuck to "Gertie," and this name finally won out with the bunch.

"Gertie" did not do any sailing. In fact, so far as we could observe, he didn't know the difference between a mushroom anchor and a topping-lift. Sometimes he would paddle around near the Clubhouse in a canoe filled with cushions and a couple of girlies. But his proclivities were plainly toward the social features of our club life. He sang a good tenor, and, what handicapped him most with the men, played the piano.

He was strong on this reverie stuff, and the girls would sit around in the twilight and cry while he tinkled out "Hearts and Flowers," and other sob-valve junk like that. We men oft yearned to kick him.

He gravitated to a membership on the House Committee, the second year he was with us. He drifted into that kind of work as naturally as a collar button rolls under a radiator. And he surely did make good there. It was he who suggested the charming little teas for the women, which were held on the Clubhouse verandas while the men were away sailing their races. Under his leadership, musicales, dancing parties and picnics followed each other in ceaseless variety.

The awakened interest of the women soon made the Club a chief center of social activity.

"Gertie" understood women intuitively. With none of them did his ready and easy assurance ever desert him. That is, with none except Phyllis Dale. And he was afraid of her. They were like two molecules both negatively polarized, and if they chanced to be brought together, they flew away from each other at the first opportunity.

Phyllis' beauty is not easy to describe. It astonished you—left you breathless. She was a strong, virile, pulsing creature, with a sovereign regality about her that did not appeal, but commanded. With her rich masses of jet-black hair, her large brown eyes, and her striking figure, she was a picture of youth and health and personality.

Ethel Hazleton was her closest friend. Ethel's beauty was like that of the lily in its spirituality. When you looked into Ethel's pure blue eyes, all the bad in you went out and sat on the ash-heap; while your better self remained to dream of pleasant fields with purling brooks, under soft, cloudless skies; and of peace, and hope, and of the promised better life to come.

* * * *

Two or three years went by, and "Gertie" had become pretty much of a fixture in our lives. He had early risen to the position of chairman of the House Committee, and had put new life into the work. He had charge of the redecorating of the Club House. When he had finished, we hardly recognized the place.

In every detail there was carefully-studied harmony. In the ball-room he had caused the big panels at each end, above the wainscotting, to be covered with canvas, done into appropriate marine paintings. From his plans the carpenters had made an ingenious portable stage, which could be set up in the ball-room for use in the minstrel shows and other entertainments which the House Committee frequently gave.

With all the technique of a skilled landscape gardener, "Gertie" had transformed the Club-house grounds into a place of marvelous beauty. There were

meandering walks, hedged with flowers; a fountain or two; and against the closely-cut greensward of the large open plot east of the House had been laid, in white flowers, a design with the letters "D Y C" in the center.

On top of one of the launch houses he built a sort of pergola, upon which were growing vines, under whose shade were served dainty lunches in the pleasant afternoons.

One would have thought that "Gertie's" enthusiastic work in Yacht Club affairs would have been sufficient vent for his exuberant energy. But not so. His restless love of activity found outlet in other ways. Soon his name began to appear on important committees in our commercial club. As a member of the Park Board he revived our sleeping boulevard plans. The picturesque Hill-Crest drive was built at his suggestion, and it is now a delight to an increasing number of tourists who land at the Cleonesta Pier.

He grew away from many of his more conspicuous affectations, though he still retained that leaning toward the esthetic which established him firmly in the center of the small but earnest set in our town who spelt culture with a large C. We would read of his discussing Tschaikowsky with Professor Cadenza, of the high school, before the ladies' matinee musicale; and on the following Thursday the papers would refer to his having addressed the women of the First Methodist Episcopal Church on some subject as "The History of Ceramic Art in the Third and Fourth Dynasties."

"Gertie" never drank. I think one cigarette would have poisoned him. His clothes were absolutely faultless. They were also about eight years ahead of the plates that Harrington, our tailor, used.

He was coming into quite unexpected prominence in the legal profession. Those were the days of big litigation. The new discoveries on the Mesaba Range had started a craze for iron mine speculation. Some of the people interested in what seemed to be a comparatively unimportant deal had turned a law-suit over to de Coursey. Before the case was concluded the whole country had heard of the "Section 40" litigation; "Gertie" became

famous, and incidentally started on the road to independent wealth.

I think by this time most of us had put a mental "O.K." upon "Gertie." We gradually forgot his mannerisms, and came to learn that underneath his slightly effeminate exterior he was strong and dependable.

But Roy Burke never softened toward him. He hated him from the first. It was Burke's delight to ape "Gertie's" harmless peculiarities. Behind his back, Burke invariably referred to "Gertie" as "that sissy." To his face, Burke's manner was subtly full of contempt.

For his part, "Gertie" never showed by so much as a hair that he realized the other man's feelings toward him.

This man Burke was popular among a certain set. He had money, and spent it lavishly. He was a big fellow, of superb physique, and everything he did was in the superlative degree. He pursued his sports with Bersek fury. He played hard, drank hard, gambled high.

Besides, he was engaged to Phyllis Dale. This was a distinction that would have made any man stand out from the crowd. I used to observe her with him, and always there arose in my mind a curious speculation as to what forces could be operating to bring them together for life. I could never feel that she loved him. She seemed to be drawn to him by some irresistible fascination, that partook more of the fatal impelling of the bird toward the snake.

You may suspect that I didn't like Burke. I admit it.

* * * *

The whimsical weather of our delayed spring had given place to Arcadian summer, with its steady breezes, clear skies and long twilights. It was hard work to analyze ore-tonnage statistics and royalty-statements, when frequent glances from office windows showed us the long reach of the Bay, glittering in the sun. How easy to fancy ourselves out there, slipping down to Allouez with the wind over the port quarter; sprawling lazily in the cockpit, steering with a light two fingers, the "stick" humming against our cheek! With the old jimmy pipe in our teeth, we might watch the foam flecks drift to leeward, and let the world go hang!

In the history of the Club we had never experienced such an active season. Quite a large number of new class B one-design boats had been added to the fleet, and the racing spirit was high. In the pennant series Doc. Warren, with the "Feather," had won out over Bruce Fairchild's "Maid Marian" in a final breathlessly exciting race. The rivalry for the gold "Commodore's Cup" was accumulating intensity as the close of that series drew near.

We had been planning for months ahead for the great Water Carnival. This event was to be the most spectacular of any we had ever attempted. For three days and nights we planned to have elaborate programs of water sports, together with social functions of various sorts.

The first day was to be "Ladies' Day." In the afternoon we were to hold a special race with the knock-about, making it a condition that each boat must be sailed by a representative of the fair sex. We would let α represent age, but there would have to be two girls in each boat.

After the race there was to be a banquet from 6 to 8 o'clock, followed by a Venetian *fete*. Then a grand ball.

"Gertie's" plans for the illuminations outshone anything we had ever heard of.

The yachting bug is as deadly a germ as ever entered a full-grown man, and we had all given loose rein to our enthusiasm during this season. For the two weeks preceding the opening day of the celebration I had centered all my ambitions, my hopes, my fears, upon making it the greatest water carnival the world had ever known. I wanted it to make one of Nero's exhibitions look like a five-cent moving picture show.

When Wednesday night came, and we had apparently done all that human forethought could suggest to insure success, I felt a reaction, and a strange sense of disquietude came over me.

"I guess I am tired out," I said to myself as I left the Club and stepped into my car. I nodded "home" to my boy, and he threw in the clutch cautiously and the big wheels began to throw the sand. I could not help reflecting that there was a touch of irony in "Home"

for me, for it meant nothing more than my lonely bachelor apartments in the Nemadji Terrace.

To tell the truth I was fagged out, and if I had been a woman I should have beat it to my room and had a darned good cry.

I searched my mind for something substantial to explain my sudden fit of anxiousness. The only tangible thing I could find was the possibility of disagreeable weather on the morrow. Of course, one day of rain would not spoil the other days, but we wanted absolute perfection of weather throughout.

Not a drop of rain for three weeks. Too good to last! But when I called up the weather observatory on the hill-top, the man assured me of "continued fair, with moderately westerly winds" for the morrow.

* * * * *

At three o'clock in the morning a cold blast of air awoke me. I jumped to the window and looked out toward the Lake. Raining in buckets, with a northeast gale! The rain beat into the room onto my bare feet. Moses, it was cold! I closed the window and stood there in my pajamas while I delivered my own funeral oration. I think I cussed every drop of water in the Great Lakes. If I left out any, it was inadvertence.

Then I cussed Duluth, and assigned it to its special griddle, with a diet of broken glass and sulphuric acid. I reached out for more territory. I vented my wrath on Lake, Cook, Carlton and Itasca counties. I did it fairly and impartially, so that no one county could come back, later on, and claim it hadn't been treated right.

Then I took a blanket cuss at the state, as a state. I went through to Spokane. I will admit now that this last was a little superfluous. Strictly speaking, I should not have gone past the North Dakota line. But I was mad, and didn't stop to think.

Taking it by and large and without undue egotism, I still maintain that my cussing on that occasion was a triumph of sheer artistry. Then I went back to bed and wished for death to end it all.

At eight o'clock in the morning it was

still raining. Nine, raining. Ten, raining. Eleven, slackening up a bit. At noon, the rain stopped.

Outside the Point the old Lake was raging from the night's blow. The long green rollers were sweeping in through the Canal, showing their crisping white tops above the piers. Even the big passenger steamer "Cleonesta," as she came in from the Lake just at noon, was rising and falling in stately and reluctant acknowledgment of the power of the inland sea.

* * * * *

When I got down to the Club-house the scene was not inspiring. High overhead a rifless mass of sulky, leaden clouds formed a background for those lower detached and disheveled vapors that lurched hurriedly across the sky as if ashamed of their shabbiness. The wind had moderated slightly but was still brisk. The roar of the surf on the Lake shore, just across the narrow Point, rose above every other sound. The air was heavy with the damp smell of the Lake, and the flying spray, caught by the pine trees, dripped from their cones like inexhaustible tears.

We got the Sailing and House Committees together for a consultation. The majority ruled in favor of going ahead with the first day's program. We might postpone the water pageant if the evening should be rainy.

As the day advanced and the rain still held off, we began to have hopes of a fine evening, after all, though the skies showed no sign of clearing. The threatening weather, however, did not deter a large crowd from coming down to see the sport, and the balconies were soon thronged with spectators.

Phyllis Dale and Ethel Hazleton came up the staircase together, their long silk raincoats rustling as they came up to me.

"You aren't sailing this afternoon, are you?" I asked, as I greeted them.

"Why, of course we'll sail," said Phyllis. "It will be glorious fun, and I just hope it pours!"

"I hope your hopes won't be realized, then, you incorrigible little tar!" laughed Ethel. "Just look at my hair—it's a fright, already!"

I had been looking at her hair, with the mist sparkling in it like jewels, and I was thinking that it was the most beautiful hair in the world. She gave me a smile that gladdened my hungry heart, and the world looked brighter as I left them and passed out upon the float to see how everything was going.

Bobbie Simpson, the sailing captain, came hurrying up to me and said that he had just received a telegram that imperatively required his presence at his office. He asked me to look after the work of starting the boats. He would return as soon as he could. Like the willing little worker that I am, I accepted the commission, though I had hoped to be able to sail.

By this time most of the men had rowed out to their moorings and made sail. Some had already taken on their passengers, and were now making short tacks back and forth over the "line" between the float and the starting buoy.

At a quarter of three I fired the starting cannon three times, as a "preparatory signal." At this the boats that had not yet taken aboard the required complement of four persons, now came surging up to the float and embarked their crew.

Roy Burke had undertaken at the last moment to reeve a new main-sheet on the "Sausalito," and he bumped the dock after all the others had sailed away to join the fleet that was darting about near the starting line.

I fired the two five-minute "warning guns" just as Phyllis and Ethel came tripping down the long float and stepped into the "Sausalito."

"Where's Dick Matthews?" asked Burke of the girls, as he gave a final pull at his throat halliard, and made fast to the cleat.

"We haven't seen him at all," answered Phyllis. "We thought he would be down here with you."

"Well, that's a fine note!" ejaculated Burke, in disgust. "Here I am, short of my crew at the last minute!"

"*Four Minutes!*" I bawled through the big megaphone to the cluster of yachts that were now outside the breakwater, "jockeying" for favorable positions.

"Can't you get someone else?" asked

Ethel, looking up the float toward the Club-house. The crowd was up on the big front balcony, watching the maneuvers. With the lanyard of the gun in one hand, I took my eyes from my watch long enough to glance around. I saw de Coursey strolling down the float toward us. He was a perfect dream in his new yachting suit of white flannel. A gold-braided cap rested jauntily on his head. He pulled up his trousers daintily to step across a wet plank in the float.

"Oh, there's Mr. de Coursey!" exclaimed Ethel. "Ask him to come with us, Mr. Burke."

"The rules call for two girls and two men," said Burke, with his old-time sneer.

"*Three Minutes!*" I bawled to the boats, in each one of which I knew was a skipper who, watch in hand, was checking off the slipping seconds with me.

"Here, you de Coursey!" Burke called in desperation at the prospects of disbarment from the race. "Get in here with us, will you? We're short of our crew."

De Coursey came to the end of the float and lifted his cap courteously. "Really, you know, Mr. Burke, I'm no sailor," he said. He manifested his usual embarrassment in the presence of Phyllis.

He looked at Phyllis, and she said, "Oh, please come, Mr. de Coursey, we shan't be able to start if you don't."

That settled it. He stepped into the boat. I think he would have stood on his head if she had asked him.

"*Two Minutes!*" I megaphoned with all my lungs.

"Cast off there!" bellowed Burke to the boatman. "Shove her head out! Quick there!" Her big mainsails filled and the "Sausalito" swept away like a bird out of a cage. She made one short tack, and then tore over the line just as I fired the starting gun. Phyllis had the tiller.

The course staked out for this special race was an isosceles triangle, calling for little windward work. It comprised a mean sailing distance of about six miles. The boats were to sail twice around.

Doc. Warren's "Feather," with his young wife at the helm, went over the line alongside of the "Sausalito." The "Scud," Florence Nobles, skipper, pressed

close astern of the two leading boats. The "Armeta," sailed by Adele McPherson, overlapped the "Scud" to windward as she crossed. The rest of the fleet followed closely together, like a flock of swans, excepting the "Maid Marian" and the "Eunice." Their fair skippers had made a miscalculation, and the boats had nosed across the line two or three seconds before the gun was fired. This necessitated coming about and making a fresh start.

Once over the line, the white-wings fell away and settled to their work on the first leg of the course, heading for the first buoy, off the Wisconsin shore.

* * * * *

It will be understood, of course, that I was not an eye-witness of what followed after the boats swept down the Bay. My account is constructed from material furnished by those who did see it all.

On the first leg all the boats had broken out their spinnakers as balloon-jibs as soon as possible after getting over the line. Burke had made a specially neat and quick job of his work, and the "Sausalito" got the benefit of the great expanse of extra sail sooner even than Doc. Warren's "Feather." Doc. was considered the best sailor in the Club.

In the fresh nor'-easter the "Sausalito" ripped through the water, and had a long start before the "Feather" broke out her balloon-jib in a great white cloud. Phyllis was a born sailor, and had genuine ability at the tiller. She kept the "Sausalito" upon her course as steady as a clock, and there was none of the wild yawning that was observed in the sailing of some of the others.

They were making fast time, and soon the big black top of Buoy No. 1, with its whipping red flag, showed up in the waves ahead. Burke had barely time to get in the extra jib when Phyllis swung the "Sausalito" around the buoy with a *swish!* and headed for buoy No. 2, off Minnesota Point. Burke flattened in his sail, and the boat beat into the sea bravely.

They rounded the second buoy without having to make even a single tack, but not until they had trimmed away for home did they venture to look back. Then they saw that the "Feather," their nearest competitor, was fully a quarter

of a mile astern, while the others were strung out behind her in a long line.

De Coursey had not spoken a word, but had kept out of the way as much as possible. Burke had given him the jib- and main-sheets to hold while he was busy with the balloon-jib. Ethel's eyes were dancing with the excitement. Phyllis attended to her work at the tiller with a business-like coolness born of perfect knowledge of what she was doing.

The "Sausalito" came crunching past the Club-house to the cheers of the big crowd on the balcony. Her crew was too busy to heed their plaudits, for they were to gybe around the buoy. In the strong wind the great mainsail flew over from port to starboard viciously, and again they headed for Buoy No. 1. Burke's fighting blood was up, and he worked savagely to get out the balloon-jib again. De Coursey got his feet tangled in the halliard, and there was a delay of a few seconds, which infuriated the hot-tempered Burke.

"Get out of the way, can't you?" he shouted. "You ought to be home painting china," he added with a cutting sneer.

De Coursey said nothing, but took the discourteous rebuke meekly.

A few minutes before, it had looked as though they had but to play the game with ordinary care and the race would be theirs. But the seconds they had lost were very precious, and the "Feather" had now materially lessened the distance between the two boats. There was no further change in their relative positions on the run to the first buoy.

It had commenced to rain again, in a heavy drizzle, and the wind was increasing, sweeping over the Bay in fierce puffs that forced the "Sausalito" along through the water at a furious rate. The water boiled away from the rudder in a seething wake, and from the bow a curling billow of foam stretched out on both sides.

Burke got out two yellow oilskin "slickers," and the girls put them on.

They were now on the lee shore, and the wind was strongest here. The sea had risen quickly under the increased wind, and now, as they hauled in close for the hard beat to windward, the craft began to pitch violently. She lay over under the

pressure of the wind so that the lee combing was only a couple of inches from the water. Frequently the crest of a wave slapped over into the cockpit, and, as the "Sausalito," at her now slower speed, advanced staunchly to meet each oncoming billow, she buried her bow deep in the foam and threw aft a shower of spray which the wind dashed in their faces. Twice or thrice, in the more violent puffs, Phyllis luffed quickly to keep from capsizing.

* * * *

The "Feather" had borne down upon the buoy like an avenging angel and now, close-hauled, was eating up into the wind toward them relentlessly. She seemed this time to sail a trifle closer than the "Sausalito," and Burke was frantic as he saw the increasing possibility of losing the race. He dropped the centre-board as far as it would go, slacked the lee jib-sheet, and hauled again and again on the main-sheet in an effort to bring the big sail closer inboard.

The wind had now become almost a gale, and the "Sausalito" lay over in a smother of foam. The four were perched high on the weather side. Do what he could, Burke could not trim close enough to beat out the "Feather." He stood erect on the sloping deck, and in a last desperate heave upon the main-sheet brought the boom in. He tried to take a turn around a cleat to hold the sheet, but before he could do so the boom swung out again, and the sail fluttered wildly in the throat, close to the mast.

He gave another pull. Something gave way with a report like a gun, and Burke tumbled backward into the angry water. He still clutched the rope as he fell, and, as the boat continued to forge ahead, the line caught Phyllis across the body and she was swept into the water with him in the twinkling of an eye. Then the rope slipped through Burke's fingers.

Ethel screamed in sudden terror. De Coursey became galvanized into action as quick as thought. First he flung out a ring-buoy that lay at his feet, and after it a big life-preserved. The "Sausalito" had come into the wind as soon as the tiller was released, and the big boom was swinging violently to and fro. De Coursey

sprang to the tiller, jammed it hard over to starboard, and, securing the sheet, forced the boat around upon the opposite tack, coming down the wind to aid the two in the water.

The big boat gathered way quickly, and swept by them before de Coursey could throw her into the wind.

Burke was a good swimmer, but in the sudden backward plunge he had swallowed a quantity of water and had sunk deep in that first long moment; when he rose the wild fear of death was upon him in a quick panic.

Phyllis was a strong swimmer, but she was hampered with her clothing and with the heavy oil-skin jacket. The ring-buoy which de Coursey had thrown had drifted far to leeward, but when Phyllis came to the surface she found the big life-preserved directly within her reach. She placed her hands upon it and found that if she rested perfectly quiet it would support her so that her head was out of water.

Burke was swimming a few feet from her. Strange it was, but she had not felt particularly frightened, and now the sight of Burke's big shoulders forcing through the waves gave her a sense of security. He swam to the life-preserved and eagerly seized it. The cork promptly sank, and the water came into Phyllis' nostrils.

Burke trod the water a few seconds and then reached out to the life-preserved again. They both bobbed below the surface, and Burke gasped as he came up. She looked into his eyes and felt sick as she saw deathly fear written there. His face was white. He floundered a little, and then gasped out, "It won't hold us both!" A wave struck him full in the face, and he strangled. When she saw him again there was the terror of death upon his face.

"It won't hold us both!" he cried out again. He felt himself being drawn down.

In a last frenzy of fear, with both of them trembling upon the brink of eternity, the thin veneer of civilization fell away from him like a mask, and she saw the face of a craven cur. In his unreasoning terror he struck her. Oh, angels in Heaven, weep and turn away! struck her in the face and pushed her from the support that

would give him life and dishonor and infamy.

She did not struggle, but sank like a stone, the water filling her mouth as she uttered a piteous "Oh!" in her anguished surprise.

blow. Ethel had hid her face in her hands and was sobbing hysterically.

De Coursey let go sheet and tiller and stood up. "You damnable curl!" he shouted. "Oh, you curl!" All his soul's pent-up anguish was in that epithet. The



"You damnable curl!" he shouted. "Oh, you curl!"

It all happened within two or three minutes. DeCoursey had worked with the energy of despair to get the "Sausalito" up to them. He had had to make two short tacks after running by them, and in these operations he had made a great deal of leeway.

He had nearly reached them, however, when he saw Burke strike his cowardly

tears were running down his cheeks. He flung his coat from him, and, pausing only a brief second to carefully mark the spot where Phyllis had gone down, sprang far out from the boat and breasted the sea like some huge animal.

When he reached the place, he dove—down, down, until he snatched at the white dress that moved convulsively in

the mud at the bottom. Then with great strokes that lashed the water into swirls about him, he started up to the surface with his burden. Up! Up! Up! His lungs were bursting; it seemed miles to the top! But love gave him the strength of twenty men, and when he did come to the surface it was to find the "Feather" bearing down almost upon them.

Doctor Warren's powerful arms first lifted Phyllis, then him, into the boat. The look-out in the Life-Saving Station had seen the accident through his marine glasses, sounded a quick alarm, and the Life-Savers' white cutter was racing through the waves toward the scene. But the Commodore's big launch, the "Minneopa," was already steaming alongside, and a dozen eager hands lifted the limp, dripping body into the cabin.

The launch "Undine" was darting to the rescue of Ethel in the "Sausalito," which had drifted quickly away.

De Coursey was already in the cabin working in frenzy over Phyllis' marbled body. The "Minneopa" forged ahead for the Club-house at full speed, the black smoke pouring from her funnels as the fireman frantically shoveled in the coal.

The doctor worked with all the resources that his great skill could suggest to bring life back into the still body. De Coursey, with pallid face and breaking heart, helped him.

Phyllis had been under the surface but

a few minutes, and her beautiful body was strong with the strength of youth. The workers held grimly to their fight with death, and just as the "Minneopa's" engines reversed at the dock, a flutter of the eyelids and a rush of color into waxen cheeks told that the fight was won. When she opened her eyes they rested first upon the doctor and then upon de Coursey. She gazed at him in long wonder, and then his dripping clothes told her the story of the rescue. As the full significance of it came to her, she gave him such a look from those wondrous brown eyes as seemed to have been caught from the glances of the angels whose hallelujahs were even yet ringing in her ears.

And in the quick intuition of his love, he divined the birth of a responding love in that heart whose beating, but for him, had then been stilled forever.

* * * * *

Phyllis married de Coursey. He had loved her from the first, with the love of a strong, great-hearted man.

And he was a man! "Gertie" had made good.

It was Ethel who told me all that happened down the Bay on that eventful afternoon, up to the time when she fainted. And now from behind my chair she bends over me, and, with her arms about my neck and her soft cheek against mine, tells me that I have written enough.

THE MULETEER

A LOFT, his vision o'er the desert runs
With love for it and hate for what it holds—
Across the sands; burnt with relentless suns,
Another caravan than his unfolds.

But yesterday his voice was on the plain;
A king of wide dominion was he then;—
Today he is usurped of his domain,
And stronger teams respond to lesser men.

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

The FINISH of UTE PETE

by Will Gage Carey

NUMBER nine, the Overland Mail, stops at Seven Troughs daily, but from a selfish and self-satisfying motive entirely; it is here that the big water tanks behind her engine are replenished before beginning the scorching trip across the desert. Still, there is always a crowd of cow-punchers on hand at the depot each day when the long train comes to a reluctant and perfunctory stop at Seven Troughs; and they are as thoroughly appreciative regarding the whole proceedings as though it were planned throughout exclusively for their own entertainment and edification.

It was after one of these brief pauses in their midst of the Overland, that Sagebrush Cullen turned to his companions with the observation:

"Say, did you fellows see that pale-faced, four-eyed gink standin' there on the end of the last car, with the checked scenery on, a little dinky cap, pink chin-chillas an' a red necktie? Well, I never see a necktie like that without thinkin' of an Injun named 'Ute Pete' we used to have down at the White River agency; an' the suddenness an' abruptness of the manner in which this same Injun, Pete, departed from our vicinity one sultry summer evenin', jes' as the settin' sun was sinkin' to rest in a crimson sea of radiant an' effervescent rosy posey—"

"Aw, cut the 'rosy, posey' stuff," broke in Soapy Saunders irritably, "an' tell us the yarn; yuh might as well be talkin' about that as anythin' else."

Sagebrush Cullen looked over at the speaker reproachfully.

"I *will* tell you bohunks the yarn, an' stripped of all beauteous figures of speech, too—which you bunch of low-brow mi-

crobes wouldn't understand' nohow." Seating himself comfortably on the steps of the depot platform he resumed:

"There may be dirtier, greasier, lazier Injuns in the world than Ute Pete; I never saw one. He never took but one bath in his life, an' that was the time he fell off a slippery log crossin' over Milk Creek. If you happened to be on the windward side of ol' Ute Pete, an' not lookin' who was comin', you'd never guess wrong who it was; you'd jes' *know* it was Ute Pete. An' booze, say—that Injun thought that his one whole aim an' duty in life was to drink up all the bad whiskey in the country; an' I never saw no Injun more devoted to what he considered his duty than was ol' Ute Pete.

"The soldiers from Fort Steele used to come over to the agency now an' then, an' they made a sight over ol' Ute Pete. There was some good sort of redskins aroun' there—regular 'Last of the Mohicans' kind of bucks; s'pose the soldiers would have anythin' to say to them Minnehaha lads? Not a bit of it. They'd single out ol' homely, lazy, bad-smellin', good-natured Ute Pete—sling a few drinks into him, an' say, they'd jes' naturally have a barrel of fun out of that ol' reprobate.

"Well, one day some of the soldiers got Ute Pete to take a trip up to Rawlins with them—jes' fifteen miles from Fort Steele. When they got him pretty well teed, an' feelin' like he'd reached the 'Happy Huntin' ground' at last for certain, they got him off in one corner to hold a pow-wow.

"'Pete,' says Jim Mason, one of the soldiers, 'now that we're takin' you 'round showin' you all the sights, it's only right

an' proper that you doll up a little for the occasion; ain't that reasonable?"

"Sure Mike," says ol' Pete, agreeable as could be.

"Well," went on Mason, "you ain't got nothin' on but a breechcloth, an' that ol' red blanket; that's all right for White River agency, but it's horrible bad form for Rawlins, Wyoming; ain't I right, ol' war-horse?"

"Sure Mike!" says Pete.

"So they took him aroun' to a clothin' store on Custer Street. They bought him a white collar an' a red necktie an' fastened them aroun' his neck—without the sign of a *shirt-jes'* that breech-cloth was every stitch he had on beside the new gents' furnishings. An' say, you jes' orter seen ol' Ute Pete diked out in that white collar an' red necktie; he was the proudest redskin since the day his great-great-grandfather sold the whole of Manhattan Island for twenty dollars an' a pocket handkerchief!"

They took Pete out an' paraded him up an' down all over Rawlins; it was a big day for the inhabitants, but a greater one—greater than a Roman holiday—for ol' Pete. He had invitations galore to go in an' have a drink; he accepted one an' all; he never overlooked a bet! He was presented with presents—pipes an' tobacco; he accepted all with a grave but slightly top-heavy dignity. But all things must have an end—even a gala day in Rawlins—an' along about four in the afternoon they got Ute Pete on the train again, much against his wishes, an' all started back to the agency.

"When they reached the White River settlement, the soldiers suddenly forsook ol' Pete; but he had reached a state where any little thing like that failed to bother him. Still rigged out in his white collar an' red tie he stalked proudly down the long row of tepees, without so much as a word or glance at the other Utes, who sat gazin' at him in wonderment an' awestruck admiration. Finally he came to where ol' Chief Colorow stood like a statue before his tepee. Here Ute Pete cast aside a little of his pompous importance, an' loosened up to the extent of recitin' to the chief a few of the exploits an' adventures of the big doin's over in

Rawlins. Colorow only grunted in response, but he eyed the collar an' necktie covetously, so that Pete—even in his bemuddled mental condition, realized that it was perhaps best not to linger too long flauntin' his adornin' magnificence before the wily ol' Colorow; an' he passed on down the line to his own dingy little tepee, far down below all the other tepees, an' settin' somewhat off to one side.

UTE PETE GETS IN BAD

"At the time I'm tellin' of, the agency's doctor was a little, nervous, fidgety, bald-headed person named Barry—Dr. Ferdinand Barry; an' while Doc was a fair enough ol' saw-bones, for the most part, he had a swell idea of his own importance; an' I think his bump of humor must have been a dent. He was somethin' of a dude, the Doc was, an' when he wanted to put on a special front at any of the society doin's, he wore a high silk hat that was the pride of his heart, an' the gloatin' admiration of all the Utes—an' especially of ol' Pete.

"Well, Ute Pete hadn't been down in his tepee a great while 'til he got to thinkin' about that shiny silk dicer of the Doc's, an' how it would set off the white collar an' red necktie to perfection. The more he thought it over, the more determined he became to *borrow* the glistenin' sky-piece for an hour so—jes' long enough to parade up an' down the long row of Ute tepees a time or two, to show these Injun four-flushers what the real goods looked like!

"The Doc's livin' quarters were at the end of the group of low, white Department buildin's, an' after Pete had thought the matter over 'til he jes' couldn't stand it no longer, he made his way stealthily along the back fences, got in the back door of the Doc's domicile, an' a few moments later was out before the row of tepees again, stalkin' along like a conquerin' hero, the high silk hat reposin' jauntily on one side of his head. The other Utes were surprised before—now they were simply amazed an' dumbfounded at such unheard-of splendor of adornment. He had 'em flockin' in from all sides to see him, an' fairly gaspin' at the gorgeous spectacle presented by ol' Ute Pete.



*With one last wave of his arm to the crowd-of admirin' Utes, . . . he
darted through the flap-openin' of the tepee*

"In the same apartment in which he found the hat, Pete had come across a quart bottle of wine; this he emptied without once takin' it down from his lips; an' now his steps—unsteady before—became more 'n more zigzag, an' it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could navigate at all. At length he reached his own tepee, then with one last wave of his arm to the crowd of admirin' Utes, who had been followin' him at a respectful distance, he darted through the flap-openin' of the tepee, sprawled out upon a bearskin in one corner—an' was lost to the world.

"In the meantime, someone went to the little Doc with the astoundin' information that there was a bare possibility that Ute Pete had stolen his (the Doc's) high silk hat! He hastened home, an' found that Pete had indeed been there—an' disappeared with the cherished lid an' the bottle of wine.

"The little Doc was furious.

"At first he was for goin' at once to the Indian agent; then, on second thought, he decided to take the matter into his own hands. Someone told him that Ute Pete was in his tepee, sleepin' the sleep of the just, an' the Doc began makin' his plans accordin'ly.

"He called five or six of the Injuns aroun' him, an' after promisin' each one a new blanket to help him, he told them what to do.

"I've got to throw a scare into this Ute Pete, he won't *ever* forget,' says the little Doc, 'an' I'll tell you how I'm goin' to do it. Now, in front of the agency are two cannon—one loaded with powder to fire salutes, an' the other with powder an' ball in case it is needed in an emergency. You fellows go up there an' bring down the cannon settin' on the right side of the gate—the one loaded with powder—an' we'll take it down to Pete's tepee an' shoot it off close by his ornery head; I guess that will teach him to leave folks' things alone.'

"The Injuns wouldn't do it at first, bein' afraid of the agent; but the Doc told 'em he'd fix it all right with the agent, so finally they went an' got the cannon, an' followed by all the rest of the tribe they went an' set it up with the muzzle close up to the flap of Ute Pete's tepee.

"Now,' says the Doc, 'I'll jes' touch this thing off—an' we'll see if we can't scare a little sense an' good judgment into that pesky Ute Pete!"

"Well, they got it all ready, with the muzzle pointin' right down about where Pete's head would be—they could hear him snorin' away for dear life inside—then they all drew back in a long line frontin' the tepee, an' Doc touched her off!

"*Bim-bang!! B-O-O-M!!*" went that ol' cannon; then, when the smoke had lifted a bit a wail went up from those Utes you could have heard clean to the Fort; there wasn't a sign nor trace left of Ute Pete's tepee, nor anythin' that was inside it; those fool Injuns had *brought down the wrong cannon!*"

Sagebrush Cullen paused and began complacently lighting his pipe. Soapy Saunders was the first to break the silence. "An' so,' he began, vainly striving to conceal his righteous indignation, "that barbarian doctor simply blew poor ol' Ute Pete into eternity—"

"Eternity' nothin'!" broke in Sagebrush Cullen; "you see, Ute Pete woke up jes' in time to find that cannon pointed straight at him. He cuts a hole in the back of the tepee, slips through, an' was a hundred yards away in the woods back of a log when the cannon went off! An' I saw him not over a week ago up in Ogden. He meets the Overland every day, all diked out in war paint an' feathers; an' he gets two bits a throw from the tourists to let them take his picture. But from that day to this ol' Ute Pete never showed hide nor hair aroun' White River Agency."



The Nobility of the Trades

THE FARMER IN ANCIENT TIMES

By Charles Winslow Hall

THE scientists who derive mankind from a lower type of man-ape, and that common ancestor from other types of still lower creatures in the chain of development, generally divide the progress of civilization into several eras of social and economical advancement, making man first a fisherman and hunter, then an agriculturalist and lastly a manufacturing and scientific being. Those who believe in the Bible as a practically accurate and popular resume of the history of man before the deluge, believe that when created "by God in His own image," and with the varied and potent powers by which the race has since been developed, the first man or men created were not only endowed with perfect bodies and minds, but were sufficiently instructed to avail themselves of the multitude of good gifts with which the Creator had surrounded them. Any other belief presents innumerable difficulties to the student of history, tradition and the remains of great kingdoms and races, whose very ruins beggar the most tremendous structures of today in grandeur of design and titanic masonry and sculpture.

Certainly the Mosaic account states

very positively that Adam, whether one man or the principal man of many, was put into the Garden of Eden, "to dress and keep it," and that Cain, the first born of men, was a "tiller of the soil"; but it must be remembered that until a few centuries ago, at most, the agriculturalist, herdsman or hunter was also a manufacturer, not only of the tools, weapons and utensils needed in his own family and livelihood, but nearly always of a certain surplus for barter or trade. Indeed, the farmer of two short generations ago in New England raised, made and manufactured the greater part of his own provisions, utensils and clothing, and in many localities, a large proportion of the shoes, stockings, woolen and linen fabrics, twine, yarn, salt, potash, epsom salts, boats, barrels, shingles, and other commodities, then collected by country merchants and sent to the cities or exported. It is hardly too much to say that the farmer has been the original source of the development of our common civilization.

Of the immense antiquity of his calling, one stupendous fact bears testimony, and that is that of all his cereal products not one can be said to have been dis-



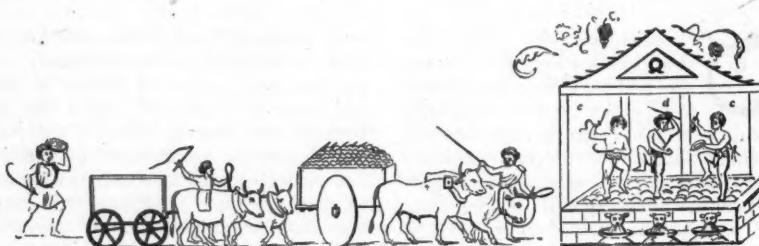
ROMAN PLOUGH

covered and added to the list of staple products within the limits of recorded or traditional history. Even maize or Indian corn, which has always been supposed to be a gift of the New World, is now declared to have been found in Egyptian tombs, of very remote antiquity; and it may be that Mexico and Virginia only gave back to Europe, Asia and Africa the bread that some Atlantean voyager had carried westward when the world was young and a chain of islands reached from the Hesperides to the Lost Antilles.

A curious tradition of the Talmud relates that the "apple" of which Eve ate was really a kernel of wheat, which in those days grew on a wonderful tree whose trunk glowed like gold, whose branches gleamed like silver, whose twigs,

of land seems to have been established from the earliest times, as we learn from the purchase of land by Abraham when he secured the Cave of Macpelah for a family tomb, and the story of Ruth and Boaz. Assyrian, or rather Babylonish cylinders of clay still preserve the transfers of land, and the names of humble grantors and grantees, whose names and petty bargains have survived for ages all record of the magnates whom they envied and obeyed.

The hoe seems to have been the first aid to the husbandman's labors after the hands and sharpened sticks became insufficient; and in Egypt was made of wood, as elsewhere shown. The plough was preceded by a larger hoe, dragged and operated by two or more men or



ROMAN GRAPE HARVEST AND WINE PRESS

resplendent as precious coral, were covered with emerald leaves, and bore globes of ivory the size and shape of the egg of an ostrich.

The story goes on to state that the hapless pair having gathered more than they could eat, were conducted by the angel Gabriel beyond the boundaries of Paradise, and given the remaining fruits of their trespass with instructions as to the proper methods of cultivating and using it. The paradaisaical fruit has, however, never thriven since its banishment from Eden, and in the days of the later patriarchs had shrunken to the size of an egg, in Moses' time to the dimensions of a plum, and at the fall of the Jewish sovereignty to the size of a small grape, thereby practically asserting that the race has been eating the veritable fruit of the "tree of knowledge of good and evil" ever since.

Among the Jews the private ownership

women. The plow in many countries (a sharpened beam), was at an early date shod and strengthened by strips of iron, the share only being of steel or iron. Single and double wheels are by no means modern additions to this ancient and characteristic labor-saving implement.

The Egyptians, Hebrews and such Asiatics as were relatively a peaceful people at an early date cultivated beans, peas, lentils, leeks, onions, melons, cucumbers, and other vegetable foods in addition to the chief cereals, and in the huge valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris developed a great system of canals and ditches, which, with the astonishing fertility of the soil, made Mesopotamia, if the ancient accounts are not utterly false, the most fruitful agricultural territory that the world has ever known. Harvests of grain yielding fifty, sixty and even one hundred fold, are declared by historians

to have been secured in this great granary of western Asia.

Egypt herself, notwithstanding her deep valley soil, yearly fertilized by the silt deposited by the Nile overflow, appears to have taken second place in the estimation of travelers and historians. Certain it is that Alexander in his great scheme of a world-empire located here his proposed capital, from which he and his successors were to build up in peace a greater empire in which prosperity and plenty should replace the dynasties which his Macedonian phalanxes had ground into the dust.

In ancient Egypt the land appears to have been held for the king by a kind of leasehold system, terminable only for crime against the state or a failure to pay the taxes, after due warning and official action. The larger estates of course were bestowed on the monarch and his officers, including the hierarchy as represented by temple lands, and the estates connected with their colleges and charitable institutions. The agricultural class, from which the soldiery was drawn and which comprised many special callings, were at the ancient date of this division allotted smaller areas which were handed down from father to son, like the lands held today on long leases in other countries. The houses of the common farmers were very small, gener-

shuttered windows were cool in the torrid summer, and warm in the brief seasons of lower temperature.

The hoe and the rude plough drawn by man-power were adequate for the labors of the peasant who had little more



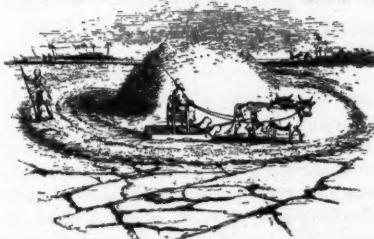
EGYPTIAN SHADOOF AS STILL IN USE,
ALONG THE NILE

to do than to sow his grain on the muddy silt left by the Nile inundation, and to plant his leeks, onions, radishes, melons and lentils in his little garden; to train a few vines or fruit trees, including perhaps some two or three date palms, each of which would furnish him with several hundred pounds of delicious and easily preserved fruit. A considerable variety of excellent roots and leaves grew wild in most sections of the Nile Valley and greatly benefited the common people.

His grain when ripe was cut, or rather "headed" with the sickle and the ears carried in sacks to the little threshing-floor, where it was threshed, and the grain winnowed by pouring it from a sieve and letting the wind blow the chaff away, after which the grain was poured into a granary of a conical shape, and closely sealed at the top, to be drawn off when needed through a small door at the bottom.

The larger and wealthier proprietors had strong and handsome villas, some of them on the borders being veritable fortresses, but nearly always surrounded by orchards, vineyards, avenues of palms, water-tanks fed by canals, and great farmyards, presses for wine and oil, and the quarters of a host of dependents.

Cattle and horses, tamed antelopes and fat sheep, goats, swine, geese and fowls thronged the enclosures and pastures. Great farm wagons and ploughs drawn by



EASTERN THRESHING FLOOR AND MODERN THRESHING SLEDGE DRAWN BY OXEN

ally built of clay walls with rafters of palm branches covered with a solid floor of hardened mud, and surrounded by a low parapet of the same material. In a country in which rain seldom falls, these houses with their thick walls and

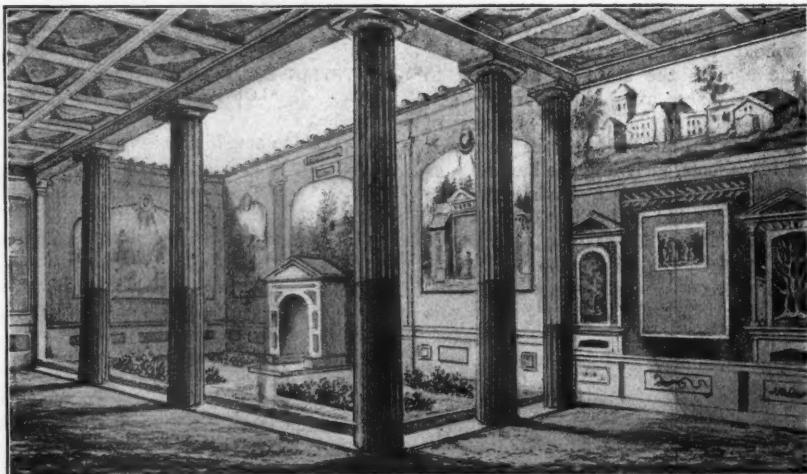
oxen enabled the steward to sow and harvest the immense fields, which he traversed in his elegant chariot, or paced on foot while his charioteer followed behind him.

While a great amount of grain was exported from Egypt, the culture of flax, and its manufacture into all kinds of textile fabrics was a source of great revenue, and nearly every family could, if its members chose, take some share therein, for the distaff and spindle, the oldest and simplest of implements, appear to have furnished the multitudinous looms

and murder were not allowed to go unpunished.

The irrigation systems, which created miles of canals and acres of tanks, seem to have evolved no more ingenious methods of distributing the water provided than the "shadoof," worked by men, and the even more primitive water-carrier with his yoke and buckets. The inventive and engineering genius of Egypt seems to have failed to carry agricultural development beyond a point reached forty centuries ago.

The Carthaginians, like the Phoenicians



COLONNADE AND PORTICO WITH GARDEN OF ROMAN VILLA, FROM THE RUINS OF HERCULANEUM

and dyeing vats of Egypt with all the varied and often exquisitely fine warp and woof, which made the linens of the Nile Valley famous for all time.

The wines of Egypt, although not of the first importance, had a reputation for special flavor and peculiar qualities that made their export of considerable value; and the beer made and consumed by the masses of the people is said to have been of unsurpassed quality.

Slavery existed, but the cruelty and suffering extant in Greece and Italy appear to have been far less prevalent here. The stick was used freely, as it has been in Egypt throughout the ages, but cruelty

from whom they were derived, and the Egyptians, their allies, gave great attention to agriculture, and when Carthage was destroyed, the Roman victors saved from the general destruction, as a prize of extraordinary value, a great work on husbandry, by Mago, the great general, of which only a few fragments have been preserved for posterity.

The Greeks seem to have drawn their agricultural knowledge from the same source, but the soil does not seem to have been favorable to the growth of grain crops, and the constant feuds and wars between the several Grecian states, and with Persia and Macedonia, often laid

waste the countries and made it desirable to live in walled cities, and leave the cultivated lands without settled inhabitants. While some progress was made in the use of fertilizers, drainage, horticulture and floriculture, the growth of the vine, olive and figtree, and the improvement of cattle, and horses, bee-keeping, etc., were the distinctive characteristics of Grecian farming. The literature on this subject was sparse, and certain verses of Hesiod and chapters of Zenophon are about all that is worthy of notice in all the ocean of Grecian letters.

Zenophon in his *Anabasis*, among the incidents of a banquet given by the commanders of the Greek mercenaries of the army of Cyrus to Thenobles of Corylas, ruler of Paphlagonia, thus describes the Carpaean dance, as executed by certain Thessalian spearmen attired in the full armor of their phalanx: "While the pantomimic dance is being performed to the music of the flutes, one of the dancers advances to the front in the character of a husbandman, and laying aside his arms, pretends to sow his field and to drive his oxen, looking around now and then as if in fear. Another soldier, in the character of a robber, approaches him, the farmer runs for his arms and they fight until the robber overcomes and binds the farmer and drives off his cattle. Then the dance is varied, the husbandman is victorious, binds the robber's hands behind him, yokes him with the oxen and drives them homeward together." Banditti and pirates, "land rats and water rats," have been in all ages the pests of Greece, and in ancient times varied the bloodshed and desolation of war with the casual assassinations and blackmail, exacted ransoms and reiving of generations of robbers. Agriculture has never thriven where public or private war left few localities unvisited for a year at a time. Furthermore, the laborers in the more powerful states were so largely helots or slaves that comparatively few independent, intelligent landholders worked on their own farms and gave their energies to the development of agriculture.

The first and most prominent of many Romans who treated of agriculture was that Marcus Portius Cato, whose fierce

eloquence in the Roman Senate thundered against many men and things, but especially against the great African rival of the Seven Hilled City, insomuch that it is recorded that for years he ended every speech in the Forum with a single, fiery, relentless sentence: "Delenda est Cartago" ("Carthage must be destroyed").

Born about the year 234 and dying in 149 B. C., at the age of eighty-three years, the general consensus of succeeding ages has given him great prominence as a patriot and exacting censor of the failings of others but have declared him avaricious, jealous of other great Romans, selfish and mean in the ordinary walks of life, and coldly inhuman in his dealings with his dependents.

In his introduction to his treatise on agriculture he remarks "that agriculture is preferable to mercantile pursuits as being less hazardous; and to letting money at usury as more honorable and less degrading." That while "our ancestors regarded a usurer as more degraded than a robber, they considered it the highest honor that could be paid to a citizen to call him a good farmer, and indeed that the best soldiers and the bravest citizens have ever been taken from the cultivators of the soil. That in no other calling were the profits attended with so little risk or so unlikely to excite jealousy; while nowhere else is there so complete an absence of evil thoughts and dispositions as among the farming population."

Undoubtedly such was the case in the youth and health of the republic when Horatius Cccles, "who held the bridge so well," was rewarded and

They gave him of the corn land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night.

For such was the way in which the city of Rome disposed of her lands acquired by the sword, to the stalwart farmers who felled trees and swept down the thickest ranks of yellow corn as honorably and stoutly as they slew the Sabine champions, or pierced the close-set ranks of the charging Volscians. Even their harvest-home had something of the simple military order and display of well-won trophies of their military triumphs; when

the garlanded oxen drew home the groaning wains laden with the spoils of the summer's bounty; while the reapers and laughing maidens sang in grateful praises



ANCIENT ROMAN WHEEL PLOUGH

of Ceres, or broke into some fierce, triumphant ballad telling of stern debate and dearly bought victory.

Beautiful is Macaulay's closing picture of a winter's night in the cot of a Roman farmer in the days of the young republic:

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit,
When the chestnuts glow in the embers
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the fire-brands close,
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the boys are shaping bows;

When the good man mends his arrows,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the room,
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

It was not until those evil days when the greed and intrigues of the "better class of citizens" had stolen the greater part

of the lands of the Republic and broken the spirit and independence of the plebeian multitude, whose swords and lives had won them, and the slaves who tilled them, that men considered it a disgrace for a Roman citizen to toil as Cincinnatus had wrought, when the conscript fathers took him from the plow to lead the armies of Rome.

Cicero in his old age saw the beginning of this destructive tendency, when the wider conquest of Rome added enormous territorial acquisitions to the prizes of illegal and organized spoliation. But he was rather disposed to teach better ways of farming, and more economical and satisfactory methods of management, than to denounce and attack the beneficiaries of fraud and peculation; a policy not without successful imitators in our day and generation.

His suggestions seem to have been prudent and worthy of adoption. He advised the purchase of a farm of moderate size, about one hundred jugera, say sixty-six and two-thirds English acres, situated, if possible, in a healthy and fertile district, at the foot of a mountain facing toward the south, where there were a good water supply, well-kept roads and if possible, navigable waters. It should not lie in a country likely to change masters, or one which men emigrate from without after regrets; nor should it cost too much, either for its purchase money or the improvements and implements added to its first cost.

He advised that if the farm produce good wine, the vineyard is first in importance; second, the garden; third, the osier-bed for willow-work; fourth, the olive orchard; fifth the meadow or hay land; sixth, the arable land for grain; seventh, the timber growth; eighth, the shrubbery, and ninth the oaks, supplying acorns for the pigs.

The inferior importance of good wheat-raising lands to the vineyards, garden, olive plantation, osier bed and pastures, being placed sixth in the order of importance, is accounted for by some writers on the ground that in case of war the grain fields were first to suffer, and most easily destroyed by the enemy; while wine, oil, garden stuff and cattle are

most easily conveyed to the fortified cities. A most vivid picture of the flight of the outlying families to Rome, when Lars Porsenna of Tusculum invaded Roman territory, is drawn in Macaulay's "Horatius."

For aged folk on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne on litters
High on the necks of slaves
And troops of sunburned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of cornsacks and of household goods
Choked every roaring gate.

Another reason assigned is that Cicero's plan supposed the employment of slave labor, and slave labor for some reason has never been profitable or easily managed in cultivating wheat and other cereals, if we except Indian corn.

Evidently the master was not supposed to reside on the farm, since he is advised at his visits to promptly make inquisition into what has been done since his previous stay; having first, of course, made due sacrifices to the household gods. Having received the report of his bailiff, or overseer, he should compare the work performed with the number of days spent upon it; if bad weather is alleged as a reason for failure, he should find out how many days were unfit for labor, and what indoor tasks have been performed; if it is claimed that the slaves were sick, if their food has been duly reduced in quantity while not at work. The sales of corn, the wine and oil laid up or sold, the purchases of food, and the cash account should be closely investigated. The cattle and live stock should be carefully examined and sales made of all excess of stock; and as the thrifty farmer should always prefer to sell rather than purchase, he should promptly get rid of all useless articles, such as decayed or broken implements, aged oxen, *diseased or superannuated slaves*, etc.

Cato gives directions for choosing land

for the various kinds of culture; providing the necessary appliances for making wine and oil, and also of saving fertilizing material and spreading it over the fields in autumn; but he places the use of manures far lower in importance than ploughing.

Virgil, albeit a poet, born near Mantua about seventy years before the birth of our Saviour, whose coming he is believed by some to have foretold, has left us in his Georgics the most lively and pleasing pictures of the Italian country life and labor of his day that the world has ever seen, and while preserving the force and grace of "the full tide of song," details the most approved methods of choosing and preparing fertile soil for the several crops. He inculcates frequent plowing: "that field at last answers the wishes of the farmer which twice hath felt the sun, twice the cold," in other words, which was opened with the plow three times, viz., in spring, summer and fall, after which cross-plowing and the use of heavy, iron-toothed and lighter osier harrows must have left the soil in splendid condition for seeding. Neither does he omit to advocate the liberal use of manure and wood ashes; the burning of stubble; the aid of irrigation, and even rolling down and feeding short a too-luxuriant, early growth of grain, and the drainage of too wet and sour lands.

He speaks of the steeping of seeds in nitre, black lees of oil and warm water to hasten germination, but says that with all this care "I have seen them degenerate unless human industry, with the hand, culled out the largest seeds every year." For thus all things by destiny hasten to decay, and gliding away insensibly are driven backward; a truth only of late generally appreciated by the farmers of our corn-growing states, after the Federal government has made special effort to inculcate the careful selection and use of only the largest kernels.

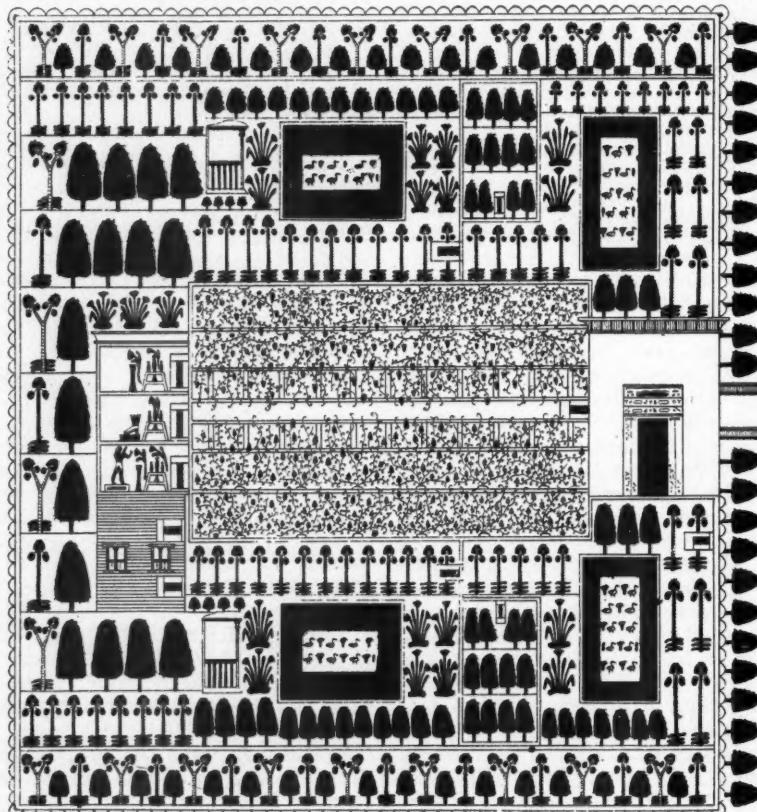
In stormy weather he says: "The plowman sharpens the hard edge of his blunted share; scoops light boats from the trunks of trees; marks his sheep or the numbers on his sacks. Others sharpen stakes and two-horned forks, or make up osier bands to protect the grapevines.

Now let the pliant baskets of bramble-twigs be woven, now parch your grain over the fire, now grind it with the stone."

Varro, born 118 and deceased 28 B. C., was a gallant general under Pompey, and gained a great naval victory over pirates, for which a medal was struck in his honor. His treatise on husbandry,

other nitrogenous crops and other practical matters, still adhered to in modern farming.

Columella, born at Gades, in Spain, died at Tarentum some hundreds of years later, about the time of Nero, and gave a very full account of the great villas and slave plantations of the empire, whose palatial buildings and splendid offices and



EGYPTIAN VILLA WITH SHADE TREES, AVENUES, ORCHARDS, GARDENS AND TANKS, B. C. 2000

written three years before his death, was intended to aid his wife in managing the estate which he had himself carried on for some years. Less discursive than Cato, and less elegant than Virgil, he nevertheless shows a broader comprehension of his subject of the nature and need of fertilizers, the plowing-in of lupines and

grounds were in strong contrast to the narrow quarters and underground dungeons of the slaves that cultivated them. There were still tenants who cultivated their rented holdings on shares, and some small and independent farmer-citizens of the olden type, but Pliny, a little later, emphasizes the small number of such in-

telligent, self-respecting agriculturalists by his tale of a Roman who was getting rich on a small farm, while his neighbors fell behind with many more acres. He was arrested, charged with witchcraft, and in defence produced his stock of implements, his thriving, well-fed and contented servants, his vigorous oxen, etc., and said to the judges: "These, O Quirites, are my weapons of enchantment, but not all, for I cannot show you my careful watchings, my own labors, and my long nights spent in thought and planning better things." It is needless to say that he was acquitted.

He devotes a large part of his work to the management of the slaves, whom he recommends should be managed by a "Villicus," or overseer, taken from the same class. The average first cost of these slaves seems to have been about three hundred dollars. They were allowed for food four pounds of bread a day in winter and three in summer, with three half-pints of weak wine and an allowance of salt fish and oil. This, with such fruits, nuts, salads, etc., as the country affords, is about the usual aliment of the modern Italian laborer, and a large proportion of the street laborers of this nationality have little more to eat today. The yield of wheat on such plantations seldom exceeded twenty bushels to an English acre.

The Romans at this time possessed a large number of vegetables and pot-herbs, including several varieties of garlic, leeks and onions, anise, parsley, asparagus, beets, cabbages, cardoons or artichokes, capers, kidney beans, peas, lentils, endive, lettuce, sorrel, "lovage" (formerly used instead of celery), mustard, carrot sesamum, summer savory and cucumbers, possibly, but not certainly, melons. Thyme, dill, marjoram, balm, chervil, mint, mallow and spinach were also grown, the latter it is said being largely eaten by the Roman soldiers when procurable. There were other salad plants, a large variety of mushrooms, besides sweet acorns, filberts, walnuts, chestnuts, almonds and other nuts and berries.

But the Roman citizen of the time of Columella was no longer the Roman farmer of whom Virgil sang: "Winter comes; the olive berry is pounded in the oil-press; the swine come home

fattened with acorns; the woods yield their nuts; and the autumn lays down its many products; while high on the sunny rocks the mild vintage has ripened. Meanwhile the sweet babes twine round their parents' necks; his chaste family maintain their purity; the cows hang low their udders full of milk, and the fat kids wrestle together with butting horns on the festal green. . . .

"This life of old the ancient Sabines led; this Remus and his brother strictly observed; thus Etruria grew in strength, and thus too did Rome become the glory and beauty of the world; and alone and unaided hath encompassed her seven hills with walls."

Alas! in the days of Nero, the Accursed, the hybrid citizens of Rome were half-paupers and half factionaries, who demanded their daily bread and public entertainments, and varied the monotony of their lives by robbery and assassination, and sporadic conspiracies and revolutions. Fed by the plunder of distant lands, the real strength of the mistress of the world lay in the discipline and valor of the legionary whose boast was that of the warrior Hybrias, preserved by Athenaeus:

My wealth is here, the sword, the spear, the
breast-defending shield
With this I plow, with this I sow, with this I
reap the field,
With this I tread the luscious grape and
drink the blood-red wine,
And slaves around in order wait, and all are
counted mine.
But he that will not rear the lance upon the
battlefield,
Nor sway the sword, nor stand behind the
breast-defending shield,
On lowly knee must worship me with servile
head adored
And peal the cry of honor high, and hail me
mighty lord.

But already, a host of mercenaries, outnumbering by far the genuine Roman contingent, were becoming a source of danger to emperor and consul, and when discharged, carried back to free peoples the skill they had acquired under their conquerors. There in the German and Gothic fastnesses, among a strong and free people, was gathering the war-storm which in due season was to overthrow the Roman Empire, falling of its own

weight, and the cruel and sordid policies of an aristocracy drunken and misled with wealth, power and luxury.

Among the Gauls, too, the genius and fearlessness of the race had been preserved in myriads of homes by the simple life and healthful labors of the agriculturalist. Methods change slowly with such a people, and the traditions and history, the songs and the purposes of a nation find there a Holy of Holies in which the ark of the national covenant, with loyalty and devotion, is kept sacred and unforgotten, while the millions of the cities despise and forget everything but the pursuit of wealth, social and political prominence and pleasure; to be in turn sometimes despised, and nearly always forgotten. The agriculture and productions of southern Gaul were like those of Italy, except that the fig and olive were seldom cultivated even along the Mediterranean coast.

Britain, under the Romans, was largely latinized, except in Wales, where the Cambrian-Briton is still an aboriginal inhabitant. North of the Roman wall the Pict and Scot held the wilderness, or joined the Saxon and Norseman, when they came to harry the Roman and British settlements.

Where the remnants of the British held

their villages unshared by the invader, the lands were largely held in common tenancy here an acre and there an acre, each holder having a practical and exclusive right of tenure until the fertility of the piece was exhausted, and it was abandoned for another allotment.

Grain was the chief crop, although many of the Italian vegetables had been introduced locally. Salads and pot-herbs were less generally used than on the continent, and this is still true of the English of today. But the farmers of the British Isles, then as now, furnished the warlike levies which from time to time helped the dwindling legions to keep back the Scottish mountaineers and the northern corsairs along the coast.

They too were a simple and agricultural people, so far as their northern latitude allowed it, and chieftain and kinglet wrought with sickle and wain when need pressed without any sense or thought of lost or impaired dignity.

Many curious legends and traditions show very clearly, that although slaves taken in war, and ceorls or serfs were known in both Gaul and Britain, the relation between serf and master was much more generous and humane than the cruel and utter control of the Italian slave-owner.

SILVER

IN million drops uncountable,
Adown my nursery pane
It ran; I wept because I could
Not wear the silver rain.

The moon and stars bedecked the skies,
Though baby days had fled;
I wept, because I could not wear
The silver moonbeams shed.

The hand of time caressed my head,
As year sped after year;
I wished that I might weep because
I must its silver wear.

—*Margaret Erskine.*

THE MINOR CHORD



CHAPTER XIII



NATURALLY there was a good deal of gossip current at Smithville concerning my return from college, but it proved fortunate in several ways.

Father continued in poor health, and mother, with her teaching and three babies, left me quite enough to do.

It was in midwinter that baby Tod was taken ill with inflammation of the lungs. I was his nurse, and either mother or I was always at his bedside. With a suffering babe, you cannot locate the ailment or know always what to do. It is a pitiable sight to see a mother wearing herself out and unable to help her suffering child.

How well I remember that illness! How I made holes through the frost on the window pane and watched for the doctor through the long dismal afternoon! What a comfort it was to see his portly form coming around the corner! The crisis was not passed with Tod when Joe began to complain. His illness did not seem to be serious, and father tucked him in bed with the joking remark, "We shall have quite a hospital after all." Suddenly I noticed Joe coughing severely, and he seemed to wilt away gradually like a rose without water in a hot room.

"Send for the doctor, quick!" I cried to father.

Mother was soon there; the little heart was just beating. "He's in a fit," she cried.

The doctor arrived. "Oh, he will pull through all right," he said, as he measured out some powders in a paper and labelled them "One every hour."

How long that night seemed as mother and I watched over two baby cots! Little Joe was now the anxiety. At midnight the dear little limbs writhed in another convulsion. "Go, Minza, and sing grandma's favorite hymn. It may quiet him," mother said.

I sang old "Nettleton":

"Come, Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy praise."

The singing awoke father and seemed to soothe the little sufferer, but his face suddenly became livid.

"My God! my God! his feet are cold. Quick, heat the irons!" cried father.

"Robert, Robert, he's dying—dying!" moaned mother across the cot.

The alarm was given, and kind neighbors soon came in but could do nothing to save him.

Father was kneeling at the bedside, still chafing the little one's feet; mother felt his pulse, but the tiny heart had ceased to beat, and little Joe was dead.

Have you ever felt that first stifling flow of grief for the dead? I thought God was cruel and had punished me for my wickedness at Cornwell.

Toward morning, worn out, I threw myself on my bed and cried out, "Shall I never see little Joe any more? Is he dead? No, it cannot be."

In my restless sleep I dreamed we were playing together at the old limekiln, with the waves washing upon the white stones, little Joe and I. Christ appeared clothed in long white raiment and took us both to heaven. When I awoke—how cruel it seemed!—I could not realize the truth.

"Joe, little Joe!" I cried out wildly in my grief and, in fancy of course, from heaven I seemed to hear the childish answer—

"My sissy's tummin' too."

One never likes to acknowledge family preferences, but little Joe was my favorite. Oh, I loved him so, and now he was taken from me forever. I tried to comfort mother, but her grief was too deep to reach with words. I shivered when they brought that little white coffin and placed it on two chairs in the parlor.

The funeral was held at the house. Dear old Mr. Frazer's words, grave and sympathetic, comforted and soothed; there seemed to be a hope beyond—that little Joe had merely gone out to play, and would soon return.

The day of the funeral was dark and dismal; it had been raining very hard and made the pure white snow a clinging yellow slush. The little coffin was draped with evergreen boughs from the trees in the front garden, under which little Joe used to play. Mother and I,

hidden behind heavy crape veils, sat near it. The little face was just visible and seemed wrapped in peaceful slumber.

"There beamed a smile,
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared not
steal
The signet-ring of heaven."

The house was thronged with friends and neighbors and scores stood outside in the drizzling rain. We sat in breathless silence before the service, alone with our dead!

They sang little Joe's favorite song, "Shall We Gather at the River?" slowly, softly, sweetly, and the only accompaniment was the patter of the rain on the roof, like a fugue of falling tears. A short prayer, a Scripture lesson, and a few words spoken direct to our hearts of the hope of again meeting little Joe, made up the simple service.

Oh, that last kiss of our dead! Into what household has it not entered? It is this last parting caress that breaks the mother's heart, when she thinks of her child in the cold and lonely grave. It is when the lid is last sealed that the mother's heart-fountains burst forth.

Standing about the little grave, we heard the clods of earth fall upon the coffin. Would it awaken little Joe? How I wanted to stop the old sexton!



*"Come, Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy praise"*

"Oh, I can never leave him here!" I cried, and sprang from the carriage as we were turning away.

"Come, Minza, be calm," said father. "Mother needs your comfort. Remember others, Minza," and he carried me back to the closed carriage. "Well, Robert, we have her left," said mother, pressing me tightly to her breast.

For years after I could not visit little Joe's grave. Mother and father used to go every Sunday with flowers, but I never could endure to bring back the memories of that death-scene. I could gaze on the enlarged picture in the parlor, and the sweet baby eyes that looked down upon me—mother's own eyes—but I always thought of that midnight when I could almost see his little soul floating away to heaven and joining the angel choirs.

Time may wear away the pangs, the paroxysms of grief, but today my heart is touched and purified by the tender memories of little Joe.

In later years I was able to bring myself to see that little grave, for when I die I want to lie beside the little form I loved so well.

Life's first real grief!—the Minor Chord was struck!

CHAPTER XIV

That spring the music shop was sold and the money from mother's music lessons was our entire income. Father remained poorly, and now grief and worry began to undermine mother's health. One day Dr. Waddington called and looked over his spectacles, inquiring of father:

"Robert, were you in the Army?"

"Yes, 42d Volunteers."

"Were you ever wounded?"

"Yes, several times—at Vicksburg and Shiloh."

"I thought so. Do you know I think you are suffering from those wounds today?"

"Tut, tut, man, I got over it and am as well and strong as ever."

"Yes, you are," said the Doctor sarcastically. "But you come down to the office and let me make an examination."

That afternoon father went down and the doctor evidently found traces of a rebel bullet.

Dr. Waddington waddled down to our house late in the evening, very much excited. He took off his worn silk hat and wiped his bald head reflectively.

"Mrs. Maxwell, can you put some sense into that man's head?"

"How's that, Doctor?"

"Robert deserves a pension for his army service, and not only that, but back pay as well."

"Yes, but, Doctor, you cannot get a pension without political influence, and you know Robert is not much of a politician," she replied quizzically.

"Well, that may be," continued the Doctor, "but it's worth trying for."

"All right, he'll do it." When mother said so, that settled it.

The application was made.

The formal papers were sent to the young Congressman representing our district. He replied promptly, stating that he remembered meeting father, and should "give the matter immediate and personal attention."

"That's the way he writes to all of them," said mother ironically.

We thought nothing more about it and had little hope, but one morning, when I was helping father with the housework, and mother was busy giving a lesson, a telegram was handed me.

"This must be a mistake, I don't receive telegrams," I said to the boy.

"No, it isn't; I knows my business," he answered saucily.

There it was, addressed: "MINZA MAXWELL."

I tore it open hastily. It was dated "Washington, D. C.," and marked D. H., meaning "Dead Head":

"Your father's pension and back pay granted. Letter follows. Congratulations.

"THOMAS BAYLING, M. C.,
Per Tim, Secy."

"Tim! Could it be Tim Rathbone?" I said excitedly.

"We have a friend at court," said mother smilingly.

We could hardly wait for that letter. Father insisted that there must be an error somewhere, and even mother did not seem to have much confidence in the news.

During the week a large fat envelope

came without any stamps on. Inside were numerous blank forms to fill, and the information stated: "Robert Maxwell, Co. M., 42d Iowa Volunteers, granted a pension of six dollars per month and back pay amounting to \$1,276.60."

I screamed with joy. We were no longer one thousand dollars in debt! That evening we were busy planning what to do with the money.

"It seems so heavenly," I cried and went to the piano and played the gayest waltz I knew. Then I hugged my violin and galloped off a mazurka. As the revelry of music increased, my eyes suddenly fell on that little baby face looking down from the corner.

"O little Joe! what is all this to us now that we have lost you?"

The family council lasted long into the night. Mother wanted to use the money to complete my musical studies and father agreed. At first I wanted to re-invest it in a business, but when I caught mother's poor wan face a suggestion occurred to me.

"Mother, you and father must start next week for England—visit dear old grandpa. It will do you good and break—"

"No, no, dear, we cannot think of it. You must complete your studies," insisted mother.

"Then, Maggie, we must pay our debts—one thousand dollars," interposed father.

"Now, Robert, you must keep still. This money shall not pay a penny of it," said mother firmly.

"But is it honest?—what will people say?" protested father.

"Never mind, let me manage that," and mother managed it.

It was finally settled that mother was to take little Tod with her, and Jimmy was to remain with me, and they were to start the following week to visit the scenes of father's childhood in dear old England.

Of course the village of Smithville talked and gossiped—"Maxwell ought to pay his debts."

We had become nerved to facing contrary winds of public opinion.

Here, again, was the breaking of home ties, and although I was enthusiastic about their going, it was a hard struggle.

The same old midnight train was to take them away. We tried to be cheerful that evening, but our faces reflected serious forebodings. At the last all was bustle and hurry. Again came the parting kiss. Little Tod chattered with delight and was forever in the way, and Jimmy cried, but the 'bus was waiting.

It was May, and the lilacs and snowballs were in bloom, their fragrance filling the air.

The next day the old home seemed desolate. Jimmy kept me busy and was soon off to school. It is always those left at home who most keenly feel the pangs of parting.

How anxiously I watched the newspapers for the arrival of the steamer! It was overdue, and I pictured a shipwreck in mid-ocean. Angela was staying with me, and two merry little housemaids were we until the thought of the steamer being overdue sobered us.

One day Angela came running from the village post-office. "It's there, it's there!" she cried far down the street, and a heavy load was lifted from our hearts. I kissed Jim's jam-covered face over and over again. The steamer had reached Southampton.

They were to be gone three months, and it seemed like an age. In the meantime, Bob's letters arrived frequently. He was a hard-headed, practical, business-like fellow, and always wrote sensibly. A few weeks later, a short note from Tim announced that he would call the following week.

Here was a dilemma!

I told Angela all about it and insisted that she must take one of my lovers off my hands.

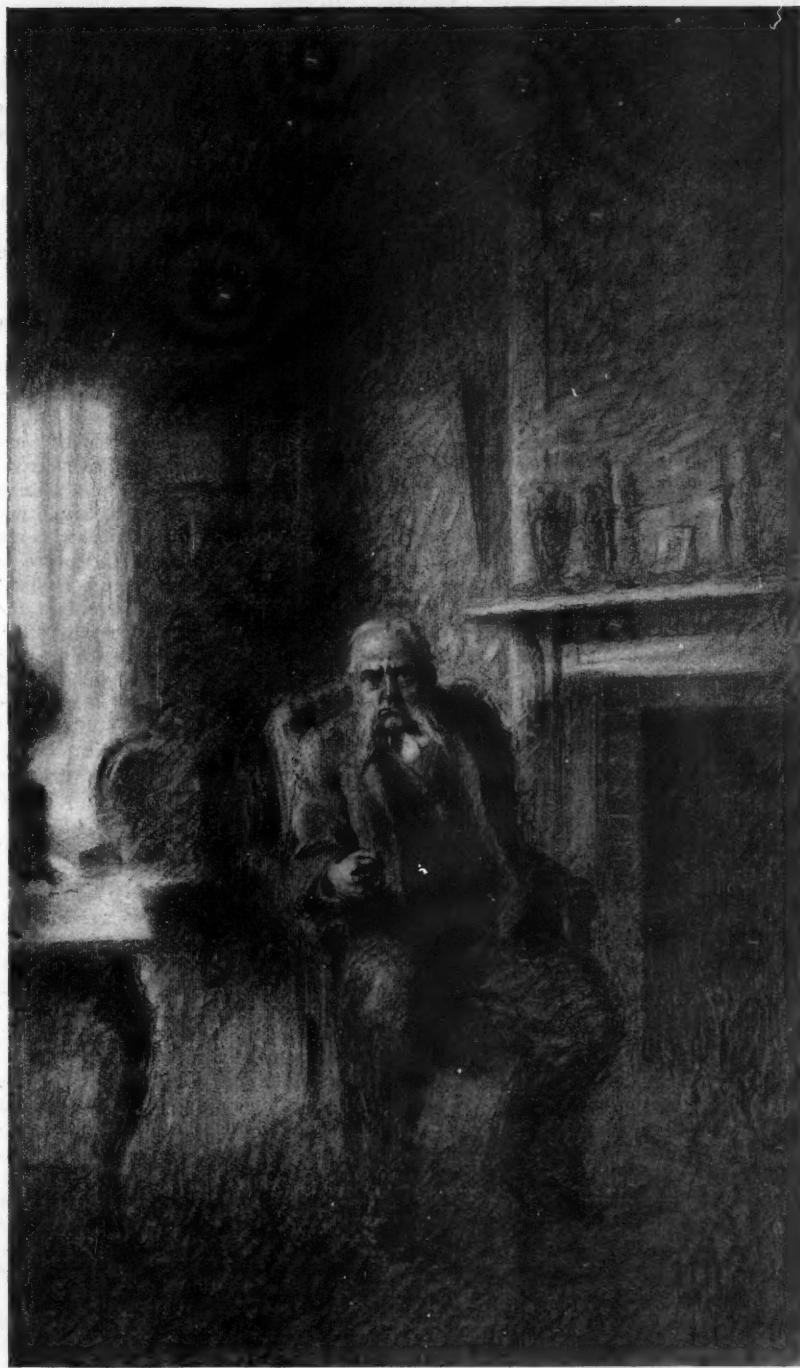
"Which one?" she asked.

"It doesn't matter," I replied desperately. Tim had fresh claims on me now, if we *did* quarrel in our letters, and had, indeed, ceased correspondence until the pension telegram was received.

Then, too, Tim was my first sweetheart, although Robert seemed to be taking matters for granted.

The next week I was reading one of Bob's long letters when there was a knock at the door.

It was Tim.



"That be blowed! Your botheration poor management will 'ave us hall in the work 'ouse"

I felt fluttered for a moment, and before I could answer he kissed me. When I found my tongue, I tried to thank him for his kindly interest on behalf of father's pension.

"Don't mention it, Meg; let's take a walk down to the old limekiln. Yes, bring Jimmy along, if—"

Every spot about the old limekiln seemed to retain its happy memories.

"Minza, you are growing beautiful. Do you still sing?" said Tim, when Jimmy was at a safe distance.

"A little. To put the babies to sleep. Don't I, Jimkins?" I said, appealing to the young rascal; but he was out of hearing.

"I'll be Jimmy, Meg—please!"

"Oh, you're too big now. Besides, Tim, you've—you've got a moustache."

"Yes, you remember, Meg, that was my greatest ambition as a boy. When I had a moustache like Judge Buggins, then—hullo—who's coming?"

Down the path from the house came Fred Burroughes.

"That's Mr. Burroughes, my friend."

"Ah, it's Mr. Burroughes, your *friend*, is it?" said Tim sourly.

I advanced to meet Fred, and when he bent to kiss me I shrank back and looked at Tim.

"Why, Minza, what's the matter, little one?" said Fred.

I could not answer. Those deep blue eyes seemed to express his pain and read my thoughts.

"Well, I'll not bother," said Fred, as he started to go.

"Tim, this is Mr. Burroughes—Mr. Burroughes, Mr. Rathbone," said I, introducing them.

They bowed stiffly, and if I had not been so sorry for Fred, I should have burst out laughing at their awkwardness.

Fred left us. I called after him, but he was out of hearing.

Tim and I were children again.

Fred came to the house later, and with the help of Angela we spent a pleasant afternoon with our music.

Like all young lovers, Tim and I indulged in an occasional quarrel. All persons do who are constantly together. It is human to wear off the rough edges

of temper on one another now and then. As my housework took a great deal of my time, Angela and Tim were thrown together more than I really liked, although I had asked her, as my younger sister, to entertain him.

A few weeks more and father and mother and little Tod would return.

The day before July 4, when the village was preparing for one of the real old-fashioned celebrations of our national birthday, I wandered with Jimmy through the grove to the limekiln.

The lemonade booths covered with boughs and the different amusement tents and shooting galleries were set up and the speakers' platform looked very imposing. Tim was to read the Declaration of Independence and I was to sing "Hail Columbia!" I thought how handsome Tim with his curly hair would look, and I pictured him in the future as a great statesman. The village brass band were holding their last rehearsal in the Town Hall, and the bass solo and "after-parts" were nearly raising the roof. The sky was clear, and the setting sun behind the purple grove was sending up spears of sunshine from the foliage that lined the horizon. It was to be a typical spread-eagle American Fourth of July, and the British lion's tail was to be properly twisted.

I was happy just then and expected Tim shortly. He came, and somehow I felt like teasing—and I teased him all the evening. He tried to be serious and to talk with me alone, but I showed him Bob's photograph and talked of how good Mr. Burroughes had been. He took Angela home and left me in a very bad humor.

CHAPTER XV

The festivities of the following day began with the booming of cannon and the snapping of fire crackers. The parade was imposing, and Angela was charming as "Columbia" in the float with forty-six little girls about her representing each of the states. The exercises passed off smoothly. Tim read splendidly and was applauded to the echo, but we had scarcely spoken to each other all day.

That evening a company of young friends sat with me on the veranda watch-

ing the fireworks; I wondered why Tim did not come. At last the closing piece of the display, a "Good Night" in colored lance work, was fired. Two figures came down the path—Angela and Tim.

"Where have you naughty folks been?" I asked jokingly.

"We've been married," spoke up Tim defiantly.

It was a blow which staggered me. I thought they were joking, and kissed Angela; but another glance at Tim's face told me it was true.

I turned to go into the house. It was a "good-night" to "love's young dream."

"Good-night," I gasped.

"Why, Meg, won't you congratulate me?" pleaded Angela innocently. She had taken my lover.

Tim still looked defiant as they left in the darkness.

My heart was broken. "Alone, alone," seemed the solemn minor echo of the night breezes, as I entered the silent darkness of the home.

"Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?

Naught see I fixed or sure in thee!
I do not know thee—nor what deeds are thine:

Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?

Naught see I permanent or sure in thee!"

When I awoke the next morning I again thought it surely must be a joke that they had played upon me, but it proved to be a reality.

A large number of American marriages originate from motives of spite or lonesomeness rather than from love. We seldom marry our real sweethearts. Love! What is love? Certainly it has never yet been analyzed in words. But when Tim was beyond my reach I thought I loved him, and especially when I fancied he had married Angela out of pique.

That night I was ready to offer myself as a foreign missionary to go among the heathen, or to join the Salvation Army.

A day or so before I expected father and mother to return, Bob arrived.

The same old reliant, conceited and energetic Bob.

He kissed me and said coolly that he had been arranging to start a newspaper in Dakota.

"Will you be my assistant editor?" he said calmly, puffing at his cigar.

"That's scarcely romantic," I insisted.

"No, but it's business. Minza, there's no foolishness about me. I am in dead earnest. You're my only hope in life; will you be my wife? That rhymes. It's not a great distinction, but then—" and his voice died away, as if in thought.

There was nothing impulsive about it, and the memory of Tim's defiant look flashed on me.

"Yes," I said, and he kissed me without further argument.

Of course it was not such a courtship as I had dreamed of, but I thought, as girls have to be married some time, I might as well make a beginning.

I knew Bob loved his mother, was kind, pure and noble in heart, and I gave him my hand.

"You make me so happy, Minza."

Father and mother arrived earlier than I had expected, right in the middle of my preparations to welcome them. What a happy meeting! I hugged mother and little Tod till they fairly gasped, and father looked so ruddy and strong! Mother, bless her heart! was young again. There was the old love sparkle in her eyes, the dimple had come once more into her cheek, and we were very happy that night! Little Tod had grown as tall as Jimmy and was as saucy as a parrot.

Mother sang many of her old songs.

"There, Meggie, is Helen Martin when a lonely young Englishman fell in love with her," father remarked, looking at her fondly.

"Oh, the hallowed glow of a happy heart!
Nor wealth nor fame can banish its lustre."

Such a busy time mother and I had talking! She told me of Paris, of the Crystal Palace, of Covent Garden, and inspired me still further with that great ambition which I could never resist—to be a great *prima donna*.

Her trunk was full of little presents for us all, and a generous supply of guidebooks, photos and souvenirs. The twelve hundred and seventy-six dollars and sixty cents was gone, and we were still one thousand dollars in debt, but let the creditors whistle now; we were happy.

"They shall be paid, but they must cultivate patience," said mother, smiling.

She was soon actively at work organizing new music classes, and having been "abroad," she enjoyed an unrivalled prestige.

"Now my Minza must study to go abroad, too," said mother enthusiastically one day.

"No, mother, I never can leave you."

"But, my child, your voice, when cultivated, will bring you fortune and fame."

"I want neither, now we are happy; besides—besides—I'm—I'm—going to be—married!"

"Minza!" gasped mother. "All our hopes are dashed. O Minza! how could you do it, and not let me know? Cannot it be—"

"Mamma, it is settled," I replied.

Father came in just then, having overheard us. He was thunderstruck.

"My little girl, only seventeen, and talking of being married!"

I was glad they knew it now.

"And to Tim?" continued mother inquiringly.

That question cut me, and I felt myself growing pale.

"No—he has married Angela."

"My dear girl, and you—"

With a mother's quick eye she read it all.

"No, mother, it's to Bob Burnette, the dearest, best fellow on earth. You'll love him, and he'll soon pay that one thousand dollars," I continued, trying to be enthusiastic.

"My daughter," continued mother sternly, "have you sold yourself again for us?"

"Oh, no, you'll like Bob, mother; in fact, you must like him."

But she never did. She looked upon him as a robber.

Bob called soon after and father tried to be cheerful and entertaining as a prospective father-in-law; mother was cold and reserved, but she never remonstrated again with me.

Poor Bob! I saw he felt it and I pitied him the more, and admired his manly ways, for Bob was a splendid type of pure manhood, and that is saying a great deal in these days, when so many young men, "after sowing their wild oats," finish by marrying innocent and ignorant girls.

We were busy with the preparations for the marriage. Bob had established his newspaper in Dakota, and we were to be married in October and go there to live.

It was a hard trial to mother, as it is to all mothers to give up their daughters just when they find so much comfort in their companionship. I could scarcely realize it to be true. A girl about to be married has the great problem of her life and destiny before her.

We were to be married in the dear old church, and the night before I wandered down to the old limekiln. The leaves were falling, the autumn foliage enveloped the old trees I loved so well. It was now a real farewell. I came to them as a girl—tomorrow I stepped into wifehood.

Bob met me at the gate when I returned.

"What, pet! so sad before your wedding day?"

"Yes, you do not know what a girl gives up when she is married, and—"

"Minza," he said, his honest eyes looking deep into mine, "I will not take a captive. I love you—my life is yours—married or not married. We were born for each other."

Oh, why didn't he rage, and fume, and fight, as they do on the stage or in story-books, when they are in love? It was his perfect perfection that I did not admire—but his honest, warm heart was so true!

Our dear old minister, the Rev. Mr. Frazer, came from a distant charge to marry us. The ceremony was short and our clasped hands trembled as a response when the final words were pronounced.

The "Wedding March" was played as we walked out of the church, but it seemed like a funeral dirge.

Alone together, Bob grasped me.

"My own Minza. My wife now!"

The realization burst upon me—a wife!

At the wedding supper everyone seemed sad. Mother's eyes were red, and she could scarcely speak.

Mother and daughter were drifting—drifting apart!

The little old station platform was thronged with friends to see us off; the train was an hour late, which made it rather awkward for me. "Will it never come?" I thought, as a curious crowd pushed forward to "see the bride."

Neither Tim nor Angela was there, though they had stood in the back part of the church during the ceremony.

Sister of childhood and love's own sweetheart! and no farewell from either!

A shower of rice and old shoes made the occupants of the car "sit up and take notice" as we entered.

"Now, we won't act like a bridal couple, will we, Bob?" I whispered.

"No," he said heroically, trying to look as unconcerned as an old married man. But it did not last long. I soon fell asleep in his arms, dreaming of those dear ones at home.

In a short time I learned to say "My husband," but "Bob" always sounded better.

CHAPTER XVI

In ordinary romances the marriage of the pair is the climax, and "they lived happily ever after." In my life, marriage was where real life began.

We arrived at Fargo, Dakota, during a light snowfall, with the wind whistling dismal interludes about the car. The landscape was dreary, and made me feel homesick, but Bob's cheeriness was irresistible.

We traveled up the broad Red River Valley, dotted with shanties on each quarter section of land, and stacks of grain which looked like Esquimaux snow-houses. We stopped at many straggling and deserted little stations, with elevators and grain warehouses clustered about hungry-looking lumber and coal yards. We arrived at Boomtown at last. There were three or four handsome brick buildings and a large hotel in the village. Bob's office sign, "The Weekly Times," blazed out in bright gold letters from a neat looking little wooden shanty. We drove there first. It was not an inspiring sight. A yellow-haired Swedish boy with an ink-smeared face sat perched on a stool, "throwing in" type. The old Washington hand-press, with its ponderous lever, stood in one corner, with the gravestone ink-slab at the side. All the walls were frescoed with inky finger-daubs, and decorated with faded circus and show lithographs and "dates."

There was a frightful odor of benzine about the room, and the old job presses

looked as if they were hungry for a form to squeeze.

The residents of Boomtown were an unusually intelligent and bright class of people and gave us a very cordial welcome. The burden of conversation, day and night, was "Boomtown's great future —when the new railroad arrived."

Bob showed me the flaming maps indicating Boomtown as quite the center of the universe, and we had a glorious future painted for us in our fancy.

The wild blizzards, raging that winter for days at a time, made our life rather dreary and lonesome; but I soon became quite an accomplished editor's wife, addressing the wrappers and papers on publication days, mixing the paste, and picking up the local current gossip, as follows:

"Mrs. Mayor Snoddus drove out yesterday with Mrs. Biff."

"Mrs. Jones went to Babtown in the afternoon, and was accompanied by Hon. Fillipers Jones."

"Miss Sally Snippins has a bad whitlow on her left hand."

"Mr. Joe Waterlog has been under the weather a few days this week."

Do you laugh at this as silly? It is much the same news as London papers give concerning royalty. In America, merit is worshipped as an aristocracy; the people are the royalty, and each little country paper has its court of patrons to look after.

The best crop raised in Dakota is not wheat, but politics. The long winter evenings spent by the men hugging red-hot stoves are certain to breed mischief. The lone settler on the dreary plains!—God help his poor wife! No wonder the insane asylums are filled with "only a farmer's wife." The tedious monotony of their existence must be crazing, and this isolation accounts for much of the discontent among American farmers. In Europe they cluster in villages, and man being naturally a social being, the convivial greeting alleviates the monotony of his existence and makes him more contented than his American cousin.

In the early days of its first settlement, Boomtown had been located at the county seat of Halkins County. Since then a

second large railroad corporation had extended a branch of their line into the southern part of the county, and located there a terminal town site, which was owned by officials of the railroad. These branch corporations and wrecking schemes, with their inflated water stock bubbles, account for many of the large fortunes gathered so quickly by American railroad magnates.

The new town of Courtville was named after one of the magnates, and it aspired to take the county seat away from Boomtown. A flaw was discovered in the first proceedings in establishing the county seat, and a fight was made in the legislature at Bismarck to get a special law passed to re-submit the matter to a vote of the people. The plot was that in extending its line the railroad corporation could import enough sovereign American voters—that is, ignorant Italians and others, temporary railroad laborers—to carry the election and secure the county seat.

Boomtown was aroused, and as Bob was looked upon as a leader in public matters, we were to go to Bismarck to try and check the infamous legislation. After we arrived, Bob made a careful poll of the members of the legislature, in order to learn who were for and who were against the scheme. He found the railroad represented by a powerful and wealthy lobby party, and struggled along; while I tried to assist by influencing the legislators at the Governor's receptions. But ladies are not the power in American affairs of state that they were in the days of the Bourbons in France.

Champagne suppers were given by the lobby party, and each side competed for every doubtful vote. The critical time was drawing near. Bob polled his votes every day, and at this time there were two majority on our side against the bill. On the day for the final voting, I went to the State House, through a blinding blizzard and sat in the galleries, almost the only lady present.

"If we can keep our men in line, we are all right," said Bob excitedly.

The "ayes" and "nays" were called. There was breathless silence. I was about to leave—satisfied that Boomtown was victorious—when I saw two of our men

slip quietly out at a side door. I rushed down into the corridor, and in the dark corners, saw the portly lobbyist, Colonel Malsey, who represented the railroad, hand both of the men a roll suspiciously like bank-notes. They quietly slipped back to their seats, but the lobbyist never appeared in the hall. The names of these two were reached near the end of the roll-call.

"Yea," responded one.

"Yea," echoed the other.

Boomtown was defeated by its own neighbors—representatives from an adjoining county.

The Boomtown men cried "Bribery!" An investigation was ordered, and Colonel Malsey was implicated, but he proved an *alibi* by seven reputable witnesses that he had not been near the State House on the day the vote was taken.

I knew he lied, but what was a woman's word against seven "reputable" witnesses? I never told Bob about seeing Colonel Malsey, and was very happy when we left Bismarck that night.

The election occurred the following autumn. Bob traveled miles and miles over the prairie country behind broncho ponies, visiting each farmer and voter personally, and, sometimes, I am afraid, like the opposing side, gave them a taste from his bottle of "cold tea." I remained in the office meantime editing the paper and facing irate readers whom Bob had "blistered" in the previous issue. It was an exciting time. The outlook was bright for Boomtown winning, as it was more centrally situated in the county than Courtville.

Election day arrived, and never can I forget how pale and wan Bob looked as the fatal day approached. He owned an interest in Boomtown town site, and it was a battle for his home and all that he possessed. He mortgaged the printing office to raise money for the campaign. The organization was thought to be perfect, as Boomtown men were stationed at every polling precinct on the day of election to watch the enemy and our interests.

The returns came in slowly that night, but we felt that victory was certain to be ours. It was at Courtville itself, with its



"Oh, you're too big now. Besides, Tim, you're—you've got a mustache."

alien railroad voters, that the foe was most feared; but they had been checked by the Boomtown challengers. Everyone was gleeful, and Bob was cheered as he delivered an address from the front of his office on a farmer's wagon. Bonfires were lighted in the streets, and it was altogether a night of rejoicing, as the result had been received from every precinct except the Waney district in the extreme north part of the county, which was, of course, supposed to have given an almost solid vote for Boomtown.

In the midst of the rejoicing a courier arrived from the Waney district.

"One hundred and four against us—sold by the sneaks!"

This, if true, turned the scale. The news soon flashed over the village. The alien railroad voters had been quietly sent armed in squads to that precinct—a flank movement—and the Boomtown challengers had been bribed.

"Contest it!" "Hang the traitors!" were the cries on the street.

Well, it was contested. Injunctions and mandamus were issued. There was talk of armed resistance with guns against removal, but it ended in Courtville securing the county seat; and the handsome seventeen-thousand-dollar court house remains today a rendezvous for Boomtown bats and swallows. The town is now almost deserted, with its handsome brick buildings and large hotel, a fit theme for a new Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

It was a paralyzing blow to poor Bob. "There is one consolation, Minza."

"And what's that, dear?"

"I sent your father the one thousand dollars first. He's out of debt."

"O Bob! dear fellow, you've ruined yourself for them!"

"No, no, a young man is never ruined by reverses while he has health."

He allowed the dear old office that I had grown to love to go to sale under the hammer on a foreclosed mortgage, and we sought new fields to conquer.

The wind howled dismally the night we left. It was in December, and our friends at Boomtown—for misfortune reveals your true friends—bid us Godspeed. We started for a new "city" on Lake Superior that was booming.

Now Bob found in me a helpmate—if ever there was one; but where husband and wife mingle in the same business or trade there is bound to be a clash at times. I must confess it, I promised to "obey" him; but there were times when I thought he could obey me with better grace. After a little quiet cry the domestic sky would clear.

"It's just such snivelling as this that drives men to the bad and makes them seek other companionship and drink," said Bob.

This was his standard argument.

After all, I look back on my first year of married life in Dakota as happy, although it was fraught with rugged experience.

CHAPTER XVII

As we link together the memories of our life the impressive events seem to fit into connected grooves. Incident follows incident, without reference to the lapse of time.

It was with some misgiving that Robert and I took up our abode at another "growing town." The "boom era" in America is spasmodic, and travels in waves. It is a result of the speculative fever that has always been characteristic of American business methods. The evolution of a western American town is an interesting study. First, the town plot and the corner lot speculation, before the least indication of a building is visible; then some great factory, railroad shops, or industrial interests center there, about which a large city is to "grow." The building operations start on a given day, rough board shanties springing up like magic over night. Then comes the struggle to determine the "business portion" of the new town. Rival districts put up large buildings to "draw it." Next follow the churches, and even these sacred structures are placed with an idea of "selling lots" by the real estate dealer. Municipal organization, streets, sidewalks, sewers, water supply and paving are the succeeding problems in the evolution. Later the wooden shanties give way to brick "blocks," and a spirit of "bigger and bigger" rivalry begins, until the town becomes a "city," and boasts of parks

and a "fine opera house," palatial school houses and court houses, a Board of Trade and "boodle" aldermen.

Town politics naturally fall into the hands of the rougher element, who, through "public contracts" and winked-at privileges, strengthen themselves into a ring, and a mimic Tammany Hall is originated in every growing American town which holds the balance of power between the principal political parties.

At Dunbar, our new home, Bob secured a situation as city editor on a daily newspaper. In a sharp and bitter local political struggle politicians belonging to the same party fell out, and one faction desired to start a newspaper as their "organ," with Bob as editor. They made up a liberal subscription as a bonus, and in a short time the new paper was launched.

"Well, Minza, I have a daily newspaper now," said Bob one day.

This was the first intimation I had received of Bob's ambitions in that direction.

"Aren't you afraid it won't pay, Bob?"

"Pay! I have everything to gain, and can't lose much," he replied.

I assisted every day at the office, Bob filling the position of editor, business manager, compositor, foreman, reporter and proofreader on the struggling new paper. It was a tremendous strain on him; he was hardly civil to me, so absorbed was he in his business. I became more an *employe* than a wife. The change in him had come on gradually since our reverses in Dakota.

Dunbar, besides being a growing and prosperous manufacturing center, was also a famous resort for tourists. The trout fishing and hunting in "forests primeval" were great attractions. Among the tourists who visited the large hotel, "Minne-haha," every summer was a Henry Orglive, a prominent theatrical manager. Bob had received a large order from him for printing, and had urged him to visit our home.

"Minza, do be more sociable with my friends. It's business, you know. Brush up your music and sing him a song."

Mr. Orglive took tea with us the following week. He was a tall handsome man with a heavy moustache. After tea I played and sang. He accompanied me in

my violin selections, and we were naturally drawn together by a common taste for good music. I was hungry for appreciation of the art in which I had been nursed from earliest childhood.

Bob sat in a corner and slept, because his musical taste had not improved since our marriage, although I had done my best to educate him.

We continued to play until late, and in parting Mr. Orglive gave me a look that every woman understands, and a smile that expressed more.

"I have enjoyed the evening very much, Mr. Burnette, and shall want to come again. Mrs. Burnette is a charming musician," said Mr. Orglive to Bob as he was leaving.

"Glad to hear it—glad to hear it," said Bob rather sleepily as he showed him to the door.

When Bob returned to the room he glowered upon me with the ferocity of a wild beast.

"You thought I was asleep, but I wasn't."

"What is it, Robert?" I asked innocently.

"Oh, you know; you needn't look so simple," he retorted.

This roused my temper. I slammed the piano cover down with a bang and turned out the gas.

That made him worse, and here was The little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The incidents of this night and Bob's anger created in me an admiration for Mr. Orglive which otherwise might never have existed.

But Bob would not permit him to come to our house again and guarded me like a keeper.

A new resort hotel was opened a fortnight later with a grand ball, and Bob coolly ordered me to go.

"It's a matter of business, so be careful how you act."

Poor fellow, I thought his mind must be giving way under the strain of business anxieties. I had a good cry while dressing.

"That's right! snivel away!" he taunted. My silence irritated him. We drove to the ball, and as I came out of the dressing-room I met Mr. Orglive.

"So charmed to see you, Mrs. Burnette. I've rather taken charge of affairs tonight, seeing that I am a stockholder in this new hotel, and you're to sing for us."

"But I've no music," I replied.

"I have," he said quickly. "I bought those pieces you sang for me the other evening. I never can forget—"

Just then Bob came up, and his face was fairly livid.

I tried to excuse myself.

"Don't you sing tonight or you will regret it," whispered Bob hoarsely.

This aroused all the tiger in me.

"I will," I replied defiantly.

I was afraid our actions had been observed and would make a scene, so I hurried away from him.

My songs were announced after the first lancers, and I did not dance, so as to save my breath. Mr. Orglive presided at the piano and his introductory chords indicated a masterly player. The whole past seemed to come back, and passionately and defiantly I sang the songs he handed me. I had not sung before a Dunbar audience previous to this, and it created something of a sensation.

"Is that Mrs. Burnette?" "Really now, what a beautiful singer!" were the whispered remarks I overheard as I took my seat.

Congratulations were pouring in when Mr. Orglive gave me his arm and escorted me from the concert hall.

In the corner of the cloak room I saw Bob, crouching like a tiger, with his face expressing the direst jealousy. Of course everyone must have noticed him, and I felt quite disgraced.

"Will you take me home?" I whispered.

"No," he hissed back.

Mr. Orglive at the door must have overheard us.

"May I have this waltz?" said Mr. Orglive, advancing as the music was resumed.

I hesitated. I had not danced since our marriage, and with a desperate shrug I answered "Yes."

That waltz I never can forget. How kind—how gentle he was to me! How his courtesy shamed my husband's rudeness, as we glided in the fascination of a dream. I went back to Bob, who still sat sulking by himself.

"Take me home, Robert," I said.

He got up lazily, as if bored, and went to the cloakroom, and as I was in the corridor waiting for him, Mr. Orglive came out of the dancing room, wiping the perspiration from his brow, after a vigorous polka with Mrs. Goundy, who was very stout.

"I must see you again," he said in a low tone of voice.

Bob heard it as he came out of the cloak-room, and the two men glared at each other a minute and parted stiffly. How miserable I was after it all! Scarcely a word was spoken between us. I took off my ball dress and sat by the open grate praying—praying to God. A miserable, unhappy, girl wife!

Matters did not mend, and it seemed as if the rift was widening and we were drifting farther and farther apart. Bob would stay out late at night and I feared further trouble, he was so completely unlike his old self.

One evening he came home to dinner in a rather more cheerful frame of mind than usual. I was surprised. But it was a leer ing, sarcastic laugh he gave as he said:

"Now you'll love me again as a wife should," and he threw down a large yellow envelope. "Read it," he continued.

I did so mechanically. It was a letter from a New York firm of lawyers. One sentence was enough.

"Your claim to the two hundred thousand dollars from the Ferguson estate in Scotland is established."

I read no more.

"You're to be congratulated," I said rather languidly.

"So that's the way my years of trouble and work are received? Damn a woman, anyhow! I'll go back to balloons."

This was a straw that broke my temper again.

"Keep your money!—I don't want it; I'm going home."

This seemed to sober him.

"Minza, don't go mad," he cried, coaxingly, coming toward me.

"I have decided," I said firmly.

"But think of the scandal!" he implored.

"Better that than live in torture."

It looked for a time as if there might be a reconciliation, but the flood-tide was past.

"Well, Minza, I am now an aeronaut, and I'll soar—soar—then you'll want to see me, I guess," he growled as he left the room.

This last remark flashed the truth on me. Had Bob gone mad? It was a terrible thought, and I did not dare to breathe a word of my suspicions, as the gossips would say I wanted to deprive him of his fortune. Ordinarily he seemed rational enough; but now all this talk of balloons had an ominous significance.

It was announced in the paper the next day that I was to visit my home in Iowa. Bob sold the newspaper soon after, and was pressed on all sides with advice as to how to invest his money. How many moth-like friends the glare of wealth will bring! They found his weakness—balloons!

He did not seem to realize my determination that it should be a final separation. I had no power or influence with him. He sent money to the Smithville Bank to my credit and gave me a purse when we parted. It was like kissing a dead person when I bid him "good-bye." I tried to confide my fears as to Bob's mind to friends, but they were all suspicious, and thought I wanted Bob's money.

I felt little regret at leaving Dunbar. The beautiful bay, which was an arm of Lake Superior, was placid and serene, the large pine, spruce and hemlock trees making a rich purple horizon fringe on the opposite shore. The little group of islands glistened like emeralds from the cliff as the city faded from view. Even the scattered stumps and red mucky clay seemed to add artistic beauty to the scene. Then we passed into the burned district whose dismal landscape of burnt pine-stumps and log clearings indicated the fury of forest fires where many a poor settler had lost his life.

And then the factory whistles sounded in chorus that echoed among the hills a long, doleful minor chord.

Of course people would talk, but let them talk! My whole life had been public talk. One restless night on the Pullman sleeping car I dreamed of Bob and his balloons, and when I awoke I was at Smithville.

CHAPTER XVIII

While I did not feel that our separation was permanent, I knew that all our happiness as man and wife was at an end. I felt it my duty to cling to him, and had it not been for the money that unsettled his reason it would have been an easier task.

What a return home it was! I felt something of a prodigal. The letters from home had been rather irregular and had been growing more formal; but when I saw the dear old house with green blinds nestling amid the trees and flowers, I felt that one thing had been accomplished—we were not one thousand dollars in debt—and this brought back a tender memory of Bob's generosity. Was I really an ungrateful creature?

I expected to find poverty and sadness in the old home, but there was peace, plenty and happiness. It seemed as if I was quite unnecessary.

"Minza, Minza, my child!" cried mother as she rushed out.

Father came in from the garden. Jimmy gave me a real young brother's hug and Tod waved his Fourth of July flag in exultation.

Yes, they were glad to see me, and how my hungry, love-famished heart leaped for joy! There is always a feeling of refuge in home—where the envies and jealousies of life cannot intrude.

At mother's knee I sat as I did when a child and told her all between my sobs.

"My dear, dear Minza! why didn't you write to me?"

"I couldn't, mother; my secret sorrows seemed as sacred to me as my prayers."

"Well, dear, you are home now; let's forget it. You know I trembled for my daughter even when we heard of your prosperity. You decided too hastily, and I always thought if we had not gone to Europe I should have saved you the hasty and fatal step."

"But, mother, Bob was good as long as—" I broke down again.

"Yes, perhaps the poor fellow overtaxed his brain, and it may come out all right yet. Let us have some tea and music."

Her cheerfulness was infectious, and we were soon singing the old duets.

As I received letters regularly with

money from Bob, there was little talk in the village, but when my stay lengthened out into months and months, and he never came to visit me, a ripple of curiosity ran through the neighborhood.

In the autumn I received the following note from Bob, dated at Shelbyville:

"Dear Minza,—Mother died Friday and was buried this morning; there is nothing for me to live for now. I am going to Europe next week to climb the Alps in my new balloon, which I have named after you. We have organized a scientific expedition. I may meet you in heaven. Good-bye. "BOB."

Yes, there was no doubt of it now. He was crazy. I decided to go to Shelbyville that night. I thought my duty as a wife demanded it and determined to go with him.

As I was about to step on to the train a telegram was handed me from New York:

"I sail tomorrow; you cannot go. Your heart is too heavy for the balloon.
"BOB."

With all the cunning of a madman he seemed to have divined my purpose. I tried to stop him with a telegram to the authorities in New York; but even they, after an examination, permitted him to sail, and evidently thought me a scheming wife, anxious only for his money. The letter I received later stated:

"Dear Madam,—I take pleasure in stating that Robert Burnette is of sound mind, and no more insane than any of our eminent scientists and investigators, and that the trip will not only add valuable truths to scientific lore, but improve his health as well.

"J. M. BARTLETT, M.D."

I watched eagerly for the safe arrival of the steamer. Later I received long, interesting and endearing letters from Bob, but the balloon always came first. He was generous in his allowances of money, but the old jealousy peeped out at times, as when he wrote:

"But I shall not send you too much money at one time, as you might run away in another man's balloon."

Some months had elapsed when I re-

ceived a letter from him announcing a great aerial voyage he was to undertake that day in his new airship. His fortune must have dwindled under the enormous expense of his aerial expeditions, but he was always hopeful.

"When I visit Mars and return, we'll go there to live, Minza. The new ship is a beauty."

He was to make his great ascent on my birthday. How eagerly I watched the cablegrams in the papers! The event attracted world-wide attention as a noble self-sacrifice for science. The balloon ascended with my husband.

"The great airship 'Minza' faded away into the merest speck and seemed to sink into the blue sea of the skies," read the graphic account. This was the last I heard of poor Bob. Whether I was now a widow or a wife, I knew not.

Of course I naturally supposed that his will was made, and that there would be no trouble about the property if there was any left, but I was mistaken. Bob had disappeared in a foreign country, and as the authorities had no positive evidence of his death, they refused to probate a wife's claim to his money. Even the life insurance companies refused to pay the indemnity. There was indeed no proof of death. If I was indeed still a wife I had in verity "a husband in the air"!

CHAPTER XIX

Once again the problem of earning a living confronted me. I could not allow mother or father to support me. Mother again appealed to my old ambition.

"Take your money and study for the stage, Minza. You are growing beautiful, my dear, and your early training will not come amiss," said mother. And after another of those old-time family consultations mother's advice prevailed as usual.

In another week I was to leave for Boston and resume my musical studies. My life's mission then began in earnest, although every day I expected some tidings from Bob.

The day before I was to start I felt dizzy and my system gave way. Dr. Waddington was called. Mother soon had me in bed. The old doctor felt my cheek, took my temperature and counted my pulse.

"Hum, hum—typhoid fever," he said, in as matter-of-fact a way as if it had been the mumps.

That night I was raving and delirious. Mother told me it was all about Bob and the balloons.

"Poor little Minza—a wife or widow?" was the last thing I remember mother saying. They thought I was going to die, but I didn't.

Naturally my illness interfered with my plans for the future, but as soon as I was able to sit up I began to map out my campaign. Getting well was a tedious business, but somehow time wheels around the days and months just as regularly one season as another. The fear of losing my voice proved groundless—in fact, it seemed to strengthen and improve; but my red hair all came out and left me quite bald.

It began to grow gently again, and I left for Boston with a soft amber down covering my head, over which I wore a generous and flowing blonde wig.

As I was entering the train I saw a familiar form stooping under the weight of heavy valises. It was Fred Burroughes. He did not recognize me but I spoke to him and he looked up in surprise.

"What, Minza!—and where are you going?"

We got on to the train together and I told him my story.

Of course this incident gave Smithville gossips something more to talk about, and mother was enlightened with the information that I had eloped with Fred Burroughes.

Poor fellow! He was my first benefactor.

His mother had died recently, and he, too, had been ill for nearly a year past, as his pale face indicated.

We were in the middle of an interesting conversation when he arose abruptly.

"I must get off here, Minza," he said with a sad look in his eyes. "Oh, if I could only help you—"

"Hush, Fred Burroughes, it is I who should help you now. Write to me, will you?" I said cheerily.

"Minza, I'm married. This is my home, and—"

"All aboard!" shouted the burly conductor, and the rest of Fred's words were lost in the roar of the train.

Thus friends drift apart in absence, and new associations uproot old acquaintance. Poor Fred! was his married life as unhappy as mine had been?

Back in Boston again! All seemed familiar to me now, and with my old teacher, Professor Windemere, I plunged into my musical studies. He remembered every weakness and peculiarity of my early singing and gave them special attention. When I announced my determination to study opera, he shook his head dolefully.

"Your voice is too weak—not full enough for these great opera houses; and then you'll have to learn to act. No, Minza, I don't want you to chase a false hope. Study to be a teacher and rest content."

"My mother said I was to be an opera prima donna, and I am going to aim for that," I replied decidedly.

"All right, my dear, but remember the warning I gave you."

My means were limited and to secure additional instruction in stage work I accepted a position in the mantle department of a large draper's, serving as a model to try on the garments for lady customers. It brought me a steady income, and I continued there for some time; but at the end of the year I found my funds almost entirely exhausted, except for the little savings sent me by mother and the small salary from the shop.

I made application to sing the solo parts in "The Creation" at the coming May Festival. It was audacious in me, but the conductor, having had the usual row with prima donnas, accepted me as a revenge on the recalcitrant primas.

An unknown soloist! The public were on the *qui vive*. I rehearsed hours and hours with the conductor, and he finally expressed himself rather reluctantly as "pleased" with his newly discovered soprano.

The day of the festival arrived. The choruses of Haydn never seemed so heaven-inspired before. My voice acted rather poorly at first, but when I came to the cooing-dove passage, I tried to "coo" and throw my soul into that dove, which I could almost feel hovering near me.

The effect was electrical. The people broke out in one solid cheer. The simple and truthful shading of the passage had

touched the responsive chord in that great audience.

The entire oratorio was given with splendid expression, and the conductor was showered with congratulations. He pushed his way through the singers to where I was surrounded by admiring acquaintances. His shining bald head seemed to reflect the beaming smile on his face.

"Your fame is made, madame. Don't hesitate to begin on your *repertoire* at once. You have my everlasting gratitude; you have saved me a humiliation."

The newspapers were very elaborate in their praise. The reporters called on me in profusion and were quite surprised to realize that I thoroughly understood the workings of the editorial machines in grinding out "matter." They were my best friends, and I took pains to help them to "good stories." The old newspaper experience came back to me and the pleasant hours I spent in receiving those handsome, keen, bright-eyed reporters I shall never forget.

Those who succeed in a public career seldom realize how much they owe to these irrepressible newspaper men.

In a few weeks I was known far and wide throughout America and properly christened with a stage name. Even the querulous criticism of the older critics, who never liked to agree with the younger ones, had its beneficial effect in making "Madame Helvina" known to the musical world.

After this I began to develop a capacity for business. The oratorio engagement brought me numerous offers for concerts, although the income did not amount to much.

It was a newspaper man who solved the question of my future career—Mr. Howard Wittaker.

"You ought to go abroad at once, Madame Helvina."

"Yes?" I replied questioningly.

"Well, I've an idea. Old James Bluffing-game was captivated by your singing. I will negotiate a loan."

"You're very kind, but be very careful—"

"But will you tell me the real story of your life?" he entreated.

"No, that's a secret; the past is dead to me. Please don't ask me."

"Anything that you desire, madame—I am at your service," he said, as he gallantly bowed himself out at the door.

An American newspaper man has a faculty of accomplishing results. I received a note a few days later:

"Enclosed find cheque, two thousand dollars, sent by order Mr. James Bluffing-game, who desires in return your personal note and photograph. Make the note due at the time most convenient to yourself.

"J. SMITH & SONS, Bankers."

This was Howard's work.

I was unable to spare the money to visit my mother and the little Iowa home before I went abroad, and besides mother wrote insisting: "Start at once. You are growing old." What! I growing old and only twenty! Yes, there were a few gray hairs. Anything but red hair! thought I.

The day of sailing soon arrived. The pier was crowded with people to see off friends and relatives. Flowers and bouquets were showered upon the parting passengers in profusion. The first bell sounded and the "Good-byes" began to flow with the tears. Mothers parting from sons, sweethearts from lovers, brothers from sisters, husbands from wives! Ah, how lonely these partings made me! There were none there to bid me "good-bye." I stood alone looking over the rail as the cheers began and the hats and handkerchiefs waved from the pier. There were many red eyes among the passengers. The sobbing began with a crescendo and concluded with a staccato. The brass band struck up a lively air, as if to drown the grief as the great boat backed out from the pier and steamed majestically through the forest of masts down New York harbor.

The last sound I heard from my native shore was the dismal echo of the bell-buoy as swaying to and fro on the billows of the restless sea, its ponderous fog bell struck a Minor Chord.

(To be continued)

NANNIE and the HOMELESS MAN

by Katherine Kingsley Crosby



Thus scribbled Nancy Blair in her little battered notebook as the trolley car jerked its lessening load of passengers onward, presumably homeward. She hesitated over that last phrase, then set out to verify it.

NUMBER 7. Man, about thirty; smooth shaven; low forehead; thick features; clothes worn to a fit—ready-made, I guess; coat collar needs brushing, too; is writing in a notebook like mine; has a homeless look."

Thus scribbled Nancy Blair in her little battered notebook as the trolley car jerked its lessening load of passengers onward, presumably homeward. She hesitated over that last phrase, then set out to verify it. Number 6 was a prosperous young Irishman, with "happy family" writ large upon his ruddy cheek. Number 5 was laden with paper packages of a plainly domestic nature. Number 4 was a young typewriter girl flirting with Number 3, who seemed to like it. Number 2 was elderly and pious looking—a mansion in heaven at any rate. Number 1—just getting out—was middle-aged and badly henpecked around the edges. Each had the appearance of belonging somewhere—to somebody.

But Number 7 was different. He looked detached, impersonal; his glance was judicial rather than sympathetic; Nannie was sure he had never looked at life through a woman's eyes. She felt absurdly sorry for him.

Harley—alias Number 7—closed his book with a snap. Number 6 finished the opposite side of the car—the little girl with the thin throat and coarse lace collar. His usual practice was to change sides and so get a double inventory—such being the thoroughness of a man's method. But just then the car gave a lurch as though minded to hurl itself bodily from the track, after which it stopped more abruptly than trolley etiquette allows.

The carefully catalogued passengers on both sides of the car were strewed in rather a messy fashion up and down the aisle.

Their postures suggested a return to ancestral methods of locomotion—that is to say, they were on all fours. When the car was discovered to be calm and stable once more they returned to their seats and tried to look as if nothing undignified could possibly have happened to them. The car stayed where it was, as though satisfied at last. I don't know what the matter was, as my two friends did not inquire.

As several of her fellow-travelers had changed sides in the mix-up so that she had new material, Nannie opened her book to make fresh entries. What was that? Number 6 a little shop-girl with a thin throat and—why no, number 6 was an Irishman—but of course that wasn't her writing. How stupid of her! They had gotten their notebooks mixed in the melee. Then—he might read what she had written about him! Looking up in consternation she met the twinkling eyes of Harley—the Homeless Man—fixed upon her. He came over promptly and sat down beside her, lifting his hat as he did so, to excuse the liberty. Her book was in his hand.

"I want to get your point of view in this matter," he explained; "we had opposite sides of the car."

"B-but they're all shuffled now," stammered Nannie; "the pious man is on this side, and—"

"And the homeless one, too, eh? Never mind—several of the lucky home-seekers are left!"

While he was checking off her entries Nannie sought to hide her embarrassment by seeing what he had written about her. A slow red crept into her face as she recognized herself in "Number 6; a little shop-girl with a thin throat and coarse lace collar; clothes shabby; eyes prominent in an underfed face; expression vivid and wistful by turns; seems to be looking for something she hasn't got and probably—poor little devil!—never will have." She turned impulsively to Harley, who was chuckling over one of her entries.

"You didn't really mean that, did you?" she begged.

"Mean what?" Then he realized what she must have read and sobered instantly.

"I beg your pardon. I'd forgotten you had that crazy book of mine. You mustn't take it too seriously, you know—I put in a lot of that romantic nonsense so that I can use it in stories later. See?"

Nannie gazed at him with big awefilled eyes, her trouble forgotten. "Do—do you publish the stories?" she marveled, breathless.

"The magazines do—that's how I make my living. By the way, what do you do with



But Number 7 was different. He looked detached, impersonal.

your notes?" he asked with sudden interest.

"Oh, I don't write stories—" Nannie disclaimed such rash ambition. "Evenings, you know, when I'm alone taking care of the baby—I live with my married brother and stay with Jackie when they go out—why, I just write down what might happen to some of the folks in the street cars when they get home. People are such fun, you know! And I give them names to fit, like that man did who wrote 'Oliver Twist.' Did you ever try it?"

Harley never had, and they made a game of it then and there—a game wherein the long-suffering passengers on the other side of the car were the unwitting ninepins. When Nannie dubbed the fat German with the bull terrier "Puffer," Harley surrendered. By that time the whimsical car was on its way again, but neither noticed it.

"What do you do day-times?" Harley asked, forgetting the vocation he had so casually assigned her a brief half hour before.

"Day-times?" Nannie seemed to come back from a great distance. "Oh, day-times—I work in the bargain basement at Steiner's, behind the lace counter. Nothing over forty-nine cents a yard," she added quaintly. "You said my collar was coarse"—Harley's face grew crimson at the reminder—"but it's the kind we sell. I'm saving all my coppers, though and some day, if I'm not sick or anything, I'll have enough to buy a bit of real lace. You don't know how often I've thought about that! There's nothing in the world so lovely as true lace, is there?"

Harley could not share her enthusiasm. "I think true stories are pretty fine, sometimes," he ventured.

"Y-yes, if they have happy endings," qualified Nannie; "the true ones don't always, you know." Harley did know, but he hated to admit it just then.

Before he could reply the conductor stuck his head in and glaring at Nannie, whom he evidently knew by sight, repeated the name of a street for the second time, then rang the bell. With a hasty "Oh, I must get off here," the girl rose quickly, and a moment later the car was jolting off into the night again, utterly indifferent to its recent achievement.

What an extraordinary child, Harley thought; give her her real lace and joy enough to set alight those big dark eyes, and you'd have a beauty of her. But she had something beyond all that—something that made you long inordinately to give her little story a happy ending in spite of all the gods and bad fairies in this imp-ridden world. Of course Harley's being a homeless person himself may have turned his thoughts especially toward this other waif of a creature, with her thin little face and her cheap lace collar. "Lord, what a cad I was to write that!" he groaned, and turned hastily to his book to erase the hateful words.

The immediate discovery that he was still holding her book, was without his own, brought mingled emotions. There was some regret for the large and varied collection of epigrams and bromides and plots yet to be worked out, but an astonishing amount of joy at the realization that he would have to look up the owner of the book which he held and restore her property. The lace counter at Steiner's, she had said. It would be easy to find her. And then—Harley lapsed into a day-dream that nearly carried him by his street.

His third-floor room had never looked so bare and uninviting, in spite of the open grate with its glowing coals, as when he returned to it with the little red, notebook in his hands. It wasn't so much the wall-paper, or the carpet, or any of the furnishings; they were all well enough if one was not too particular. But the door once closed, he was alone as in a desert; no one knew—or wanted to know—what he did or said or thought. The gray mother mouse who came out every evening to be fed with crumbs was purely selfish, and scuttled back to her home in the wall as soon as the feast was over.

Up to now, Harley's work had been enough to content him, bringing as it did the satisfaction of a moderate success. But what did it all amount to? Even the little girl on her five a week had more to look forward to, for was she not saving her pennies for a bit of truly lace which should glorify her soul? Ah, he must hasten and find her, that slip of a thing with her wistful eyes and her underfed face!

But the next day was Sunday and the next was a holiday, and for two or three days more he was detained up country by a sacred family reunion, where the cousins stood off and gloomed at him for being so different from themselves. So nearly a week passed before Harley found himself descending the steel-shod stairway into Steiner's justly famous bargain basement. He paused a moment on the last step to get his bearings.

He found himself looking out upon a sea of flaunting hats and shabby bonnets pushing and seething through the narrow aisles. Above them on racks hung tempting displays of under-priced dry goods, attracting custom from afar—nearsilks in the newest patterns; look-like wools in real Scottish plaids; misfit waists richly trimmed with imitation "Val" at positively half price; "sweated" lingerie festooned with cotton-backed ribbons; jewelry, Attleboro art nouveau; a special sale of willow plumes (oh, the little aching fingers of the children who had made them—Harley averted his eyes quickly), only slightly soiled; overhead, artificial poinsettias left from the Christmas decorations burdened the tired air and added a needless flare of color to the scene.

Harley understood the girl's craving for ever so small a bit of "real" lace in this underworld of makeshifts. He watched the flabby, tired faces and drooping mouths of the shoppers as they worked havoc with their pawing hands among the stacked-up garments. From his vantage-place on the lower stair he looked in vain for a single smile or light-hearted glance. The marvel was that her long days of this should have left her still interested in her fellow-kind, and watching them in the street-cars during her evening ride. "People are such fun!" she had said—poor mite.

An harassed floorwalker indicated the direction of the lace counter, and thither Harley pushed his way. The counter was presided over by two girls, who chewed gum and talked at the same time—always an amazing feat. But the owner of the little red notebook was not there. The girls agreed that it must belong to that queer little 218, but she hadn't been in to work this week. No, they didn't even know

her name; the gentleman had better inquire at the office, ninth floor. "Yes, lady, seventeen cents, marked down from thirty-nine a yard!" Harley moved on with the crowd.

At the office he learned her name—Nancy Blair—and her address. This, however, proved no aid to finding the girl herself. The Blairs had just moved, "long o' Mr. B.'s having a new job over cross— the river somewhere," a neighbor vouchsafed. Further or more definite information was not to be had.

Harley was more disappointed than he cared to own. His chagrin was, indeed, out of all proportion to his actual loss, considering that most of the entries in his notebook had already been filed away in a card catalog, as the magazines for young writers advise. The fact was—and Harley faced it—that he wanted mightily to find the girl who had called him homeless. The word seemed to burn through the covers of the notebook and sear him with its truth. And to think that he had never known it till that slip of a girl came along and put it in her book! It seemed that if she could guess so much at a glance, her slower judgment might find a way out for him.

Meantime, as the days went on and he could not find her, Harley put the whole affair into a masterly little story, giving it a happy ending, which had come to him in lonely pipe-dreams. After some consideration he decided to sacrifice the tale to the Sunday paper with the largest circulation. Except for the ending it was very true to life indeed, this story. There was even a fat German in it named Puffer! Two days after it appeared in the *Universal*, Harley received through his publishers a typewritten note, asking him to call at the Convalescent Hospital. It was signed by a nurse and was perfectly non-committal.

A woman in nurse's uniform, soft-footed and chary of speech, met him in the waiting-room and led him upstairs without explanation. At a glass door on the landing she paused with her hand on the knob. "You will find Miss Blair out on the porch, to the right, sir," she said, and let him through.

Nannie was in a long chair at the farther

end lying back among many cushions, with a dreamy, brooding look in her eyes as of one who has been far and does not hasten a return. In her lap lay a copy of the *Universal* opened at his story, and on that, covered with a thin little blue-veined hand, was an old dog-eared notebook.

Something sad and something happy stirred the young man's heart to sudden, uneven movement. With a lump in his throat and joy in his soul he strode to her side, and took hand, book and story into a hearty grasp.

"I thought that story'd find you!" he triumphed. Nannie flushed.

"It was the man n-named Puffer," she explained shyly; "I thought maybe you wanted your notebook, so nurse wrote you to come."

"That explains my being here, but what about you?"

"I fell on the ice, just after I left the car that night, and they brought the book and me here together. They let me keep it under my pillow so that it—it wouldn't get lost. D-don't! You m-mustn't mind, Mr. Harley. It's not bad, truly," she assured him with the little stammer which he had not put into the story because it was so personal a thing. "Won't you bring over a chair—if you can stay?" she asked hospitably.

"Do you suppose I've spent a whole month hunting for you, not to stay when I find you?" he demanded, planting himself beside her, all foursquare.

"You must have been terribly anxious about your book," Nannie sympathized.

"I was," Harley agreed mendaciously. Then their eyes met, and a glad little foolish smile flashed from one face to the other and back, till you couldn't have told which was the reflection.

Nannie said, "I liked your story very much," just for the sake of saying something diverting.

"Yes, I did, too—especially the ending," Harley nodded.

Nannie relapsed into seriousness. "Yes, only—I don't think the man quite understood," she deprecated, "when he got over being homeless, you know. It wasn't the girl made the difference—it was the great love in his own heart."

"How do you know so much—you little woman-child?" he marveled.

"Oh, women know everything!" she exaggerated; "but truly it is so. You're never lonely if you have something to love—I know it's true; love can build a home for the forlornest soul that ever lived."

"But you've got to have someone to love," suggested the man practically.

"Yes, of course," admitted Nannie, "but a child would do."

"Possibly. It seems to me to need a woman, though, to make a home what it should be—for a man."

"Yes—why yes, of course, the most wonderful kind of home. B-but—" Harley broke in impatiently.

"That's it exactly, and nothing short of the 'most wonderful kind of a home' is going to suit me," he declared, bringing the conversation down to close quarters; "my coat collar needs brushing, and it takes a woman to do that properly. I learned a lot from that book of yours."

Nannie averted her face. "If you only knew how ashamed I've been," she whispered.

"No wonder, miss." Harley's voice was very stern; the light was all in his eyes. "I really think you ought to make amends."

"Oh, can I? Will you let me?" In her eagerness Nannie sat up straight, forgetting her limitations. Being forcibly reminded of them, she sank back among her pillows, suddenly as white as they. Harley folded her small clenching hands in his own big gentle ones and held them till they relaxed and Nannie turned with a little grimace at the vanishing pain. "I'm strictly forbidden to sit up," she chided; "you mustn't let me again." Harley raised her fingers to his lips reverently, and for a moment both sat mute and still in the grip of a strange new mood. Nannie was the first to recover herself. "How did you mean that I could make amends?" she asked.

"Well, you see," Harley began with difficulty, "when a doctor's diagnosed a case, he tries to cure it! Maybe he can't—maybe it's beyond his power—but he tries. Here you come along and tell me I've got a serious malady; the least you can do—don't you think—is to try and cure me!"

"But how—"

"How was it done in the story, Nannie?"
"But we're not a s-story!"

"What difference does that make?
We're something better. Nannie . . .
aren't you going to look at me, dear?"

Just then the nurse came in, making an unusual rattling for such a soft-footed nurse, with a glass of something which had to be swallowed at once, and a remark

about the time being up, if you please, sir. Eventually she relented to the extent of a minute more—only one, though, and retired.

Nannie held out her hand, braving his eyes at last, with a sweet light in her own. "I think true stories—with happy endings—can be nicer than truly lace!" said Nancy Blair. And perhaps you can imagine what Harley did then.

PSALM OF BUSINESS

O YE Overlords of Money,
O ye Captains of Industry,
O ye Prophets of Politics,
O ye Apostles of Labor.

Sing ye the Country,
Praise ye the Country,
Do not confound it.

O ye Custodians of Wealth,
Multiply thy investments;
O ye Corporation Magnates,
Press lightly upon Labor;
O ye Leaders of Conservation,
Turn not back Business Wheels;
O ye Men of Muscle,
Let thine acts be fair.

Sing ye the Country,
Praise ye the Country,
Do not confound it.

O ye Judges,
Be reasonable and just;
O ye Muckrakers,
Flaunt less filth;
O ye Promoters,
Tell only facts;
O ye People,
Be not led astray.

Sing ye the Country,
Praise ye the Country,
Do not confound it.

—*Darby Richardson.*

After reading the editorial, "Give Business a Chance," which appeared in the December NATIONAL.

The Intercoastal Canal

by Leon Locke

Secretary of the Interstate Inland Waterway League

*What
It Will
Mean to
Louisiana*

 **T**HE Intercoastal Canal is the popular name for the projected and partly completed waterway to connect the Mississippi River with the Rio Grande.

The project dates back to 1873, when the survey for the greater part of the route was authorized by Congress. The report of Major Howell, who conducted the survey, was so complete in detail and so accurate that later examinations have verified in almost every particular his statements and conclusions, both as to soil and waterways. As much of the survey was made through almost impassable marsh and over "trembling prairie,"—as the jellylike mud overgrown with marsh grass and cane on the Louisiana coast is called—this statement as to the report of Major Howell is worthy of respect.

Not until within the past few years, however, has any actual progress in the work been made. The project had its renaissance in 1905, when, through the efforts of Mr. C. S. E. Holland, of Victoria, Texas, a convention was called in that city, and the Interstate Inland Waterway League was organized.

The purpose of the Interstate Waterway League is to promote the canal and to urge the improvement of contiguous and tributary streams. This work is done by the collection of facts and figures for presentation to the Board of Engineers and to the Rivers and Harbors Committee of Congress, and in the co-operation with all agencies to secure consideration and favorable action by these bodies.

Annual conventions of increasing interest have exhibited the zeal of all the people of the coast of Louisiana and Texas and the earnestness of their desire to obtain relief in the way of transportation and to secure

the benefits of reclamation which such canal will bring. The efforts of the organization have resulted in favorable reports by the Board of Engineers, and the passage of bills by Congress making appropriations for certain sections of the waterway. The last convention, held in Morgan City, Louisiana, early in October, demanded by resolution the recognition of the project in its entirety and the completion of the work under continuous contract.

The early survey marked the route as follows: From the Mississippi River to the Atchafalaya by way of Bayou Lafourche and minor connecting bayous—making the exit from the Mississippi River at Donaldsonville. The separation of the Lafourche from the Mississippi by the construction of an earth-made dam a few years ago, and the construction of the great Plaquemine locks further up the river, made it expedient to alter the survey so at the present time the route marks its departure from the river at that point and through the Plaquemine Bayou and connecting streams, which have all been deepened and improved. Following the Atchafalaya River to the mouth of the Teche, the route continues up that stream to a point near the town of Franklin; thence by canal to the waters of Cote Blanche and Vermilion Bays and across, connecting with White Lake and Grand Lake through the low marsh land of the coast, joining and intersecting numerous small lakes and bayous and crossing the Vermilion, Mermentau, Calcasieu and Sabine Rivers. From Sabine Lake the route is across the Texas marsh to East Galveston Bay, whence it follows the sheltered lagoons of the Texas coast, and cutting off the peninsula between the Brazos and Colorado Rivers, it takes its

course entirely around the coast and connects with the Rio Grande at a point below Brownsville. The line of this survey is approximately seven hundred miles.

A passing study of the map will reveal the commercial importance of this highway. The rivers intersected by the canal are nearly all great streams, many of them of far greater importance than the tracing on the atlas would indicate. The Atchafalaya, for example, is navigable for its entire course, with a depth varying from twenty to two hundred feet, and now carries fully one-seventh of the volume of the Mississippi, and practically, for the greater part of the year, all of the waters of the Red River. The Vermilion, the Mermentau, the Calcasieu and the Sabine are all deep rivers which pass through and serve a country more fertile and productive than any other river basins of their area on earth; all these streams are, by means of the intercoastal canal, placed in communication with the sixteen thousand miles of the Mississippi and its tributaries. The Texas streams, the Trinity, the Brazos, the Colorado, the Guadelupe, the Nueces, are different in character, but are great water courses, and the development of Texas and her plans for the storing of flood waters will make the coast of Texas of greater importance in an agricultural and commercial sense than is dreamed of at the present time.

The construction of this canal is a merely mechanical problem by reason of the facility of excavation; the absence of precipitous falls and heavy currents, the freedom from rocks in stream and soil, and the remarkable manner with which the banks of marsh canals and bayous

withstand erosion. Practically a tide level canal entirely around the Texas and Louisiana coast.

The completed sections of the canal are: From the Mississippi to the Mermentau River in Louisiana; Galveston to the mouth of the Brazos River, and Pass Cavallo to Corpus Christi in Texas. Work is in progress on the section between the Mermentau and the Sabine Rivers in Louisiana and between the Brazos and Colorado Rivers in Texas.

The appropriations thus far made for the work by Congress aggregate \$1,021,000, based on a canal five feet in depth with one foot over depth, and a bottom width of forty feet, with appropriate side slopes. A later survey by a duly authorized engineering board recommends a canal seven feet deep and seventy-five feet in width, and favors a change in route to one further inland to avoid the dangers and excessive maintenance cost encountered in the shallow bays.

Already the canal is serving a great number of communities through its completed sections and is bringing relief to hitherto remote and almost inaccessible parts of both states; opening vast areas of fertile and productive lands along the coast. Its benefits when completed can but be conjectured—the annual freight saving will be more than the entire cost of the canal, and the value of the waterway as an agent in drainage and reclamation is beyond computation. The marsh lands, with their annual enrichment of decaying vegetation—a process that has been going on for hundreds of years—are destined, when drained, to be the most productive lands in America.



A Scene Within a Scene

60

Mitchell Mannering



THE great curtains of the Boston Opera House stage, the largest in the country, revealed recently a realistic scene. It was a scene within the scenes.

Three hundred ladies and gentlemen gathered about round tables, completely covering the great stage area, for the long-looked-for Ladies' Night banquet of the Pilgrim Publicity Association of Boston. At the guest table down the stage center on a raised platform were seated President H. B. Humphrey, Director Henry Russell of the Boston Opera Company, Mr. Eben D. Jordan, whose public spirit and generosity made the opera house possible, Managing Editor Charles G. Welch of the *Boston Traveler*, and the opera artists, Carmen Melis, Jose Mardones, Romello and Martini, who rendered solos between speeches.

The merry chatter of a real banquet scene, enacted by people who had never been in the glow of the footlights, with no Hamlet's ghost in the shadows, made

this gathering of the Pilgrim Publicity Association of New England one of historic significance. It was the first time that a banquet of this size was ever held on a grand opera stage, bringing together artists and auditors, completely hedging the footlights. As we entered the opera house that night and stood in the rear of the great auditorium looking upon the stage picture, it emphasized that the arts, and especially the classic music of the opera, are coming closer and closer to the people of Boston. Indeed one was tempted to rub his eyes to make sure that it was not a new opera, awaiting an orchestra from without to complete the illusion. Here were descendants of the old Pilgrims and Puritans, gathered behind the footlights at a banquet given in honor and appreciation of the achievements and triumphs of the American operatic stage.

Towering above the diners was the elaborate mechanism and the scenery used on one of the truly renowned operatic stages of the world. Out before them



FLASHLIGHT TAKEN OF SOME OF THE DINERS ON THE STAGE OF THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE



HENRY B. HUMPHREY

PRESIDENT OF THE PILGRIM PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION, WHICH HELD AN UNIQUE LADIES' NIGHT BANQUET ON THE STAGE OF THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

spread the great empty auditorium and boxes radiating rich scarlet, recalling the scene of the La Scala at Milan, and emphasizing the work at hand—to have those seats all occupied for the coming years by opera lovers and to provide by popular favor an endowed opera on the American plan.

The songs by the various artists were applauded from the stage this time: Spanish songs, Italian songs, French songs and American songs—a potpourri of languages—a flow of soul with an inspiration of song. The Pilgrims applauded heartily with chivalrous "bravos" and gallantly arose with real stage bows as the artists passed to and from the piano.

The great auditorium rang out with the strains of music, and the diners on the stage made even a more realistic scene than the closing act of *Pagliacci*; without the tragic close of that opera, for the

home-glow of New England permeated the scene.

Mr. Jordan's broad and splendid civic spirit in making the Boston Opera House and the Boston Opera Company second to none in the American world of music was the theme of the hour. Boston's reputation as a musical center has for many years been radiated by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the New England Conservatory of Music, the Handel and Haydn Society, and many other musical organizations.

President Humphrey in his opening remarks said:

"We members of the Pilgrim Publicity Association want to do our part to make grand opera pay in Boston. We want to see the Boston Opera Company stand permanently under the patronage of Mr. Eben D. Jordan.

"Boston must maintain this attribute of metropolitan greatness. Boston should



HENRY RUSSELL, DIRECTOR OF THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE



EBEN D. JORDAN, PRESIDENT OF THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

maintain it, moreover, without a subsidy that will allow political influence to supersede real merit and thus break down the high standard that has been attained by this company.

"No subsidized opera holds to a standard approaching the height attained by the Boston Opera Company.

"Tributary to the Boston Opera House is the richest and best educated community on earth. All that is lacking is the inclination of the people to submit themselves to the civilizing influence of great music. For the lack of this inclination most of us native New Englanders lay the blame on heredity and environment. But it is our

own fault and our own great loss if we fail to bring children here to the Boston Opera House, where the greatest singers to be obtained are rendering the most sublime musical compositions of all time in stage settings that surpass those to be seen in any other city of the world."

In addressing the gathering upon his own stage Mr. Russell offered gracious welcome and called attention to the fact that public subsidized theatres such as they have in most European cities were not altogether adapted to American ideas. He felt that the best "subsidy" for the Boston Opera House was the attendance and patronage of the people, which further emphasized the American idea of democracy—of making the opera an institution in which all the people would have a direct, personal and responsible interest.

Mr. Eben D. Jordan, the President of the Boston Opera House, who has done so much to make possible the success of opera in Boston, was called and expressed his hearty appreciation of the cordial support and co-operation given in building up Boston Grand Opera.

From its inception, the new temple of opera has been greatly appreciated by the thousands of musical students; and ever since those opening performances, the galleries have echoed with the "bravos" and discriminating applause of thousands of adopted citizens who seemed to be transported to the land of their birth, as they enjoyed grand opera at its best.

There was a practical side to this occasion, also, for every attending Pilgrim pledged himself personally to see that ten tickets of his own, multiplied into ten others, were sold for the coming season, and to keep the endless chain in motion.

Across the way from the home of the Boston Opera is the ball park in which thirty-five thousand people gathered at one time to witness a baseball game. If eighty thousand people purchased tickets, it was estimated there would be sufficient funds to provide an adequate and permanent support for the entire opera season, and make it unnecessary to impose further upon the generosity of those who made the initial investment and furnished Boston with a grand opera house second to none in the country.

The success of the Boston Opera House has given the city an art reputation in musical circles of two continents. It has been more than the transplanting of premier productions of new operas to American shores. It has meant much for the encouragement of American composers and singers. It has further revealed the universality of the art, for no matter in what words the song may be sung, there is something in music that expresses emotions and enjoyments common to all civilized peoples of the earth.

If the people of Boston and New England could only have looked upon this scene on the grand opera stage and have felt the thrill of the moment and the devotion to art here expressed, there would not be a vacant seat in the Boston Opera House for the coming season. This enthusiastic work of support has been taken up by the City Club, 1915 School Movement, Chamber of Commerce and the Local Improvement Association, and it has awakened civic interest in British opera.

Patriotic as well as artistic pride and the commercial prestige of Boston is involved in maintaining and improving the high standard already attained in Boston Opera.

MY MOTHER

IF I were asked to give a thought which in one word would speak
A unity of brotherhood, a sympathy complete,
A hundred happy cheery ways, a mind that knows its own,
Contented midst a throng of folk, yet peaceful when alone,
A heart that sheds its silent glow, to brighten many another,
Without a moment of delay I'd say, "You mean my mother."

—*Heart Throbs, II.*

America, the Laurel-Crowned

Isaac Bassett Choate

CHILD of God-fearing sires,
Born of their hearts' desires,
Of faith divine and human liberty;
Rocked in a cradle rude,
Nursed in a solitude
Wide as the continent from sea to sea,
Queen of a sisterhood
Of nations fair and good,
Our love, America, is all for thee.

Thine is the grace of youth;
To hold the torch of truth
Thou hast the steady, the untiring hand;
Thou wearest a coronet
With starry brilliants set,
As type of clustered glories of our land;
A worthy race upholds
Thy flag of starry folds,
Where Honor leads, where Duty gives command.

With love and honest pride
Served—worshipped as a bride,
Look to thy loyal sons for needed might;
Be it thy part to feed
The famished in their need,
Thine to command the peace when nations fight;
Claim life, claim all that's dear,
And thou shalt find us near,
Whenever thou dost stand for God and Right.

The Sign of the Spear

The Story of William Wrigley, Jr.
Who Made Spearmint Gum Famous

by Mitchell Mannering

AFTER one has met William Wrigley, Jr., and talked ten minutes with him, he does not wonder at this man's phenomenal success in making Americans chew gum. Born in Philadelphia, of Quaker ancestry reaching back to the days of William Penn, it is not surprising that young Wrigley grew to sturdy manhood. As a boy he indulged in simple, boyish sports, and no spot was dearer to his heart than the nearby swimming hole. Surrounding this romantic place were great beds of spearmint. Now remember in the first place that spearmint, or mint as we call it in this country today, is what in England they call peppermint, but anyhow it was mint, and on the borders of the old swimming hole the lusty young Quaker lad picked the mint leaves whose flavor he loved so well and chewed them to his heart's content. No doubt he carried home great bouquets of the leaves, and it is said that the sweetheart of his childhood was decorated with laurels of the spear.

* * *

The Philadelphia boy went to Chicago some years ago, and today his little pink package of five sticks of mint-flavored chewing gum is known nation-wide. Starting in life strong and rugged in health, careful in making plans, but quick and decisive in action, no one has been more surprised at the great success that crowned his efforts than William Wrigley, Jr., himself. When he first began to mix the juice of mint leaves with his chewing gum

his friends laughed at him. After a while, however, they acquired the taste. Wm. Wrigley, Jr., experimented carefully, and became convinced that no flavor would be more enduring and more popular. Dark predictions of failure were made when he started manufacturing on a large scale, but with enthusiasm and confidence in his mission, young Wrigley held to his plans, and devoted himself exclusively and entirely to the exploitation of chewing gum. Nothing daunted, he braved both opposition and sneers, until today at the very head of New York's "Great White Way," night after night the message of Wrigley's chewing gum gleams forth.

Wrigley, Jr., has spent more than a million dollars a year in advertising, and has flavored, so to speak, the taste and palate of the American people through the virile force of publicity and the incomparable quality of his goods. Omnipresent indeed is Wrigley's chewing gum—in every city, town, village and hamlet, even in the isolated farmhouse or cabin of the frontiersman "Spearmint" gum is found. The cowboy of the plains, inveterate smoker of cigarettes, will often pull out a stick of spearmint when the high winds prevent him from smoking, owing to the danger of starting prairie fires. At the restaurant, after a hearty meal, the diner finds the bottle with spearmint ready to aid his digestion. At the theater, on the trains, in the streets, everywhere are the boys with chewing gum, supplanting the match girls of Dickens. The Kentucky colonel who was wont to drink his toddy flavored with mint, suggestive of purling



WILLIAM WRIGLEY, JR., THE MAN WHO MADE SPEARMINT GUM FAMOUS

streams and placid pools, finds in his stick of Spearmint a pleasing substitute. It has diminished the desire for chewing tobacco, and the smoker who "swears off" finds consolation in the mint-flavored gum.

In the sleeping car it takes the place of a drink of water, and in these days of state

sanitary laws against public drinking cups, many a person is glad to have Spearmint at hand for quenching his thirst. Physicians have decided that nothing is more conducive in quieting the overwrought nerves of the American people than the occasional chewing of a piece of

gum. While not strictly medicinal, it furnishes that drop of mint which has long had its place in the household as a tonic—good for the baby with the colic, for the boys and girls, for father and mother, and on through the days of silver and sunset, covering the seven ages of man.

Mr. Wrigley insists that it is now proper to pass a friend a stick of chewing gum as well as a cigar or some confectionery. On his desk were letters from all parts of the world, interesting human documents. One sedate Boston lady told how much she enjoyed the gum, but was compelled because of "traditional opinion" to retire to her room to enjoy it. "For," she wrote, "what would my friends think to see me chewing gum after each meal?" "Wrigley's" has become a habit.

To see Mr. Wrigley at his busy-looking desk, arranging his letters and papers, reminds one of a musician sitting at the piano strumming over the keys. He seems to caress his papers, putting one in this pigeon hole, another in that, until eventually he has grasped the details of the day's business. Then he puts the hard pedal down, so to speak, like the musician who has found the truant chord or the hidden melody. He has mastered the problems of the day, and he continues to "play the game."

And now that he has caught the fancy of the American millions with his "Spearmint," William Wrigley continues his work with the same zest in extending his field to foreign countries. He had just returned from a forty-six day European trip, and after having traveled twenty-one hundred miles in a motor car, he declared that his mind was made up to teach the English how to chew gum, and derive from it the benefits accorded to Americans.

Mr. William Wrigley's philosophy of

life is inspiring. He believes first in health and in taking care of himself; he has always studied how to keep well. Even today he has eleven saddle horses, many of them bucking bronchos, and sometimes before daylight, or very early in the morning, Mr. Wrigley mounts a favorite broncho and sets forth, out among the hills. He believes in the open air, and in homely sports and exercises, and also in the oil of spearmint as one of the good old-fashioned remedies that keeps nature in tune. Over in Michigan are the great mint fields, the largest in the world, which furnish the oil for Wrigley's gum, and it is little wonder that Wrigley, Jr., loves to go among the acres of the spear-pointed leaves that flavor his popular chewing gum. More spearmint oil is used to make Wrigley's than for any other purpose in the United States.

A comparatively young man, with blue eyes hidden behind pince-nez, William Wrigley, Jr., has a hearty, vigorous and magnetic personality, and in some way he seems to have transmitted these characteristics to his sales department. He has made a scientific study of the proposition before him, which is chewing gum in all its possible relations to the life of the people. It all harks back to the school days when the child longs for the then forbidden gum. The boys of Maine, when they first introduced the hard, jaw-breaking spruce gum from the old Pine Tree state, put in motion the habit that has become as pronounced as any characteristic of the American people.

The old Yankee, who ejaculated "By gum" when something happened unexpectedly, little realized that some time people would say in all seriousness, when asked if they would have a cigar, a drink or some candy, "Buy gum."

THE MART

ITS gilded hands allurements hold,
But none may tempt me long,
Lest I might take its gifts of gold
And lose the gift of song.

—Henry Dumont, in "A Golden Fancy."

The Lure of Sap-time

by *Floy Shoomaker Armstrong*

I JOIN the throng in the crowded street;
We are slaves in search of pelf;
I am sorry for the fettered gang,
I am sorrier for myself,

Just

Because

I know a place up-country,
In God's great out-of-doors,
A quiet, sheltered corner
On which the spring-time pours
The wine of warmth and magic,
And well I know the sun
Has kissed the grove of maples,
And sap begins to run.

There are sounds and sights that money brings,
They are good to hear and to see,
But they're city sights and city sounds,
And right now they've no charm for me—

Just

Because

I want to see the bluebirds
And watch a sap-snow fall,
To see the pussy willows,
And hear the robin's call;
To see the frisky chipmunks,
As oft before I've done,
I want to be up-country
When the sap begins to run.

I sit in the seats of the mighty,
And gather my share of the best,
Nor weary of toil that brings treasure,
Still, now I am filled with unrest,

Just

Because

I want to see the sap-bush,
And smell the wood-fire smoke,
To watch the boiling kettles,
And see the old home folk;
I'm hungry for hot sugar
And the simple, homely fun
That's sure to be up-country
When the sap begins to run.



PROFESSOR NEILSON'S "The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists"** is a comprehensive compilation of the principal plays of the Elizabethan era, excluding the works of Shakespeare. It furnishes the cream of the dramatizations of Beaumont and Fletcher, "rare Ben Jonson," George Chapman, Philip Massinger, James Shirley, and Thomas

Middleton, with others of the brilliant galaxy of theatrical litterati who, between 1584 and 1649, added to Shakespeare's splendid constellation a very firmament of scarcely less brilliant stars.

They were children of a heroic and critical period in the drama of the world's progress, and upon the whole, they inculcated the virtues and denounced the vices of their time in honest, plainly spoken English, interspersed with many terms and quotations in alien tongues which would be above the comprehension of the average theatergoers.

Plays by Lylly, Greene, Peele, Marlowe, Kyd, Chapman, Jonson, Dekker, Marston, Haywood, Beaumont, Fletcher, Webster, Middleton, Massinger, Ford and Shirley, with brief biographies, make up a volume of rare interest and great value to the occasional reader and student of early English literature.

* "The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists." Edited by William Allan Neilson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price \$2.75.

INTERNATIONAL marriage furnishes the theme for the author of "Dividing Waters."** An English girl, whose family suffers financial reverses, refuses the love of a neighbor, and becomes a companion to an invalid daughter in a wealthy German family. After a thrilling courtship she marries a noble but poor young German captain.

A disregard of that excellent precept "When in Rome," etc., leads to trouble for the intensely English bride, and on

the verge of war between the two nations she abandons her husband. The story has strength and interest; the plot is skilfully handled, and the author possesses a direct and forceful style. The effect of the book is a powerful argument against international marital ties, yet it seems to us that the contracting parties are somewhat too individual to force a general conclusion. The young German husband

strikes us as being too nearly perfect, while the English wife, though pretty, is indisputably narrow and obstinate. The novel itself has the merit of the author's former work, "The Native Born."

* * *

AS a compact history of Mary, Queen of Scots, carefully composed and written by an author determined to "extenuate or set down naught in malice," Una Birch's "Mary Stuart"** will appeal

* "Dividing Waters." By I. A. R. Wylie. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price \$1.25 net.

** "Mary Stuart." By Una Birch. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Price 40 cents net.



ILLUSTRATION FROM
"MARY STUART"

to many who appreciate the convenience of "pocket editions."

This little book is the fourteenth addition to a library of novelettes and essays, well printed, illustrated and bound, and full of interest and information.

* * *

MISTAKEN identity forms the basis of "The Incorrigible Dukane,"* and causes the impressment of a rich contractor's son into the hard work incidental to the building of his father's great dam



THE HERO OF
"THE INCORRIGIBLE DUKANE"

at Silver Peak, resulting in the exposure of the dishonesty of the chief engineer. There is also interwoven in the story the hero's romantic love affair with a rancher's daughter.

* * *

THE title "Joey, the Dreamer"** might seem to be chosen with some little disregard of the real features of this book; yet little Joey Bruggers, his drunken, sordid parents; Perkins, the American

workman, beaten down by pauper labor and corporate greed; the Rev. David Arthur, forgetful of the admonition "Feed my sheep," except such sheep as wore "the Golden Fleece"; Ruth, his lovely, conscientious daughter; Rinehart, the anarchist and agitator; Dicky Clews, the good-hearted, blase inheritor of millions; Della, the light-hearted, pleasure-loving, dress-idolizing girl, are but a part of many characters that in this little drama of the "business" of our times, sets the stage with the sordid counterparts of the slums of every American city, and holds the mirror up to the terrible struggles for existence.

* * *

ALTHOUGH by no means liberally praised for her beauty of soul and body, the heroine of "The Heart of a Woman"** is true and unselfish in her love, and resourceful and decided at the crisis of the tragedy. She is engaged to the nephew and presumptive heir of an earl, who suggests King Richard III in his effective methods of preventing vexatious litigation, especially in disputes affecting the succession to the family estates and titles. He promptly disposes of the claims of his deceased brother's Creole son by meeting him at Brussels and assassinating him in a taxi-cab.

A room-mate of the unfortunate Creole secures the papers and baggage of the deceased claimant, and conveniently escaping the usual attentions of the Belgian police, comes to England and fastens himself upon the helpless nobleman. Strong in his knowledge of the crime, the impostor becomes master of the situation, but the earl repeats his effective stiletto stab, thus relieving matters. Unfortunately, the weapon drawn from a cane loaned to the Earl by the nephew is found and leads to the latter's arrest. The young man takes upon himself his uncle's crime, and refuses to clear himself or to hold his affianced to her troth. The Earl, on hearing of his nephew's arrest, is stricken with apoplexy, but after all others have failed, the heroine rouses him from his lethargy

* "The Incorrigible Dukane." By George C. Shedd. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$1.25 net.

** "Joey, the Dreamer." By Henry Oyen. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Price \$1.00.

* "The Heart of a Woman." By Baroness Orczy. New York: Hodder & Stoughton (Geo. H. Doran Company). Price \$1.20.

and secures his death-bed confession; and in due season a happy marriage and unquestioned succession to the earldom blesses the happy pair.

* * *

WITH "The Young Timber Cruisers"** Mr. Pendexter has given the American boy a book bubbling over with excitement and thrilling adventure. A city lad decides to seek his fortune in the world, and travels to northern New Hampshire where he is employed by a lumber company. How he and his friend Bub, together with a famous timber cruiser and an Indian guide, defeated the efforts of a gang of spruce pirates to rob the company of timber, is told in a very interesting manner.

* * *

AS a story, "The Life Everlasting"** partakes of that weird and mystical charm which in all ages has captivated the imaginations of mankind.

The experiences and the love-life of Rafel Santoris and the heroine of this latest book of Miss Corelli's are exciting enough to ensure the entertainment of the reader, however much he may disagree with the philosophy so insistently and eloquently inculcated. This philosophy, for one can scarcely term it a religion, seems to be compounded of something very like the ancient pantheism. The transmigration of souls is strongly insisted upon and traced in the life history of the hero and heroine.

Exemption from disease, and even from natural death (except by violence or accident) are claimed as the heritage of those adepts whose will has been trained to promote health and longevity and the wonders of modern scientific discovery, furnish illustrations and texts from which even more wonderful powers and blessings are to be conferred on the race in years not far distant.

Outside of its practical negation of the claims of the Christian religion and a tacit admission that but few can ever attain to its holy of holies, the philosophy

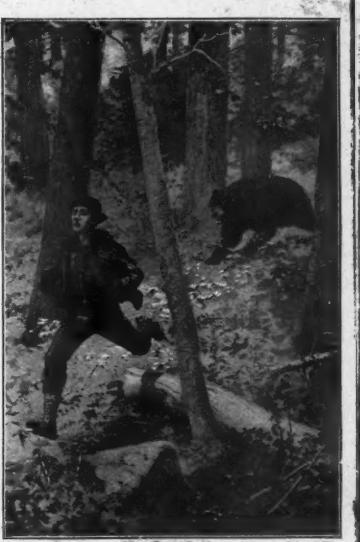
**"The Young Timber Cruisers." By Hugh Pendexter. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$1.20 net.

***"The Life Everlasting." By Marie Corelli. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price \$1.35 net.

of Marie Corelli sets forth certain great truths, and above all, the power of the determined and undaunted soul to overcome obstacles and bring content and peace to its possessor.

* * *

AS a true picture of stern, hard service, desperate fighting, weary duty, garrison intrigue, passion, and dissipation incident to our Philippine exploitation, "The Garden of the Sun" must be to



THERE IS PLENTY OF ACTION IN
"THE YOUNG TIMBER CRUSERS"

some extent a reflection of actual events in our transpacific satrapy.

Captain Powers does not come before the reading public with any previous literary record, to our knowledge, but if this is his first book, he has made a most creditable beginning, if incident, novel characters and dramatic situations make up a good story. It is true that the love story at times hints very strongly at lapses from the spirit of the Decalogue, but the story is delicately told and displays many noble and generous traits of character, among more sordid and selfish

* "The Garden of the Sun." By Captain T. J. Powers. Boston: Small, Maynard Co. Price \$1.25 net.

purposes and weaknesses. If the mirror it holds up to Nature is of true French plate, its lessons are worthy of all acceptance.

* * *

BEIDES much general information concerning journalism in all its branches and aspects, conveyed in a clear and pleasing conversational style, "The Practice



DEAN WALTER WILLIAMS

Professor of journalism in the University of Missouri, whose book on "The Practice of Journalism," will be found invaluable for the student and newspaper man

of Journalism"** contains terse but practical rules for proper expression, spelling, punctuation, the use of capitals and of figures, and methods of preparing and writing for the press, including a very timely and important essay on the proper use of certain words much affected by American journalists and not infrequently

**"The Practice of Journalism." By Walter Williams and Frank L. Martin, Columbia, Mo.: E. W. Stephens Publishing Company. Price \$2.00.

misplaced. The authors, Dean Walter Williams and Dr. Frank L. Martin, are professor and assistant professor in the school of journalism of the University of Missouri.

Every writer will find it to his advantage to keep a copy of this useful work on his desk for frequent consultation.

* * *

IN "Kennedy Square"** a delightful story of Virginian life and love a decade or two before the war, when the somewhat faded glories of the old regime threw a waning aura and dying perfume around decaying mansions and over-cropped plantations, the best and sweetest traditions of the ancient Southern gospel of *noblesse oblige* are embalmed by the author.

The purity, beauty and loyalty of the Southern girl, the recklessness, courage and innate manliness of her lover, the selfishness of aristocracy, and the devoted friendship of "Uncle George" Temple, with picture upon picture of hearty, happy hospitality and kindly benevolence, makes even a Yankee's heart regret that he has never experienced these Arcadian days.

* * *

WITH a number of stories in "The Blood Moon and Other Tales of Divorce,"** the author has sought to prove her assertion that in the majority of divorce proceedings woman is in the right. The story of "The Blood Moon" is less pleasing than certain of the others in the volume, especially "The Stories from Algiers," which call to mind the fascinating tales of "Arabian Nights."

* * *

UNIVERSITY towns usually boast an "advancement" not accorded other principalities, but the personnel of "New Town" in Mrs. Keays' "The Marriage Portion"*** seems to us rather too "advanced" for certain old-fashioned conventions to which we believe most college towns adhere. Mingled with many unpleasant characters who center about the

**"Kennedy Square." By F. Hopkinson Smith, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.50.

***"The Blood Moon and Other Tales of Divorce." By Irene Osgood, New York: Broadway Publishing Company. Price \$1.50.

****"The Marriage Portion." By H. A. Mitchell Keays, Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$1.35 net.

heroine are two rare men, her quaint old-fashioned father, and the strong, wholesome man whom she eventually marries. The book is artistically written, and the character drawing is especially well done.

* * *

CAN an individual carefully reared and nurtured reach maturity without an inherent knowledge of the world? In "The Mating of Anthea"** the author discredits this theory. A young city man threatened with the ravages of hydrophobia is taken to a private sanitarium in the environs of London and thrown in with unsophisticated young Anthea. He is fresh from an unfortunate infatuation, and the innocence and guilelessness of Anthea comes like the breath of spring to this wearied man of the world. The story is forceful and convincing in style and presents food for thought.

* * *

YOUNG people will find great pleasure in following the experiences of the Hall family in "Harmony Hall."*** Of apparent means and social position, the Halls meet misfortune when the father's mind becomes unbalanced. In order that the home circle may not be broken, the children put their shoulders to the wheel.

While there is an element of sadness in the book, the author has carefully avoided any exploitation of this feature. The story, as a matter of fact, abounds in amusing situations and experiences.

* * *

A STRANGE book" says Marcel Proust in his French introduction to "The Dangerous Age."**** This work of the Danish authoress, Karin Michaelis, has been translated, we are told, into seven languages, and has attained wide publicity in France. The book takes the form of letters and fragments from the diary of one Elsie Lindther, an intellectual but neurotic society woman, who, divorcing her husband because of "an indescribable

longing for solitude," retires to a secluded island. The developments are reconcilable with the "horrible nerves" of the writer. The translation reveals a remarkably terse, clear style of writing which is well suited to the daring and unconventional theme.

* * *

CADMUS sowed dragons' teeth and reaped a harvest of giants that sought to destroy him. In "The Dragon's Teeth"** the author contends that the trusts are



ILLUSTRATION FROM "HARMONY HALL"

the giants that have sprung up as a result of injudicious legislation, and assails combined interests as the giant that is sapping the very life of the proletariat. Our legislative, judicial, political and monetary systems are commented upon, and a number of possible reforms are suggested.

* * *

PREPARED for the praiseworthy purpose of awakening the American people to the condition of their ocean-going merchant marine, "The Western Gate"***

**"The Mating of Anthea." By Arabella Kenealy. New York: John Lane Company. Price \$1.25 net.

***"Harmony Hall." By Marion Hill. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$1.10 net.

****"The Dangerous Age." By Karin Michaelis. New York: John Lane Company. Price \$1.20 net.

**"The Dragon's Teeth." By T. M. Sample. New York: Broadway Publishing Company.

***"The Western Gate." By Patrick W. H. Ross. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price 75 cents.

calls further attention to the fact that the immense sums expended on harbor improvement on the Panama Canal may chiefly benefit foreign ship-owners, unless something is done by American statesmen.

While the reader may not agree with certain beliefs advanced by the author, yet the statistics he has gathered and the facts he has collected are worthy of consideration and close study.

FROM the peacefulness of a fertile Tennessee valley one unconsciously inhales the perfume of the "Sweetbriar" garden



SCENE FROM
"THE ROSE OF OLD HARPETH"

and drinks deep from the cup of nectar extended by Rose Mary in "The Rose of Old Harpeth."*

A young city prospector, in search of health, comes to Harpeth Valley and meets Rose Mary of Sweetbriar. The old homestead is heavily mortgaged and foreclosure is threatened unless Rose Mary marries the mortgagor. The Northern visitor finds a vein of cobalt on the "Sweetbriar Farm," and without advising the family of their good fortune, hastens to New York and organizes a company,

*"The Rose of Old Harpeth." By Maria Thompson Daviess. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price \$1.25 net.

returning in time to prevent Rose Mary's sacrifice.

* * *

WHILE written in a jocular strain, "The Rubaiyat of a College Student"** contains much truth. The subject matter is well chosen, although the stanzas are in places disfigured by broken meter. Terms from the vernacular of the college student give piquancy and flavor to the poem.

* * *

WHEN the late Major John W. Powell, explorer of the Colorado and long the head of the United States Geological Survey, saw the then unfinished book, "The Omaha Tribe,"* and noted its thorough research, its scientific accuracy and its abundant clear descriptions of tribal life, he said, "Miss Fletcher has set the pace for the Smithsonian!"

No study of racial characteristics was ever made with greater care than this. For twenty-nine years, beginning with Miss Fletcher's living for some time with the Omaha tribe on their reservation in Nebraska where the old customs were still preserved; with almost constant intercourse thereafter, and with the collaboration through most of that time of Mr. Francis La Flesche, son of the principal chief of the tribe, and a man of excellent ability and education, the book has been written. It has some two hundred illustrations from photographs from life, of the people, their tents and lodges, their sacred objects and ceremonials, their dress and ornaments and utensils. Among these pictures none are more interesting than those called "The Language of the Robe," showing the blanket (as formerly the buffalo skin) worn in accordance with the mood of the wearer—now muffling the strong, lithe figure, now wrapped lightly about it, now thrown widely back, and all with a certain grace and dignity befitting the Roman toga or the Greek himation. There is a full vocabulary of

*"The Rubaiyat of a College Student." By Ned Nafe. New York: Broadway Publishing Company, Price \$1.50.

* "The Omaha Tribe." By Alice C. Fletcher and Francis La Flesche, Washington: Government Printing Office.

the Omaha speech, with precise definitions. "Music was an integral part of the life of the Omaha," say the writers; "through song he approached the mysterious Wakonda (the great source of all things), through song he voiced his emotions, through song he embodied feelings and aspirations that eluded expression in words." From their multitude of songs for rituals, festivals and for almost every event of their lives—songs sung in unison and sometimes by hundreds of voices—many have been included here and harmonized by skilled musicians for voice and piano. This feature, alone, would give great value and distinction to the book.

It would be interesting to quote many things from these attractive pages, did space permit, but here is something so nobly poetic that we cannot pass it by. It is the chant intoned by the priest, in the open air, before the door of the tent in which the young child lies, upon the eighth day after its birth; a chant to present the infant to the cosmos and implore help that it may climb the four hills of life—childhood, youth, manhood and old age:

Ho! Ye Sun, Moon, Stars, all ye that move in the heavens,
I bid you hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life.
Consent ye, I implore!
Make its path smooth that it may reach the brow of the first hill.

Ho! Ye Winds, Clouds, Rain, Mist, all ye that move in the air,
I bid you hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life,
Consent ye, I implore,
Make its path smooth that it may reach the brow of the second hill!

Ho! Ye Hills, Valleys, Rivers, Lakes, Trees, Grasses, all ye of the earth,
I bid you hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life,
Consent ye, I implore!
Make its path smooth that it may reach the brow of the third hill!

Ho! Ye Birds, great and small, that fly in the air,
Ho! Ye Animals, great and small, that dwell in the forest,

Ho! Ye Insects that creep among the grasses and burrow in the ground—
I bid you hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life,
Consent ye, I implore!
Make its path smooth that it may reach the brow of the fourth hill!

Ho! All ye of the heavens, all you of the air,
all ye of the earth,
I bid you all to hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life,
Consent ye, consent ye all, I implore!
Make its path smooth—then shall it travel beyond the four hills!"

This book has the rare merit of having been written wholly from original study and observation. It is a monumental work, of which both the Smithsonian and the Omaha may be proud.

* * *

LOVE, hatred and vengeance are the keynotes in "The Lifted Latch."* Replete with dramatic situations, abounding in plots and counterplots, the book will find instant favor with those who revel in the tragic.

The scenes of the story are laid in the diplomatic circles of Lisbon, London and Rome. A betrayed social favorite, an unrecognized son, a renegade father, a kind-hearted grandmother, and a self-sacrificing heroine are principals in the story's unraveling.

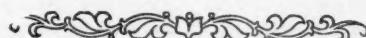
Mr. Vane is a facile writer; his style is simple, direct and vigorous, and his word pictures betoken the artist.

* * *

THE love of three women for the same man brings about much uncertainty in "The Dempsey Diamonds,"** a well-written story, whose scenes are laid in Scotland. There is excellent local color, and the charm of the book lies in the fact that the author does not allow us to anticipate conclusions.

* "The Lifted Latch." By George Vane. New York: John Lane Company. Price \$1.25 net.

** "The Dempsey Diamonds." By Allen Arnot. New York: John Lane Company. Price \$1.25 net.



Music on the Mountain-tops

A PANTHEON PÆAN, BY FRA ENRICO

"Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad . . . let the field be joyful, and all that is therein."
"Ye shall go out with joy . . . the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing."

LET the spirit glow with joy-gleams,
And the blossoms bloom from clod
Where the soil is soaked with sunbeams
And the fields are filled with God.
Smiling skies and laughing waters
Lapping ripple-graven rocks;
Gambolling lambs, and Pandean daughters
Tending folds of fleecy flocks.
Flowering wild-woods sing with song-birds
Madly carolling mating lays;
Browsing kine and Orphean cow-herds
Dream through calm, Arcadian days.
O'er the breeze-blown, fragrant clover,
In the soft, sweet-scented sod,
Breathe the breath of joy's Jehovah
Flaunting plumes of goldenrod;
Oh, to be a Royal rover
On those happy hills of God!

Wanton winds and gales of gladness,
Mountain, meadow, glade, and glen—
All break forth in merry madness,
Singing to the sons of men.
Sylvan dells, and forest choirs
Chanting litanies of love;
Gothic-groined, primeval spires,
Bowered in the blue above.
Sunset flame, and night stars shining;
Brains that burn and breasts that throb.
Love's sweet heaven half divining—
Self means Soul; and Beauty, God.
Lonely hearts that ache with longing,
Heavy hearts that toil and plod,
Watch ye for Life's Daybreak, dawning
Through Death's mist and Vale of fog;
Sing, ye Angels, Mighty Morning!—
Sunrise gilds those hills of God.

From "Gipsy Bands in Arcady," by *Henry Young Ostrander, M. D.*



HEN in Chicago, on my last trip through the South and West, I had the pleasure of meeting with one of those rare personalities who represent the best we have in business and public life, one of that class of men who are doing things of direct bearing upon the country's sound progress, and not making enough fuss about it to be even known in connection with the work.

I was looking for an official report of the proceedings of the recent session of the National Business League, held in Chicago in December last, and which attracted so much attention throughout the country because of the able discussion of live, present topics by men who are carrying the real load of our industries and commerce. I found the headquarters of the league, which is of national membership, and its secretary, in charge—Mr. Austin A. Burnham—who gave the information sought.

Mr. Burnham is a very kindly, modest man, of the old school—grown gray in the service of the league and the country. He wanted to refer me to the president of the league, for an interview covering the great public service which this famous and patriotic organization has done, in the past two decades, especially in connection with the Department of Commerce and Labor (the establishment of which is largely due to the league's initiative) and the improvement of the consular service to which the league has devoted its powerful energies in active and able

co-operation with the Department of State, during the McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft administrations.

* * *

"The business men of the country," said Mr. Burnham in the course of our discussion of the recent convention of the league, "are studying the problems and functions of government, and are planning to make our government machinery, national and state, more responsive to the public need, more serviceable, more useful, more productive of welfare to the people. The great capitalists have long appreciated the possibilities of government service and aid for them; and they have fully availed of it, too often in the form of special privilege. Now the rank and file of business men, who are close to the whole people and who realize that their sound prosperity can only come from the sound prosperity of the whole people and not from monopoly or privilege which saps the prosperity of the people, are awaking to a realization that they have been delinquent in failing to get and keep in close touch with their representatives in Congress and the Legislatures; and from this time on they intend to see that these representatives are acquainted with the actual conditions and needs of the business of the country in all lines, so that laws may be enacted and laws repealed to place our industrial and commercial progress upon a sound basis, so that its benefits may be properly distributed throughout the entire citizenship.

"These rank and file business men will proceed sanely and effectively. They are

not 'holy' reformers; and they will call no names. They know that while we have had and still have some extremely unfit political representatives in our various branches of government, most of our representatives at Washington and elsewhere are better than average good men, who desire to do what is best for the real welfare of their constituents and the country, and that among them are many able leaders who, with honest help, can do much to start things in the right direction. That help will be forthcoming.

"You ask me about the Consular service. It is interesting to note what great improvement in the efficiency of the Consular staff and operations have been made, since the business men of the country, through this league and other organizations, have taken an active interest in them. This interest and activity are what the Department of State wanted and needed to aid it in carrying out its program of increasing consular efficiency; and it has also convinced the members of the national Congress that this branch of the government service could and should be made to give better aid to the commerce of the country by making it an efficient and active agency in extending our foreign trade. Statesmen are rare now who will even suggest that a consular appointment be made to serve their own individual political needs; and such as have had the temerity to do this, in recent years, are rapidly disappearing.

"The country owes a great debt of gratitude to men like Secretary Knox and Secretary Root, who, with the officials of the Department of State under them, have during the past ten years or more worked so effectively for improvement in the Consular service; this, of course, with the strong support of President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt. The change effected has been pronounced; and the improvement is becoming more marked, from year to year. Today the Consular representatives of this country realize that they are commercial outposts of the country, and they are active in discovering markets and means for the extension of our foreign trade.

"Look at this directory of the world's trade, published by the Bureau of Manu-

factures of the Department of Commerce and Labor. It represents the new era in the Consular service. It is the fruit of the State Department's progressive policy. It came directly from two things: (1) the policy of the Department in encouraging serious and capable men to enter the Consular service, with the assurance of a permanent and distinguished career; (2) the Department's policy of encouraging suggestions from men in the service. This directory was the idea of a Chicago man, Robert J. Thompson, Consul at Hanover, Germany, who about four years ago sent in to the State Department a classified list of the more important concerns doing business in Germany, not confining himself to his district. A list of over two thousand of the leading firms, banks, etc., of Germany located in nearly two hundred different cities. The State Department referred the list to the league for an opinion of its worth and of the value of the Consul's suggestion that a similar list be compiled and sent in from the other consular districts. We thought so much of the idea that we published the Hanover list at once, and asked for others, which we published and distributed as fast as they came, spending thousands of dollars of the league's funds in this work. The great demand for these lists resulted in this directory, which covers the whole world and which is pronounced to be the most concrete and valuable service rendered the country by the Consular Department of the government since its inauguration.

"With the continued application of the merit system, so capably administered by the State Department, in another decade our Consular service will pay for itself tenfold by the service it will render; and energy, ambition and ability will rule where political dead-weights and incompetents formerly prevailed.

"Efficiency is the watchword of the day, and most of our public men are not behind the business men of the country in realizing it. What our political leaders and representatives need and what our business men need is to get together, in effort and understanding, to work out the problems that confront us. That is the program."

FOR more than fifty-six years the oldest traffic organization in the world, the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents, has held annual sessions dating back to March, 1855.

At these meetings the men in charge of the passenger traffic of all the various transportation lines have met and become personally acquainted, inaugurating a system that is now quite general in other departments of railroad, commercial and industrial effort.

The railway passenger agents have been in the forerank of the gigantic transportation operations and consequent developments of the country, and the list of men who have given their lives to this work includes many well-known Americans, among them the late George H. Daniels, of the New York Central, whose life and labors have a high place in the record of the progress of this country.

Meetings have been held in nearly every great city in North America, from Havana to Seattle, where the next meeting is to be held. At the last convention held in St. Paul, Mr. Charles A. Cairns, general passenger and ticket agent of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company, was elected president of the association, a distinction worthily bestowed, as he has not only a record of genial and popular intercourse with other men, but has thorough training, perfected system, and wide experience eminently fitting him for the duties of leadership.

Mr. Cairns makes friends wherever he is at work—and he is always busy. He has taken an important part in solving some of the many delicate and knotty problems which have complicated rates and regulations in recent years. The high ideals of responsible integrity of his Scotch ancestry are reflected in his deliberate manner and sententious speech that even many arduous years of railroad training have modified but not contradicted. He has always been on the firing line, and in dealing with the public and with his railroad associates in all parts of the country he has always earned and inspired one unanimous opinion summed up tersely in the Northwestern expression, "He is just square."

The Association of which he has been

made president includes all the important railway and steamship lines in the United States, Canada and Mexico; it has been a vital factor in the development of passenger traffic in these countries, and has never failed to better and increase desirable traffic conditions.

Mr. Cairns will wield the gavel at the next annual meeting, to be held in the autumn of 1912 at Seattle, and his associates look forward to the meeting with a great deal of enthusiasm.

His life has been one of plain, everyday hard work, and in all the various positions



W. A. JONES
Secretary of the Louisiana Farm Lands Congress

he has held, the public as well as the interests of his company have commanded his undivided and effective attention. His thorough and personal knowledge of the great system which he represents have convinced all who have dealt with him that he decides every question according to common sense and impartial fairness.

* * *

THERE is something poetically attractive about the name "Oregon," and every visitor to that state seems to fall under the charm of one of the greatest undeveloped commonwealths on the Pacific Coast. A professor from the Biltmore

*on 5
NSD 5*

School of Forestry was recently the guest of Mr. C. A. Smith of Coos Bay, and could not say enough concerning his delightful visit. The officers of Uncle Sam's warship, the "Boston," were lately given a banquet at Coos Bay, and the speeches made were permeated with the spirit of Oregon. It was none other than Thomas W. Lawson, the noted capitalist and author of "Frenzied Finance," who indulged in a rhapsody after a trip through the state.

"Oregon—Earth's paradise.

"If it were only in the power of mortal to vision to the indolent capital-barnacled hordes of the East and Europe what I have actually seen and bit into during the past two months, inside of five years Oregon's marvelous strides would be the wonder of the world.

"Oregon is the best country I have ever seen.

"I believe there is no place in all the world which holds forth within forty per cent the advantages to man, be he young or old, be he rich or poor, triple refined or in the raw, as Oregon."

Oregonians are therefore not alone in their pride of state.

* * *

ONE of the first states in the Union formally to declare a settled policy relative to the vested interests of capital has been Alabama. A joint resolution passed by the House and Senate stated clearly and concisely the policy of the state toward investments, present and prospective, domestic or foreign. The resolution was signed by Governor Emmet O'Neal, whose stirring remarks at the various conferences of the governors has indicated the aggressive stand taken by Alabama in the development of the South. The resolution has the right ring about it and expresses concisely the policies enunciated for many years by Major W. W. Screws, one of the most influential editors in the country.

Be it resolved by the Senate, the House concurring:

First: That whereas, by reason of legislation heretofore enacted in this state, an impression has been created in many quarters that capital invested in Alabama may not have the conservative

safeguard thrown around it that obtains in other sections of the country. And whereas, this fact has been spread abroad by the public press of the country to the injury of the business interests of the State; Now, therefore, be it resolved, That it is hereby formally set forth and declared to be the settled and permanent policy of the State of Alabama, that property rights of every character, whether foreign or domestic, shall be rigidly and scrupulously protected; That investors of capital, whether money, mind or muscle, shall have thrown around them the protection of wise and just laws, to that end that the great resources of mind, field and forest may be developed to their fullest scope and capacity and we invite all people to come and share the good things we have.

Approved February 1, 1911.

By EMMET O'NEAL,
Governor.

* * *

FROM out of the swirl of congressional activity and the vortex of strenuous days in the House of Representatives, it is gratifying to receive this pencilled notation in a firm Congressional hand:

"Your last issue was certainly a great production in every way. The NATIONAL is gradually climbing into a class by itself, and is setting a pace too warm for the average imitator to follow."

From New York City comes this splendid encouragement on fulfilling the national name:

"The magazine is a very fine piece of work. It must be gratifying to you to see this publication assuming, as its name implies, such national proportions."

(Signed) T. A. L—.

The month of March, with the overhanging quiet of Lenten days, brings anticipations of a glorious Easter. Music is indissolubly connected with the great feast, and HEART SONGS is peculiarly adapted to an old-fashioned Easter program. We like this sentiment, which comes from a couple in Muscatine, Iowa:

"We both take solid comfort in the old familiar songs of "Heart Songs," and it brings back to us pleasant memories of the days when we were young, and life was full of pleasures and anticipations."

(Signed) P. M. M—.

Why is the soda cracker to-day such a universal food?

People ate soda crackers in the old days, it is true—but they bought them from a barrel or box and took them home in a paper bag, their crispness and flavor all gone.

Uneeda Biscuit—soda crackers better than any ever made before—made in the greatest bakeries in the world—baked to perfection—packed to perfection—kept to perfection until you take them, oven-fresh and crisp, from their protecting package.

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LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

VINEGAR TO CLEAN ISINGLASS

By Gertrude E. Morehead

The isinglass in the stove may be cleaned by washing with vinegar.

For Glassware

A toothbrush is excellent for cleaning glassware. It is especially nice for cut glass.

To Brighten Brass

Brass may be brightened by rubbing with a piece of flannel saturated in kerosene oil.

In Making Starch

To prevent boiled starch from sticking stir into it a tablespoonful of melted lard.

A CORRECTION

By Mrs. E. G. B.

The recipe for apple sauce cake should read one half cup shortening instead of one and one half cups, as I have tested it.

For a Cold

A small bottle of a teaspoonful oil of mustard and tablespoonful oil tar gives relief in a cold. Inhaled often it will soon cure a cold if breathed in freely at mouth and nose. It is also good for deafness and catarrh.

TO CLEAN FANCY SILVERWARE

By E. L.

To clean silverware of fancy pattern without scratching, boil it in a strong soap suds in which a piece of aluminum has been placed. The action of the alkali of the aluminum seems to exercise a cleansing effect on the silver.

Use Lemons for Bleaching

In washing delicate fabrics, if slices of lemon are placed in the water in which the material is boiled, the article will come out whiter and cleaner, the acid in the lemon having a slight bleaching effect without injuring the fabric.

A HOOK AND EYE HELP

By M. E. G.

On the eye side of your waist (about midway) among the white eyes put a black hook and just opposite among the white hooks put a black eye—and then by seeing, or by feeling, you will be able to hook your waist up *even*, and never have to count hooks to be sure, or to guess, or have to unhook and do all over.

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Cocoanut

Heide's Licorice Pastilles

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ing) Chocolate

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THE HOME

HELPFUL HINTS

Miss N. A. Denel

I have read in the NATIONAL that alcohol will take out grass stains, and I would state that kerosene oil will take out grass stains and is much cheaper than alcohol.

A mixture made of alcohol and whiting is fine to clean mirrors.

The flaps of unsealed letters one gets through the mail are nice to mark cans of fruit, etc., also small pieces of passepartout are good. I use the white. Some use surgeon plasters.

I suppose many readers of the NATIONAL have nice gardens, and I wonder if any of these have ever tried canning beets. Beets can be put in cellars as well as potatoes, but in winter they become tough and are not as sweet as in summer. If they are canned they have the same taste as in summer, and are simply *delicious*. Here are two ways to can them: Cook the beets the same as for dinner, peel them and fill into a warm can. If the beets are rather small, put them in whole, but if large, slice them (not too thin) for they would be apt to pull in pieces when you remove them from the cans. Make a syrup of one cup vinegar and one cup sugar and fill the cans while it is hot and seal the cans. Another way is to use two cups of vinegar and one of sugar and one of hot water to fill up the cans.

To clean lamp burners, boil them in soda and water fifteen mintues, then dry them and polish them with metal polish.

Alcohol will remove sticky flypaper glue from silk. Use a piece of the same silk and rub lightly with the alcohol until the spot disappears.

To toast small pieces of bread put them in a corn popper and hold it over the fire.

To stop nose bleed, dip some cotton in the juice of a lemon and put it up the nostril.

To stop hiccoughs snuff some black pepper up your nose, or put some on the stove, anything to make you sneeze.

Wet a wound in alcohol if you have not got any dioxogen or any other thing intended to prevent blood poison.

Steep garden sage and wet the scalp with it and it will prevent the hair from falling out.

Many people do not know that if a range is done over with Jap-a-lac it will look nice for nearly a year. You do not want to put it on the *top* of the range, but all over the rest of it, and on a stovepipe it looks beautiful and does not burn off.

When straightening the ends of new tablecloths and napkins, save the threads to mend old ones.

If the part of a kerosene lamp that holds the oil becomes loose in the standard, take it out and fill the standard with a paste made of calcine plaster and water. Have the paste thick, and put the oil receptacle back in the standards and set it away for a week or two, when it will not be moved and will be good as new.

Sometimes when people are in a hurry they take the griddle off the range, and put pans, basins, etc., right over the fire. This makes them very black. I find a paste made of kerosene and coal ashes will quickly clean them.

When you put a glass stopper back into a perfumery bottle or any bottle having a glass stopper, turn it around two or three times and it will not get set.

If you have a stitch drop in a silk stocking, pick up the stitch with a steel crochet hook and work the stitch up, as if doing chain stitch.

If you find a hole in an openwork stocking, crochet around the hole and it will hardly be noticed.

The leaves of a shrub that we call southern wood, dried and rubbed to a powder, will stop nose bleed.

I suppose every one knows that cucumbers can be put down in salt in the autumn. A layer of salt and then one of cucumbers, until the tub or jar is full, but I think few know that instead of soaking them out in the winter in cold water, they should be put in cold water and then be put on stove until the water *boils*. Then the cucumbers will be *crisp* instead of being *soft*.

Plum Compote

Six pounds small blue plums, stoned; six pounds sugar; four large oranges chopped (skins and all); two pounds seeded raisins, chopped; two and one half pounds walnuts, chopped. Mix all together and boil two hours slowly. Seal in jars.

Good Brown Bread

One cup sour milk or water, one teaspoon soda, one cup rye meal, one cup meal (corn), one half cup sugar, one half cup molasses, one teaspoon salt. Grease a one pound coffee can, cover and all, put the cover on, put the coffee can in a five-pound lard pail and nearly cover the can with water; put the cover on and cook in oven three hours. It is very nice.

Marmalade Made from Pie Plant

Cut up three oranges, *skin and all*, sprinkle with sugar and let it stand over night. In morning add just enough water to keep them from burning and boil gently until tender; then add two and one half pounds of pie plant and two and one half pounds of sugar and simmer one hour, then add one cup of butternut meats if you can get them; if not, use walnuts and cook another hour, when it should be thick like marmalade.

To Remove Cherry Stains

Soak stained article in sour milk.

INEXPENSIVE SHOE POLISH

By Miss Bertie Norrell

To give your shoes a fine gloss, after applying a liquid wash, use as a substitute for the customary woolen or cotton cloth a newspaper. Allow the wash to dry first. Polish briskly. I find this extremely satisfactory.

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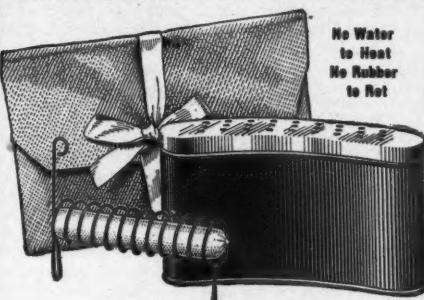
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THE HOME

TO BLEACH FADED LINEN

By Nettie Rand Miller

Wet linen in cold water. Make a suds by dissolving half a cake of Colgate's Octagon Soap and one teaspoonful of concentrated lye in two gallons of rain water. Let this come to a boil. Drop linen in and boil twenty minutes. Take out and rinse immediately. Make enough suds to cover goods well.

Coal and Kindling Box

One of the handiest things for kitchen use is a coal and kindling box. It is three feet long and two feet wide, and one and one half feet deep. It is divided into two parts, one for kindling and the other for coal, the latter having a slanting bottom so that the coal can be easily taken up with the fire shovel. There is a little door under the slant, and in this space can be kept the stove polish and brush. The box has a hinged lid and answers for a window seat when the lid is closed. It will hold a week's supply of kindling and coal.

Wall Paper Shield

In cleaning the baseboards of a papered room I use a strip of tin to protect the walls. The tin is about a foot long, and is bent at the upper edge. I hold it by the bent out edge, letting the lower edge rest against the woodwork. It is especially useful in cleaning the woodwork in a room that has been tinted.

To Clean Lamp Burners

After continual use the lamp burners will become dirty and dingy. The following is a good way to clean them: Put the burners in a stew kettle and cover them with boiling water. Add a teaspoonful or so of wood ashes and a lump of lye soap. Set on the stove and boil half an hour. Take off and dry the burners, then brighten them by the use of powdered charcoal or brick dust.

Cold Water Purifies Air

Place a pitcher of cold water on the table and it will absorb the noxious gases. Few realize how important this means of purification is. In the course of a short time the air in the room will become pure, but the water will be unfit for use.

A Few Kitchen Economies

After a broth has been skillfully skimmed, and still little atoms of grease appear over the surface, lay a piece of clean brown paper over the top, and the grease will cling to it.

Often only the whites of eggs are required for immediate use. The yolks may be kept some time if they are put into a cup, covered with cold water, and kept in a cool place.

A loaf of cake that has become stale and dry may be freshened so as to seem newly baked by putting it in a tin, covering the tin with another pan, and leaving the whole in a warm oven about twenty minutes.

Salt added to starch will prevent the clothes from becoming musty.

TO PACK EGGS

By Mrs. D. C. Tomlinson

Grease eggs all over thoroughly and put away in boxes in the cellar; they do not need to be packed in vats or salt when treated in this way.

Juicy Pie

When making a juicy pie, such as berries or pie-plant, take a strip of clean white muslin about two inches wide; wet the same and lay around the outer edge of the pie before placing in the oven to bake. When baked, the cloth can be easily removed, without sticking to the crust, and all the juice saved.

Round-Corner Pillow Slip

When making pillow cases, round the corners, and you will be surprised at how much longer they will wear; they will not tear at the corners from pulling off and on.

SAWDUST FOR CLEANING

By Mrs. L. M. S.

When you clean house have a few quarts of sawdust on hand. After you lift carpet or matting, damp the sawdust with tepid water and sprinkle around the edges of the floor and sweep toward the center. This takes up all the dust.

A Novel Suit Hanger

If you put several bird cage hooks in a clothes dryer, you will have room on each for at least six coat and suit hangers.

To Hold the Clothes Dryer

My clothes dryer turns around faster than I like to have it, so I tie it to a tree by a small rope to which is attached a snap such as you find at the harness store for a nickel.

TWO GOOD COOKING HELPS

By Mrs. F. J. C.

Sometimes when frosting a layer cake I have been troubled with the top layer sliding partly off and thus making the cake one-sided, so now I stick several toothpicks through the top layer so that it pierces the bottom layer, and it is held in position. The toothpicks may be removed when frosting is set.

If cookies are stirred up the night before you wish to bake them, and either put on ice or in the cellar, they will roll out much easier and with less flour than if rolled immediately after stirring them.

SQUASH PIE WITHOUT EGGS

By M. L. H.

Two full cups sifted squash, one and one-fourth cups sugar, two Boston crackers, sifted as fine as flour and mixed with the squash, half a teaspoon of milk, lemon extract and nutmeg to taste; mix thoroughly and warm before putting in the crust.

Evening Clothes

There is a sense of satisfaction among men the same as among women in having clothes just right. For generations the Macullar Parker Company, Boston, the oldest clothing manufacturing firm in the country, have furnished this gratification, because the same fundamental policies of substantial values and correct styles have always prevailed since the time of the Websterian cutaway. In their retail establishment are evening clothes—well-made, handsome suits—at prices ranging from thirty-five dollars up. This emphasizes the fact that the wearing of evening clothes is not necessarily expensive, for who ever knew of a suit of evening clothes to be worn out? The wearer grows stout with the clothes on his hands. Macullar Parker products have the enduring qualities that have for generations been characteristic of the firm.

The American women dress for dinner, and now American men are becoming accustomed to changing their business tweed for the dress suit, which compliments the wife, mother and sister in the appearance of another man. While clothes do not make the man, there are important little details and courtesies in the matter of attire that are apt to be overlooked in the busy rush of the times. If you will drop in at the Macullar Parker establishment you will be shown an array of correct evening clothes at prices so amazingly low that you will wonder why you have neglected the matter for so long.

In these days of dinners and banquets formal dress is becoming more and more of a necessity rather than a luxury. And when it comes to evening clothes, the recognized authority is the old firm located at four hundred Washington Street, Boston—

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXV

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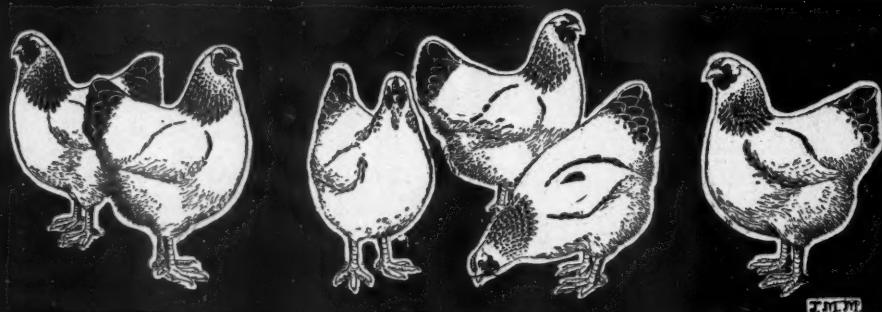
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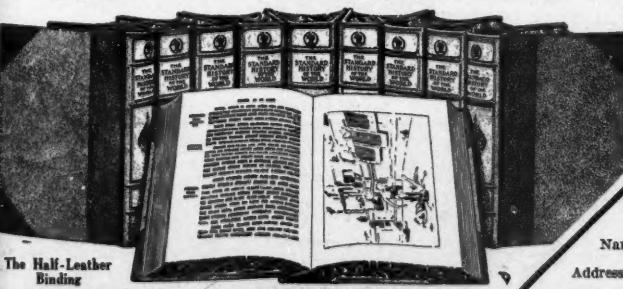
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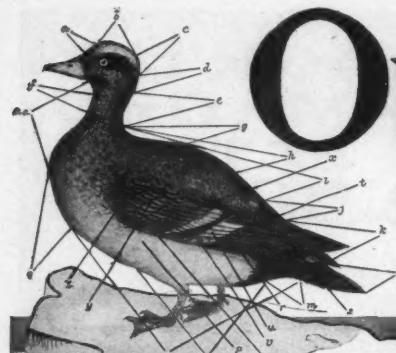
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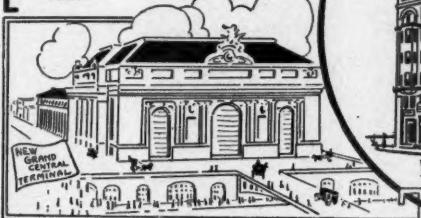
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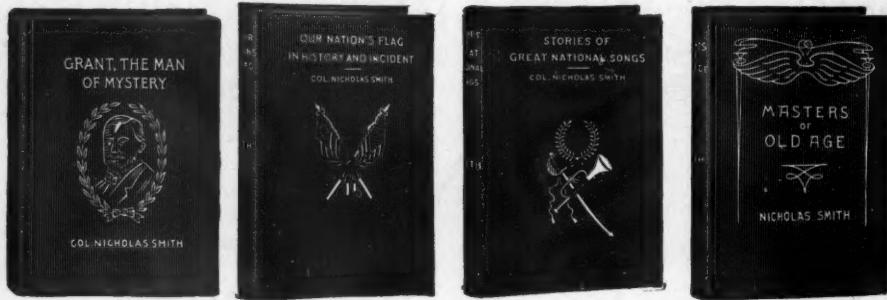
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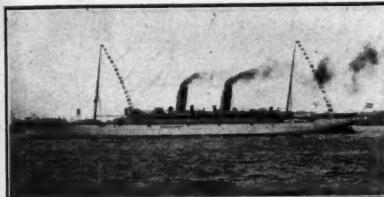
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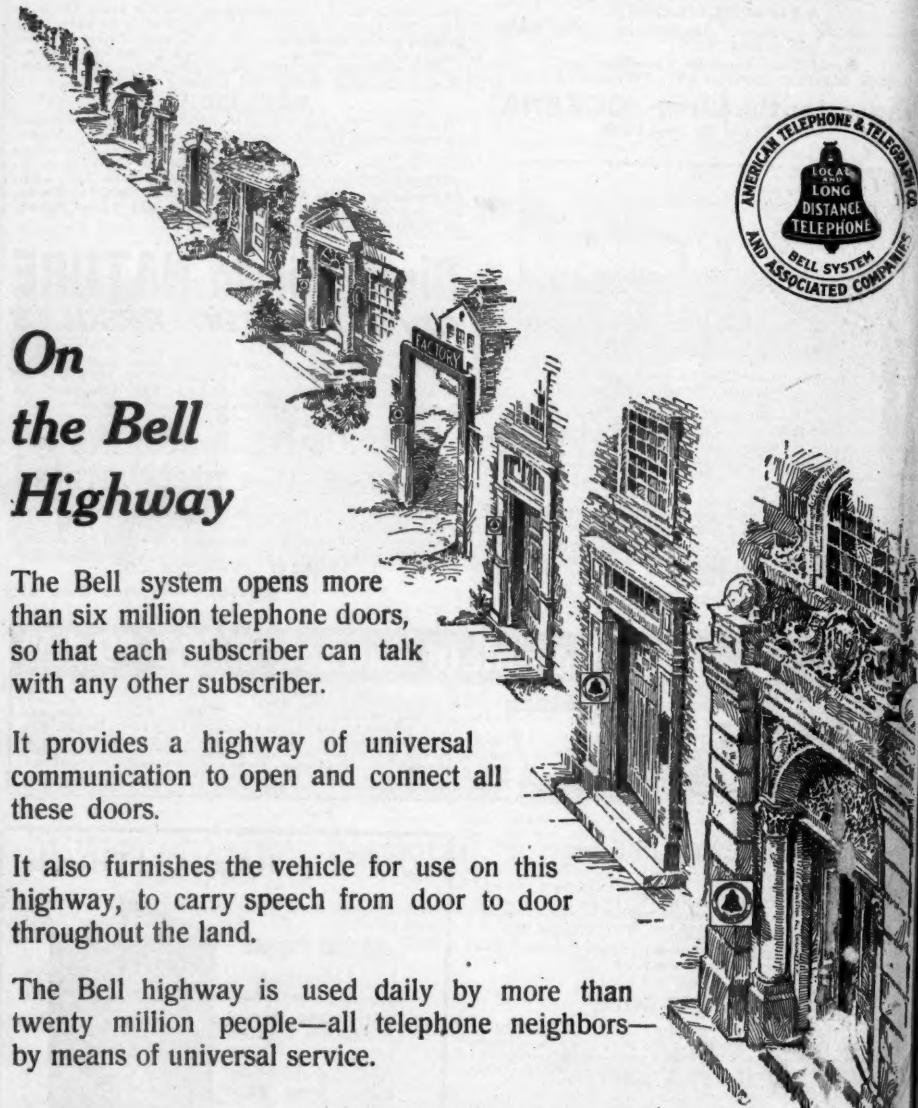


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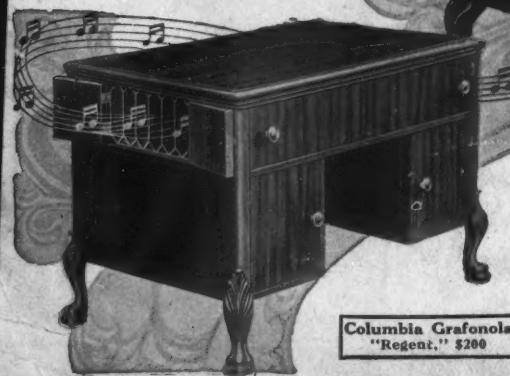
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